SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLV FEBRUARY, 1909 NO. 2

GERMAN PAINTING OF TO-DAY

By Christian Brinton

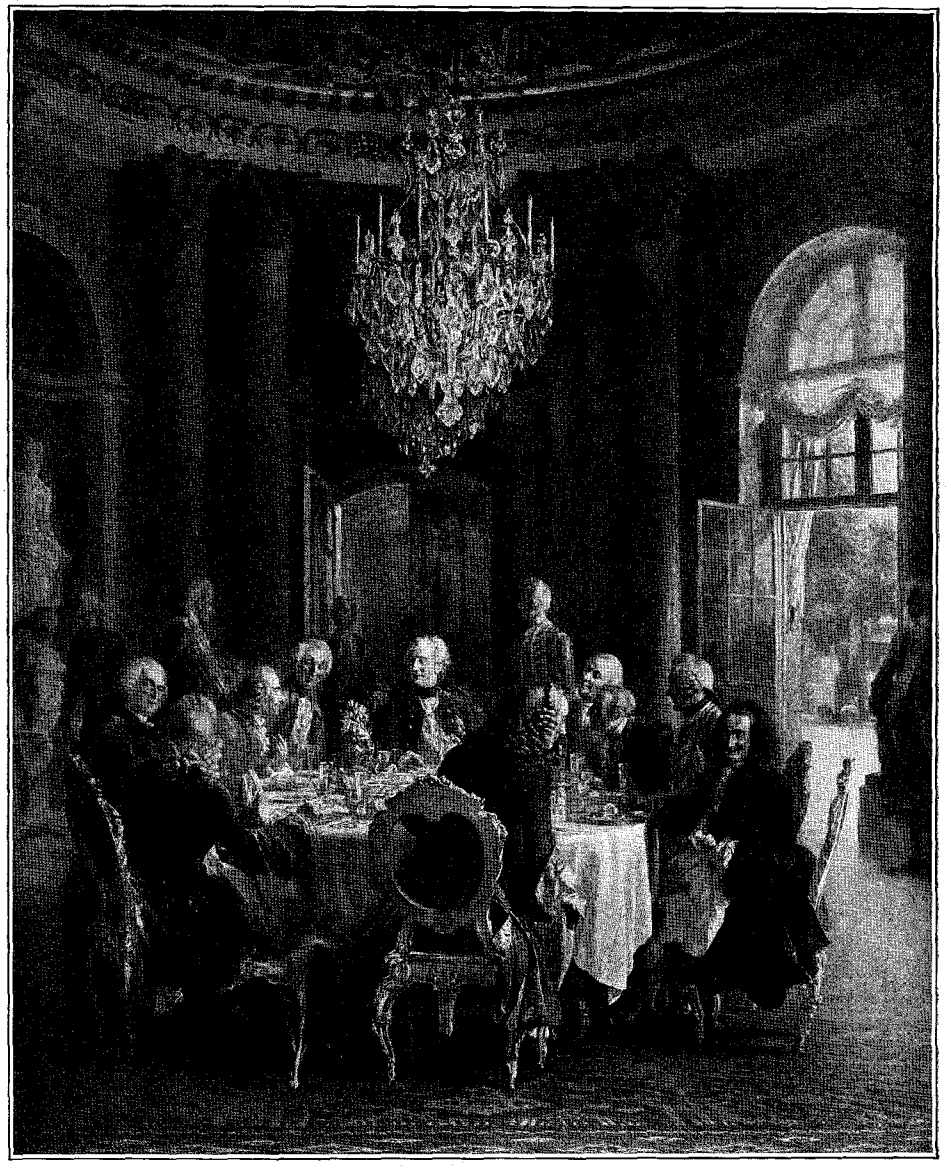
THE most casual survey of modern German art cannot fail to convey the impression of an immense and vital force struggling to assert itself through the medium of form and color. An abounding sense of freedom and energy, which at present has no parallel in any other country, to-day surges through the varied channels of Teutonic æsthetic expression. Alike in painting, sculpture, and architecture, there seems to be no problem which the German is afraid to attack, no tradition which he will not resolutely defy. That this note of plastic restlessness should be the chief characteristic of contemporary German art is, however, but inevitable. The logical outcome of long-standing conditions, it typifies the revolt of the human spirit against the ironclad formulæ of other days. It is the fitting revenge of a free present upon an unnatural past.

The story of German art is the story of those ideas which have by turns dominated the Germanic mind and moulded Germanic society. For nowhere have intellect and æsthetics more closely reacted upon one another than in this land of philosophical painters and philosophers who have seen fit to dictate the course painting should pursue. Side by side down the ages have successively descended classicism, pietism, romanticism, and every conceivable ism to which the temperament, metaphysical or artistic, could conveniently give birth. There is not a single important movement in German painting which does not find its equivalent, and usually its inspiration, either in philosophy or in fiction. At each artist's elbow has stood a prophet and a preacher ready to lay down the immutable canons of composition and design. It was Winckelmann who paved the way for Mengs and the cold cult of the antique, while beneath the stilted and austere cartoons of Carstens and Cornelius lurks the rigorous logic of Immanuel Kant. It was Schlegel who moistened the eyes of Overbeck and the Nazarenes with religious mysticism, and Hegel who became the champion of the historical method as exemplified in Schnorr and Kaulbach. The names of Tieck and Auerbach are as inseparably associated with the painters of romance as those of Keller and Reuter are with the later apostles of the village tale. And, despite progressive changes in taste and subject-matter, the same programme has continued to our own day, for surely amid the ironic splendors of Friedrich Nietzsche's prose the modern symbolists find the text of their flagrant individuality and appeal to brute force.

It is precisely this intimate and persistent connection between thought and expression, between the passions and predilections of the people and the art of the people, that lends the study of German painting its singular fascination. There has, indeed, hardly been a moment when German art, and also German music, have not mirrored the deep and stormy inwardness of the Germanic soul. Music has been vastly the more fortunate, for the burden imposed upon its sister has proved severe, and one which has often forced painting into painful and ungracious predicaments. Lacking the surer æsthetic intuitions of their neighbors across the Rhine, the Teutons have been guilty of forlorn misconceptions, yet even here there has been a

Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



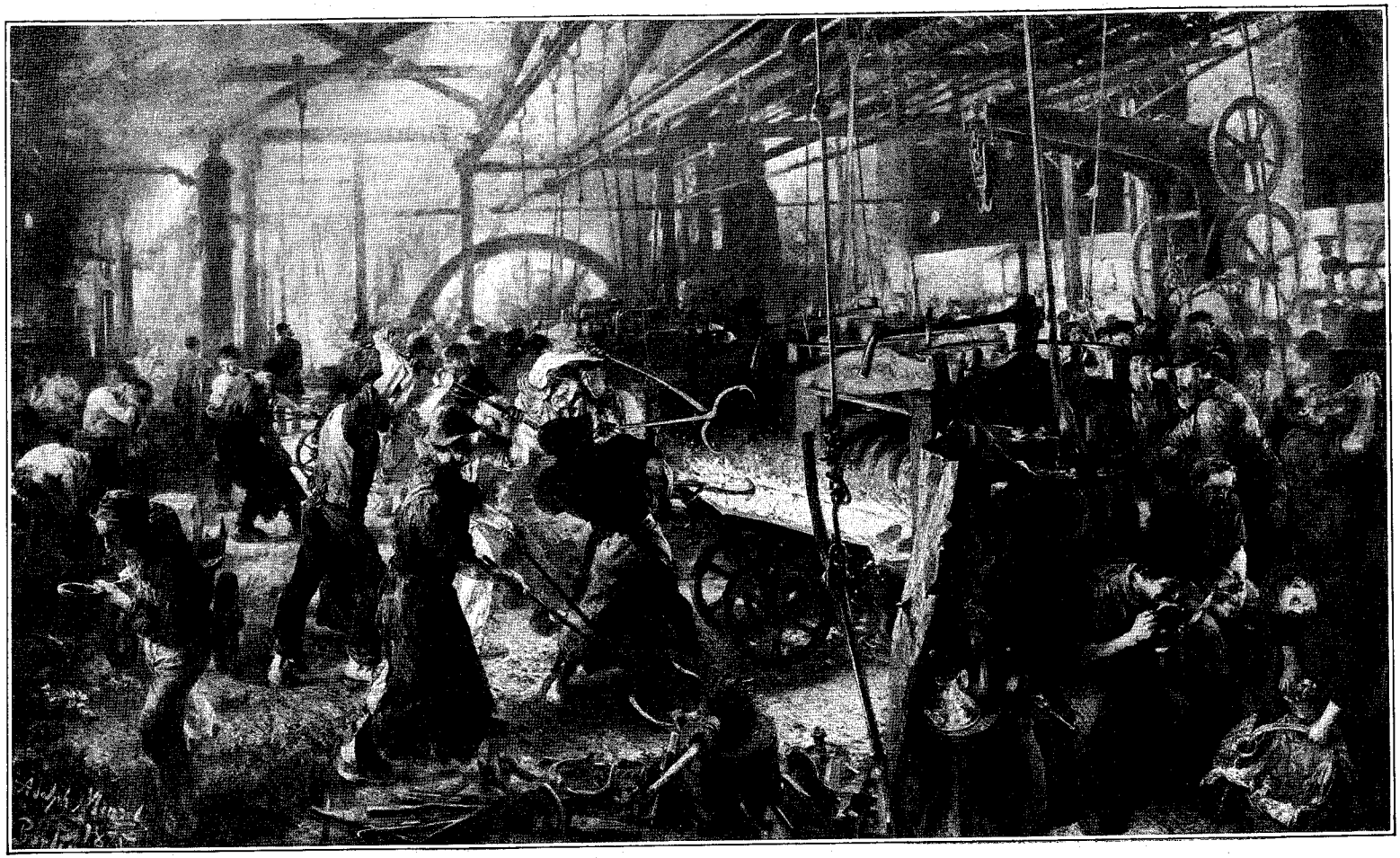
From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y.

"The Round Table at Sans-Souci," by Adolf von Menzel.

clumsy sincerity which compels respect. It is because so frequently deprived of her rights that painting has recently grown so jealous of them. Starved and disciplined for over a century, this art now revels in the lust of liberty. It is, beyond everything, due to the inevitable operation of the law of extremes that German painting to-day rejoices in all its daring, its effrontery, and its new-found strength.

There is no little significance in the fact that the first man to break the barriers of the past and open to art the flood-gates of modern life should have come from the north, from Protestant Berlin, not from Catholic Düsseldorf or coloristic Munich. The triumph of Adolf von Menzel was the triumph of an entirely new set of ideas, a set of ideas which necessarily resulted in the complete reorganization of existing

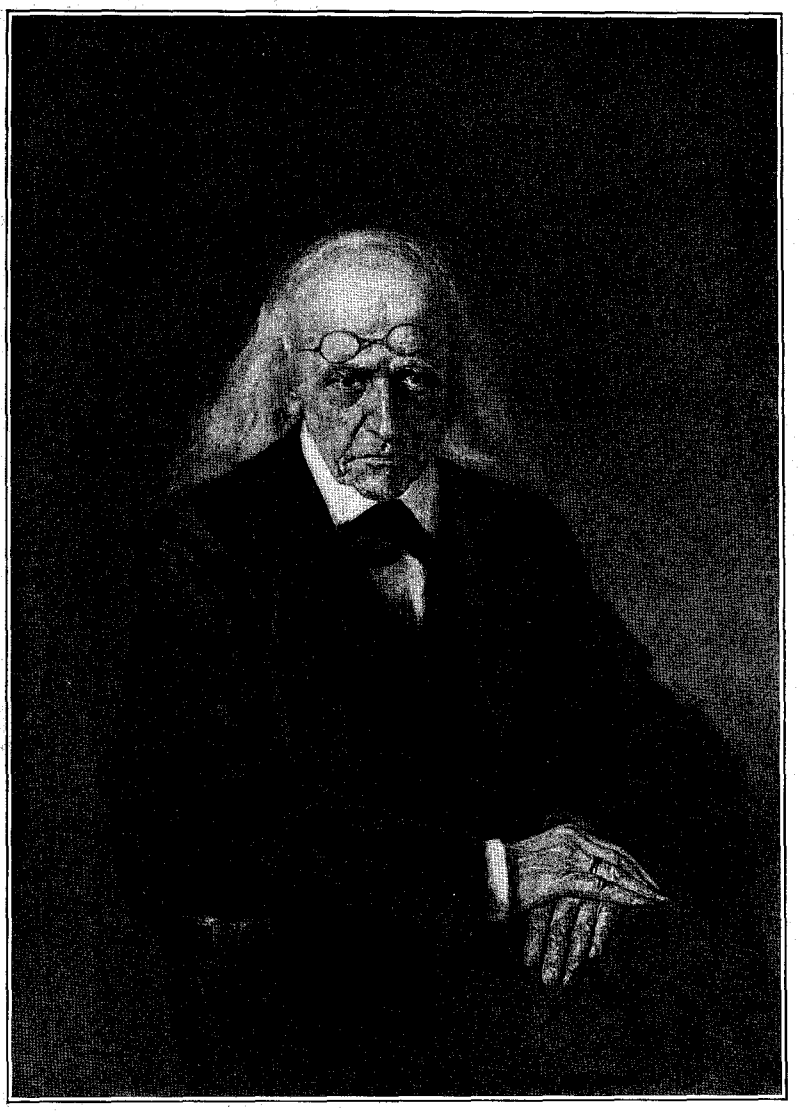
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y.

"The Iron Foundry," by Adolf von Menzel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y. Copyright, 1899, by Photographische Gesellschaft.

Theodor Mommsen, by Franz von Lenbach.

society. The defeat of the revolutionists of 1848 marked the passing of idealism and the consequent rise of democracy, of socialism, militarism, and latter-day industrialism. It was in Adolf von Menzel that these new forces found their earliest and most vigorous exponent. Alone and unaided this masterful pigmy looked at life not through the heroic glamor of legend, or the mists of romance and sentiment, but with the keen, salient glance of a born observer. Menzel was before all a Prussian positivist, not a Bavarian dreamer, and his art is clearly the product of conditions racial and geographical, as well as political and social. Brought from Breslau to Berlin when a mere child by a father who lived but a short time, the lad, at twelve, was the sole economic mainstay of his mother and sisters. He first took up engraving and lithography, and thus became, by rapid strides, the graphic historian, and later the painter of Frederick the Great.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y.

"Women Plucking Geese," by Max Liebermann.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although Menzel's initial successes were achieved in the domain of the past, he did not treat history after the inflated and theatric manner of his predecessors. "The Round Table at Sans-Souci," "The Concert," and "The Battle of Hochkirch" were but the prelude to an even more explicit and specific rendering of contemporary life. With "The Coronation of King William at Königsberg" he entered "Stone-Breakers" and Ford Madox Brown's "Work," but neither begins to convey that sense of power, of authority, or of masterly synthesis which characterizes these grimy moulders and puddlers of Königshütte, these modern cyclops as Menzel himself called them.

This prodigious little fellow—he was barely five feet in height—lived until the age of ninety, covered with honors, his

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y. *Copyright, 1894, by Photographische Gesellschaft.*

"Holy Eve," by Fritz von Uhde.

upon his true field, and, although he was breaking wholly new ground, his self-possession was absolute. He boldly and convincingly attacked every phase of modern society and everywhere revealed his consummate command of eye and hand. Year by year his contact with reality grew both in breadth and intimacy. Now he depicted a glittering court function, now a holiday crowd at Gastein or Kissingen. It is, however, in "The Iron Foundry" that this art attains its most pronounced vindication. As a picture of labor the canvas had already been preceded by Courbet's funeral assuming the proportions of a national ceremonial. Although in everything he touched a pioneer, and though he had actually clarified the art of an entire country, his immediate influence was not great. He had no pupils and few dared follow in his path. Nevertheless, there were signs of progress in various quarters, notably in Munich, where a certain huge, uncouth Bavarian had, as early as 1860, approached nature with decided sincerity and charm in his "Shepherd Boy," now in the Schack Gallery. It is possible, had Franz von Lenbach not gone

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y.

"Dachau Peasant Women," by Wilhelm Leibl.

to Italy and Spain and become enamoured of the sumptuous coloring and artistocratic allure of Renaissance portraiture, that he might have been the first realist of the south as Menzel was of the north. Yet it is fortunate that, while Menzel was depicting with incomparable vivacity and subtle irony the typical German crowd, Lenbach should have concentrated his remarkable powers upon certain individuals who stood sharply in the foreground of current political, intellectual, and social life.

Unlike Menzel, Lenbach was not consistently modern. Society in Munich and Vienna was more opulent and luxurious than in progressive Berlin. The love of color, which was the legacy of Piloty and his school, had by no means become extinct, and Lenbach steeped himself in the mysteries of soft, amorphous tones. The crude

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

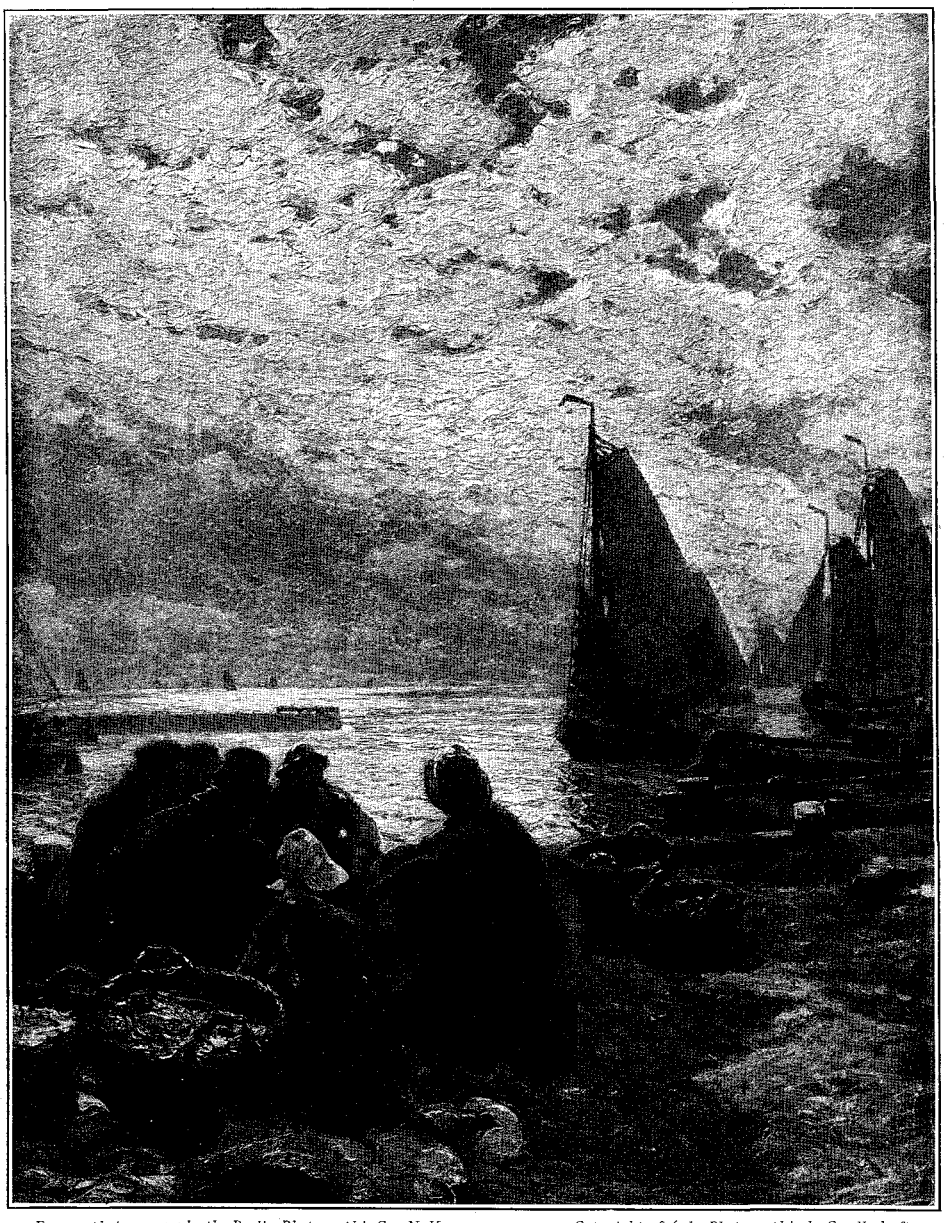
strength of his youthful peasant studies soon became mellowed by the dull glow of Rembrandt and the subdued richness of Titian. Yet out of this atmosphere of tradition loom faces that are frankly unforgettable. Bismarck, von Moltke, Mommsen—the greatest figures of the day gladly sat to this searching analyst for their portraits, and, when the end came, he had left behind him an unapproachable gallery of the master spirits of his age. His methods were philosophical and arbitrary. He painted according to an inflexible formula, yet few have equalled him for combined energy of purpose and singleness of effect.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y.

"Old Age," by Graf von Kalckreuth.

If the art of Menzel was brilliant and discursive, and that of Lenbach profound and intensive, it remained for Wilhelm Leibl to strike the equilibrium of perfect candor and simplicity. The son of a Cologne choir master, Leibl came as a youth to Munich and entered the studio of Arthur von Ramberg. Possessed of a sturdy, herculean frame and boundless health, he approached the problems of art with a clarity and sanity which nothing could distort. During the Exhibition of 1869 he made the acquaintance of Gustave Courbet, who was then in Munich proclaiming the ascendency of the concrete with all his irate, bull-necked ferocity. The enthusiasm of Courbet swept the younger man onward to Paris, where he executed a few figure subjects and returned to Germany at the outbreak of the war. Simple and rugged in his tastes, it was not long before he settled down among his beloved Bavarian Alps, where he lived the life of a peasant and began painting the greatest peasant pictures his country can thus far boast. For accuracy of vision, surety of stroke, and total absence of the fictitious or sentimental, Leibl stands much closer to Holbein than to any of his story-telling colleagues. With him art and truth are synonymous terms. With him a picture is an actual portion of nature, not nature plus various temperamental refractions. Along this particular line painting could go no further, nor is it likely that "The Village Politicians," "In Church," or "Dachau Peasant Women" will ever be surpassed for downright observation and veracity. A younger man than Menzel or Lenbach, Leibl died before either of them. He was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y. *Copyright, 1896, by Photographische Gesellschaft.*

"Moonlight on the Zuider Zee," by Hans von Bartels.

a slow, painstaking craftsman. His canvases are not numerous, but they stand, clear-toned and massive, as imperishable landmarks in the conquest of reality.

Just as Leibl, following the lead of Courbet, was the standard-bearer of naturalism in Germany, so Max Liebermann, taking his inspiration from the French pleinairists, became the herald of German impressionism. With that taste for actuality which distinguishes the sons of Prussia, Liebermann, who was born in Berlin, proceeded, at the age of five-and-twenty, to paint his "Women Plucking Geese," which now hangs in the Berlin National Gallery. The first of a long series of canvases celebrating with unswerving fidelity the legacy of toil and sorrow which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y.

"The Fields of the Blessed," by Arnold Böcklin.

is the lot of the working classes, the picture still showed the dark and bituminous shadows so beloved of Munkácsy. Yet it was but a brief interval before Liebermann, with characteristic initiative, began preaching the gospel of light which he had absorbed at Barbizon and in Holland. It was Millet, Israëls, and Manet, not the melodramatic Hungarian, who were his real masters. The career of Liebermann has been one continuous struggle after atmospheric truth. It is not a given object alone which he has sought to portray, but that object or scene viewed through its proper aerial medium. His art has reflected many phases; theme and subject have varied widely, but, despite multiple influences from without, his work has remained personal and individual. At first greeted with derision, he has persisted in his course, little by little forcing acceptance through a resolute draughtsmanship and a profound sympathy with nature's moods and nature's meaning.

With the advent of Menzel, Leibl, and Liebermann the chrysalis of the past was completely shattered. History, genre, and landscape each underwent analogous changes, emerging from pretentious and ænemic idealism into a broad, sturdy realism with no other aim than verity of choice and treatment. Moreover, it was not long before religious painting as well became modernized and humanized. The first step in this direction was taken by the now venerable Düsseldorfer, Eduard von Gebhardt, who placed the Lord among the serious-browed rustics and burghers of the Reformation. It remained, however, for Fritz von Uhde, ex-cavalry officer and Christian socialist, to make the final move in the emancipation of sacred art by surrounding the Saviour with the humble peasants and workmen of to-day. There is no disputing the homely sentiment and fraternity of these canvases. That their psychology is defective, is, nevertheless, apparent to all discriminating minds. For not even sincerity and a faithful rendering of externals can overcome a certain incongruity inseparable from a like solution of the problem.

With past and present, with all life and all nature teeming before him, each painter was at last free to follow his individual preferences. And everywhere the spirit of reality seemed to triumph. The heroes of myth and history, like the Lord himself,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photogravure by Bruckmann, Munich.

'The Island of the Dead," by Arnold Böcklin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

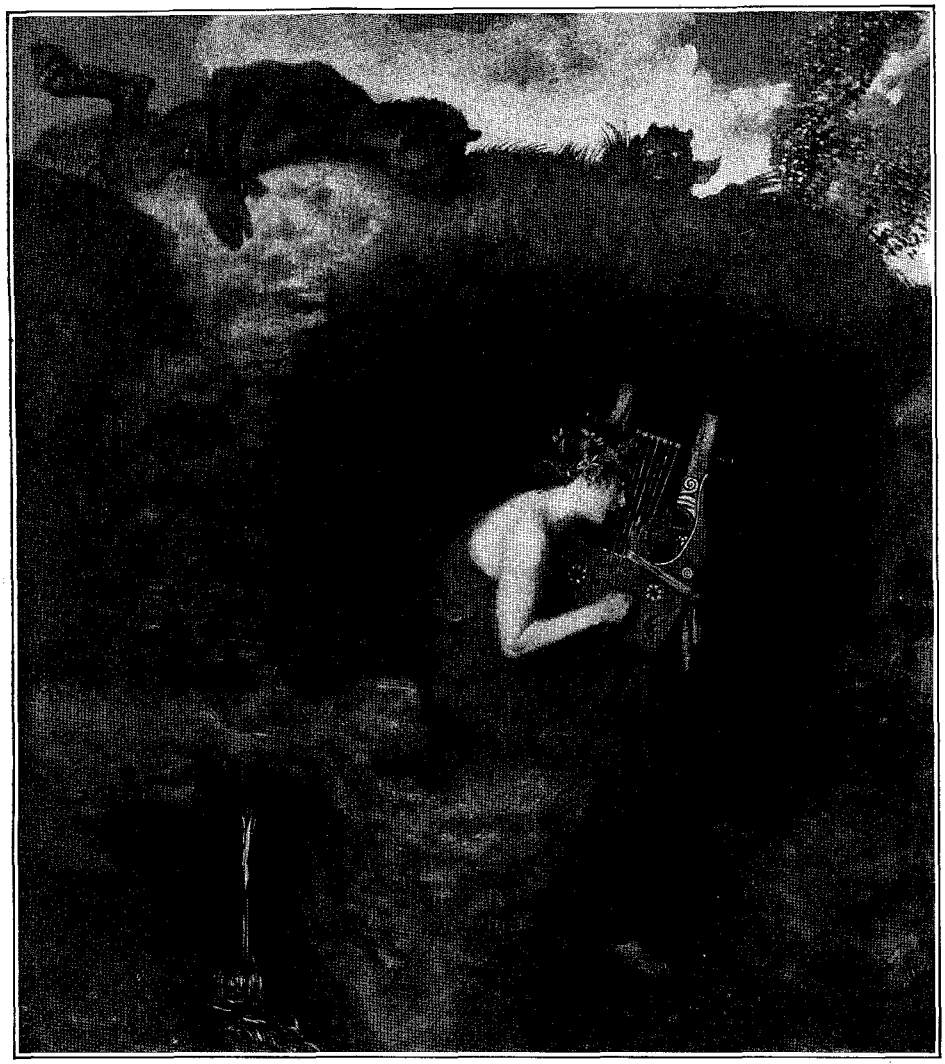
descended from the clouds and took up the simple burdens of the world. Prospects majestic and precipitous were levelled into brown fields dotted with patient souls who toiled from dawn till dusk. The smooth, saccharine coloring of former generations became clear or sombre, permeated with the white glare of the sun or the drifting vapor from meadow or sea. The new conception of art rigorously debarred all obvious sentiment or romance. In order to make sure of telling no pretty lies, as Knaus, Vautier and Defregger had done, the modern peasant painter became a confirmed pessimist. Actual economic pressure and distress are doubtless partially responsible, but, whatever the contributing cause, it is certain that such masters as Kalckreuth and Mackensen record only the trials and hardships of the laborer bending over his task, or seated, forlorn and infirm, by the wayside.

And thus, while this vast movement toward nature and truth which carried all before it in Prussia and the north generally has chastened art, it has also subdued art. There are of course crisp, sprightly talents such as Skarbina, or effective ones such as Hans von Bartels and Gotthard Kuehl, or vigorous ones such as Dettmann and Kampf, but for the most part their work is tinged with austerity. Painters of the town are only gay in a feverish, frenetic sort of way, and the landscape recluses of Worpswede and the Markish plain are apt to give us a mournful canal or a stretch of lonely moor with a few straggling trees and a bare strip of sky. Even in their lyrical moods men like Carl Vinnen, Hans am Ende, and Oskar Frenzel are restrained and sedate. Into their consciousness, and, more particularly with the painters of character, has crept something monotonous and abject. Perhaps, like Richard Voss and Hermann Sudermann in the field of letters, they may have paid too high a price for their penetrant vision and unflinching sense of fact. Yet this art as a whole is the true product of its time, and of that standardizing tendency of modern life, that mania for uniformity and system, which is at once the strength and the weakness of the Teutonic social machine.

In art as in thought there are, however, two Germanys. One is practical and realistic, the other is poetic and idealistic. One looks out across the wind-swept sands and fisher huts of the North Sea or the Baltic, the other gazes fondly toward the Alps and down their slopes to the sunlit terraces and marble villas of Italy. If Adolf von Menzel is the embodiment of the former type, Arnold Böcklin is no less the incarnation of the latter. It is difficult to imagine just what modern Teutonic art would have been without Böcklin. With a magic all his own he revived the waning imagination of his generation. In Böcklin slumbered all that love of myth and fable, all that rich Latinity, and longing for light and warmth to which Germany is a rightful heir. Arnold Böcklin was a reawakened pagan. He strode across the pallid face of contemporary existence scattering fancy in his path and leaving behind him a splendor of coloration the like of which had not been seen since the Renaissance. Single-handed he led a great counter-revolution against the enslavement of the human spirit. Over against the prosaic conquests of the realists he set the sovereign claims of the ideal. He literally remade the world of art after his own image.

Born a dozen years later than Menzel, Böcklin's career was as full of struggle and heroism as Menzel's was well ordered and successful. The son of an impecunious silk merchant of Basle, the lad finally secured the reluctant consent of his parents to study painting and departed for Düsseldorf where he entered the classes of Hildebrand and Schirmer. He stayed in Düsseldorf just long enough to catch a faint thrill of romance from the canvases of Schirmer and then proceeded to Antwerp, Brussels, and Paris. He was in the French capital during the sanguinary days of 1848, but a year later found him in Rome, a member of that friendly circle of his countrymen which included the poets Victor von Scheffel and Paul Heyse, the painters Feuerbach and Franz-Dreber, and the sculptor, Reinhold Begas. Blue-eyed and powerful, endowed with epic strength and force of will, and feeling within him the fire of undoubted genius, Böcklin, during those early, formative years did everything that was splendid and audacious. He married, on a single day's acquaintance, a beautiful Roman girl from across the Tiber, he painted pictures that were flung into the street by an outraged censor, and, like a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

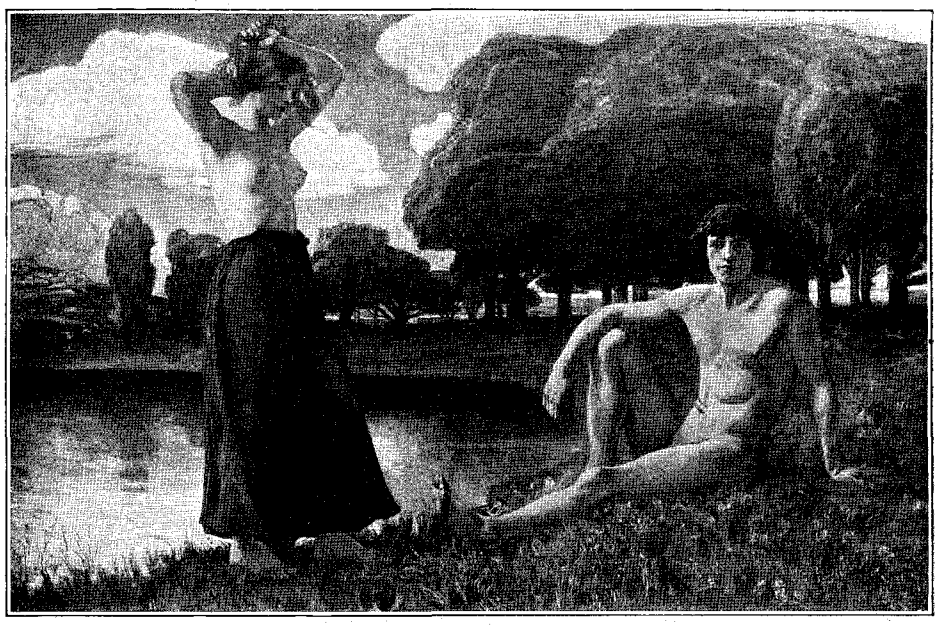


"Listening Fauns," by Franz von Stuck.
From the collection of Hugo Reisinger, Esq.

true poet, starved and slept under the blue vault of heaven.

No painter's odyssey reads more picturesquely than that of Arnold Böcklin. He wandered ceaselessly over Germany and Italy in quest of beauty and inspiration, not to mention the bare necessities of existence. He resided by turns in Basle, Hamburg, Munich, Weimar, Zürich, Rome, and Florence, finally dying, amid peace and the mellowness of ripe accomplishment, at his villa on the heights of Fiesole. Recognition, which did not come until after years of effort, finally burst upon him with dazzling brilliance. At the age of sixty he was unknown outside a narrow group of enthusiasts. By seventy the magic of his brush had made converts from the Alps to the North Sea and from Vienna to Paris. Attaining maturity when the quaint imaginings of Moritz von Schwind were all that remained of pure romance, Böcklin left German art incomparably richer than he found it. While certain early canvases, such as "Pan Among the Reeds" and "The Villa by the Sea," clearly revealed the man's potentiality, it was in "The Sacred Grove," "The Fields of the Blessed," and "The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y. *Copyright, 1903, by Photographische Gesellschaft.*

"Idyll," by Ludwig von Hofmann.

Island of the Dead" that he succeeded in epitomizing the fundamental emotions, the deepest longings and aspirations of the Teutonic soul.

Yet his triumphs were not all achieved in the realm of the mysterious or the elegiac, nor on the heights where his "Prometheus" writhes in fruitless anguish. He was also joyous and carnal, as in "Pan Fishing" and "Sport Among the Waves," and herein lies his strength and the source of his immense influence over the younger men of his time. It is in fact due to his marvellous fecundity, his surpassing creative vitality, that most of them owe their very artistic being. The thirst for a free, pagan world was doubtless always in the blood, but it was Arnold Böcklin who called it forth, who gave it form, shape, and color. And close upon his heels have corwded countless latter-day fauns and satyrs of the palette hungering for antique serenity and antique joyousness. At their head stand two notable figures, Max Klinger and Franz von Stuck, while attaching himself to an older and more näive tradition is Hans Thoma.

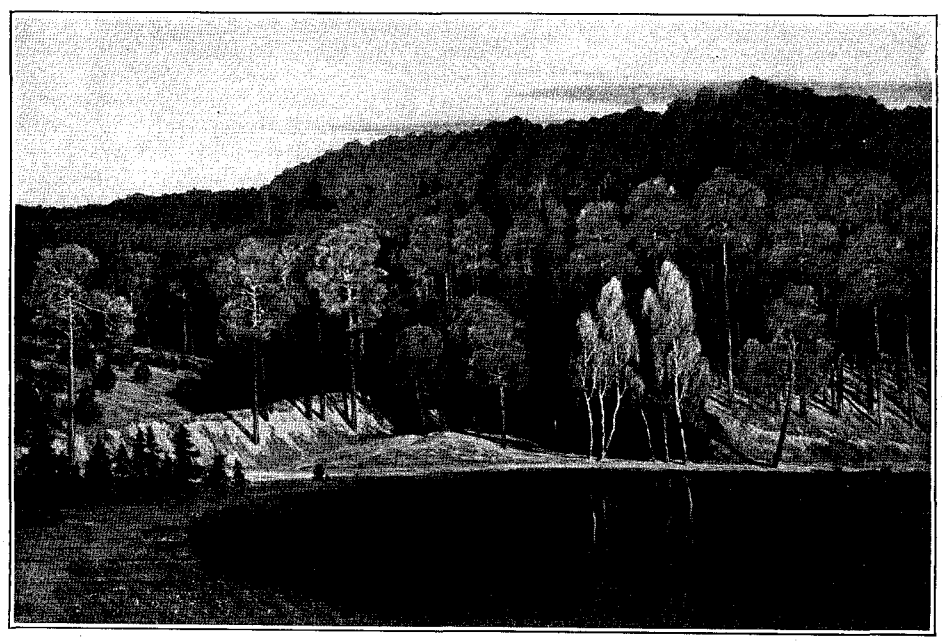
Despite the primitive picturesqueness of their æsthetic imagery, they are all moderns. One and all they are seeking escape from present conditions and striving to evolve some solution of the eternal enigmas of existence. In common with idealists the world over their heritage is a heritage of unrest. Lacking the Olympian calm of their leader, they are constantly at war with themselves and their surroundings. Now and then they evolve visions of sheer beauty and power, but for the most part their dreams are troubled and distraught. Each offers a different reading of the book of life. For thought-wearied Klinger the key to the mystery lies in stoic fatalism. For vigorous and plastic Stuck it is found in the apotheosis of brutality. Hans Thoma looks backward toward the days of Altdorfer and takes refuge in an archaic ingenuousness, while the sumptuous color-poet, Ludwig von Hofmann, sings only of Hellenic blitheness or frenzied oblivion.

The seed which Böcklin sowed has also given birth to numerous lesser men, among whom are Hans Sandreuter, Hermann Urban, and Hans Unger, not to mention having directly quickened the invention of Adolf Hengler, Ludwig von Zumbusch, Carl Strathmann, Walter Hampel, Julius Diez, and a score of others. Sometimes perverse and sometimes merely merry, their fancies yearly fill the walls of the Secession or the pages of *Jugend*. Equally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suggestive in landscape, Böcklin also added a touch of heroic breadth to the treatment of wood, sky, and meadow, as witness the canvases of not a few of the outdoor painters of the day. There are, of course, certain individuals even in the south who have not been inundated by this torrent of color and imagination. The mundane Keller, the neurasthenic Habermann, and the strong animalier, Heinrich Zügel, have gone their way undisturbed, yet it is impossible to overestimate the influence of the sovereign symbolist who finds his echo not alone in painting but in the music of Wagner, the philosophy of Nietzsche, and the fairy dramas of Gerhardt Hauptmann.

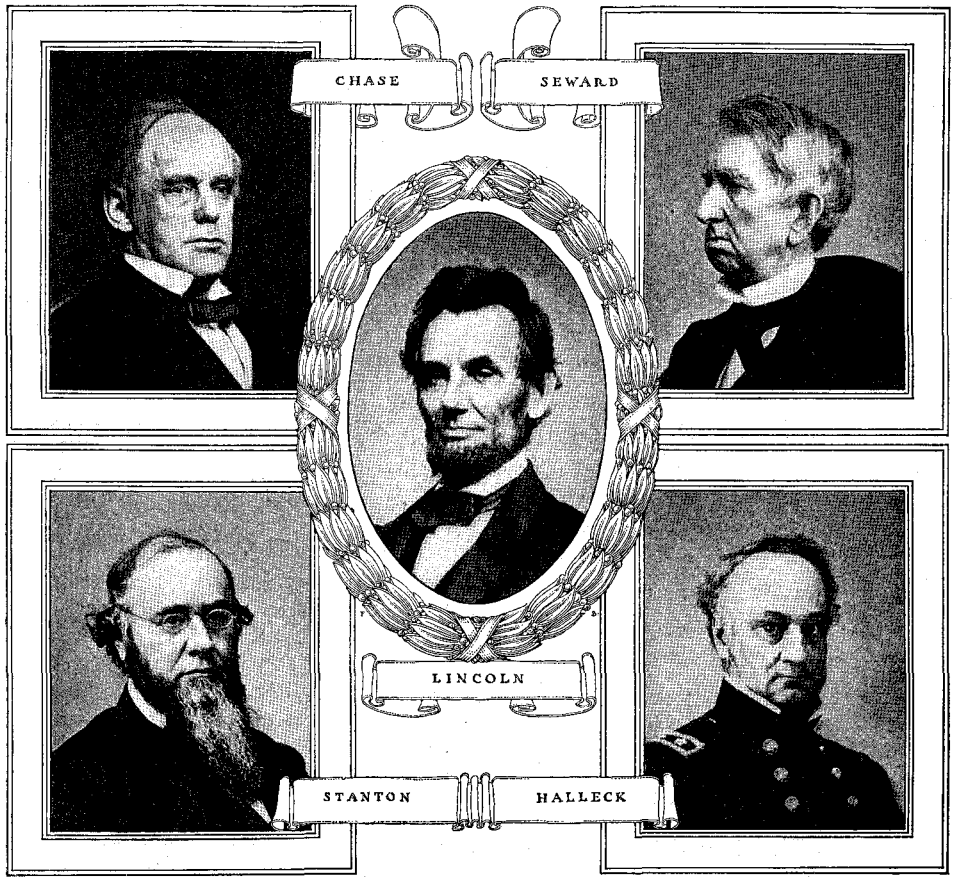
With the passing, within a few years, of both Menzel and Böcklin, the two master currents of modern Teutonic art arrived at their flood. The forces of realism and idealism, so constantly at odds in the history of German thought and German life, seem at present to have declared a partial truce. Spent by the fury of the struggle, and somewhat perplexed by the spoils of war, both sides are momentarily marking time or deliberately seeking novelty and distraction. The crass objectivity of the north has found its antidote in the luxuriant creative fertility of the south. The asperities of naturalism have, moreover, been modified by the coming of impressionism which has taught the salutary lesson that truth is, after all, individual and subjective. With such an artistic inheritance as Germany to-day possesses, it is inevitable that the fantasist should seek the support of fact and the positivist should not remain deaf to the myriad voices of the spirit world. It is probable that the art of the future will seek to offer a synthesis of the two elements which, until now, have stood in direct opposition to one another. Already there are signs of a convergence, for in the stylistic yet accurate and faithful landscapes of such a nature poet as the late Walter Leistikow appear to reside the germs of subsequent development along these lines. In his glimpses of Grunewald forest, glade, and tarn he has manifestly striven for a fitting compromise between actuality and æsthetic convention—between outward beauty and that beauty which lies so mysteriously imbedded in the consciousness of mankind.



From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y. *Copyright, 1902, by Photographische Gesellschaft.*

"A Woodland Tarn," by Walter Leistikow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE

AND OTHER PASSAGES FROM THE PAPERS OF SECRETARY SALMON P. CHASE

By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer

THE evil star which seemed somehow to hang above the heads of Salmon P. Chase and his daughter Kate, afterward Mrs. Sprague, to bring them so much disappointment, pursued the letters and diaries of the able statesman whom Lincoln made his Secretary of the Treasury in 1861 and then three years later appointed to be Chief Justice of the United States. At his death two biographers of Mr. Chase appeared. Judge Warden asserted his claim to prepare a volume, a task which he promptly performed in his own way. Vain efforts were made by Mrs. Sprague to dispossess him of the papers, and the book profoundly displeased the family and Mr. Chase's friends. Almost simultaneously Mr. Schuckers, who had once been the statesman's private secretary, began a work with such letters as he could collect.

What precisely were the adventures of these papers after they had served the uses of the biographers can never be known. We do know, however, that within a few years public libraries have come into possession of two lots of this material. While writing his "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," it came to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Rhodes's knowledge that there were many Chase letters in the vaults of a safe-deposit company in Washington. As they had long lain there unclaimed, they were offered to him if he would pay the accumulated storage charges of twenty years. He advanced the sum, which was later returned to him when the papers were sold to the Library of Congress. There they now repose—supplemented by a large collection found in the possession of the family of a man, who had once been a political agent for Chase, by Albert Bushnell Hart when he was preparing his biography for the American Statesman Series. These papers at Washington seem to be those which were worked over by Judge Warden.

Another collection was sold by Mr. Schuckers to Brinton Coxe, of Philadelphia, and at the latter's death it found its way to the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It is from these letters and diaries that the accompanying extracts are gleaned.

Of much interest is Mr. Chase's account of the means that were taken in September, 1863, to transport a large body of troops from Virginia to Tennessee in order to reënforce Rosecrans. Mr. Chase's confidence in this commander, despite his long inaction after the battle of Murfreesboro, was as great as in Hooker on the eastern field of war. Nevertheless his spirit chafed as the weeks passed and no effectual steps were taken "to drive the rebels from east Tennessee," while Bragg, who confronted the Union troops, was being constantly strengthened by the Confederate Government.

Rosecrans in motion at last, by clever strategical movements had compelled his opponent to vacate Chattanooga, although the victory soon proved to be rather barren. The Confederate lines were drawn closely around him, and after the battle of Chickamauga he was virtually a besieged man. So serious was the situation accounted to be that on the night of September 23d there was a hurried conference in Washington, of which Mr. Chase tells in his diaries as of that date, though the insertion was manifestly made at his leisure some time afterward:

"I shall not soon forget the events of the night of this day. Our news from Chattanooga was more hopeful, but it was evident that Rosecrans's army was in great peril. Meade was in the neighborhood of Manassas, following Lee, and, it was hoped, about to win a decisive victory over him. But he was cautious and it was uncertain if he would strike at all. I went home from the Department thinking over the state of things with great anxiety. It was about midnight, and I had just retired when the door-bell rang and the message was brought to me, 'The Secretary of War desires that you will come to the Department immediately and has sent a carriage for you.'

"'What can be the matter?' I said to myself as I hastily rose and dressed. 'Has the enemy attacked Rosecrans? Has he captured him and his army? Has he driven our men across the Tennessee?'

"When I reached the War Department I found Mr. Stanton there, silent and stern.

"'Is there any bad news?' I asked.

"'None,' was the brief reply. General Halleck was present and the President either was there already or soon came in; Mr. Seward also came.

"At length when we five were assembled Mr. Stanton began:

"'I have invited this meeting because I am thoroughly convinced that something must be done, and done immediately, to insure the safety of the army under Rosecrans, and wish to have it considered and decided whether anything, and if anything, what shall be done.'

"Then turning to General Halleck he asked:

"'What forces can Burnside send to Rosecrans at Chattanooga?'

"General Halleck replied, '20,000 men.'

"Stanton—'How soon?'

"Halleck—'In ten days, if not interrupted.'

"President—'Before ten days Burnside can put in enough to hold the place.'

"Halleck—'He can bring up 12,000 perhaps in eight days.'

"President—'When Burnside's men begin to arrive the place will be safe; but the pinch is now.'

"Stanton—'If the enemy presses or attacks Burnside, what then?'

"Halleck—'Burnside must take his measures accordingly—fight or act defensively.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Stanton—'If enemy has enough to detach a force against Burnside and also attack Rosecrans?'

"Halleck—'Rosecrans must be relieved otherwise.'

"Stanton—'When can Sherman relieve him?'

"Halleck—'In about ten days, if already marched from Vicksburg. If not marched should come up the river and overland from Memphis. He has 20,000 or 25,000 men. Every available man is ordered forward and boats have gone down the river from Cairo to bring them up.'

"Stanton—'Then your estimate of what can be done by Sherman is only conjectural?'

"Halleck—'Of course it is impossible to speak definitely in such a matter.'

"Stanton—'Can men be had from any other quarter?'

"Halleck—'Perhaps a few from Kentucky—don't know how many. All are already ordered to Rosecrans.'

"Stanton—'Mr. President, I think it perfectly clear from what has been said that no certain or even probable relief will reach Rosecrans from any quarter that has been named. I do not believe a man will get to him from Burnside or Sherman in time to be of any use in the emergency which is upon us. The Army of the Potomac is doing nothing important, nor is it likely to be more actively employed. I propose, therefore, to send 20,000 men from the Army of the Potomac to Chattanooga under the command of General Hooker.'

"This proposition was objected to quite strongly by General Halleck and the President. Both expressed the belief that the troops could not be got through to Chattanooga, or near enough to be of essential service to the army of Rosecrans as soon as troops could be furnished from Burnside's or Sherman's command, and both were unwilling to withdraw troops from Meade.

"Mr. Stanton said that he had fully considered the question of practicability and should not have submitted his proposition had he not fully satisfied himself on that head by conference with the ablest railroad men of the country. General Halleck had given no definite assurance as to the time in which relief could be given by Sherman or Burnside. His nearest approach to definiteness was eight days by Burnside if uninterrupted by the enemy. Was not the enemy sure to interrupt? And was it not well known that activity by Burnside would involve the abandonment of east Tennessee to which Burnside was strongly opposed and therefore extremely unwilling to move? Whereas if it should be determined to send men from the Army of the Potomac the order for the two corps could be given in the morning—by night the column would be entering Washington, the troops could be put in cars at once and in five days the advance might be entering Nashville.

"'Why,' said the President, 'You can't get one corps into Washington in the time you fix for reaching Nashville,' and he illustrated his idea of the impossibility by some story which I have forgotten.

"Stanton was greatly annoyed and made some remark to the effect that the danger was too imminent and the occasion too serious for jokes; he added that as he saw himself overruled he would give up the point; and invited us all into the adjoining room where he had caused a light collation to be prepared.

"I then remarked that I hoped the proposition would not be abandoned; that it seemed to me exceedingly important and that we could resume its consideration with advantage after a little refreshment. I added a very brief résumé of Mr. Stanton's arguments already urged, expressed my entire confidence in his ability to do what he proposed, and declared it to be my deliberate judgment that to refuse to adopt it was to refuse to adopt the only plan by which the army of Rosecrans would with any certainty be saved. We then went to the collation. On returning to the Secretary's room, Mr. Seward took up the subject and supported Mr. Stanton's proposition with excellent arguments.

"The scale was now turned. Every objection was abandoned except that of weakening Meade, and finally the President said that he would telegraph Meade in the morning, and, if he did not propose an immediate movement, the order for the two corps to move should be given at once to General Halleck. It was near morning when we went home. Two or three hours later the telegram was sent, the answer received, the order for the movement given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The result is well known. The advance of Hooker's command reached Nashville in a week, frustrated the attempt to break up Rosecrans's communications and his army was saved; and Chattanooga was saved and the future was saved. Neither Sherman's column, nor Burnside's, came up in time to be of any use in this special work. Burnside's did not come up at all. Sherman's came, but came after the peril was past, though in time for the glorious achievement which soon afterward electrified the country. The country does not know how much it owes Edwin M. Stanton for that night's work."*

The issue of this bold movement was in doubt for many days and it needed the brilliant victories on Lookout Mountain and at Missionary Ridge to mollify the critics of the government, of whom Mr. Chase always reserved to himself the right to be one of the most active, notwithstanding his responsible relations to it. On September 30 he wrote to his daughter Kate:

". . . The great expedition to reënforce Rosecrans is going on admirably. If no hitch occurs the advance from the Army of the Potomac will begin to arrive at Chattanooga, or within supporting distance, within the next few days.

"How much would have been gained had Rosecrans attacked when Bragg was weak?"

To John D. Jones on the same day Chase wrote:

". . . My soul is filled with anguish by the belief that much of the calamity we suffer is due to irresolution and procrastination, and, I fear sometimes also, to the indifference of those who are charged with the conduct of the war. Why did not Rosecrans attack Bragg when he was weak? Why, when the golden moments were suffered to slip by unused, why did not General Halleck promptly reënforce Rosecrans to the full extent of the reenforcements he knew were going to Bragg? Why did not the President *require* him to do so? These are questions which history will put again with even greater emphasis. How will history answer them?"

That President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton could themselves manage the war with success was doubted by very many people. Mr. Chase in particular felt his individual responsibility keenly, and he all the while wrote letters to military leaders in the field, as well as to civil officials and citizens, offering his counsel and criticism, to which they as frankly replied.

Montgomery Blair once told Samuel J. Tilden that Chase was the "only human being" whom Lincoln "actually hated." (Letters and Literary Memorials of Samuel J. Tilden, p. 233.) A statement of this kind from so unfriendly a source may be taken with caution, but that the great President and his Secretary of the Treasury were not congenial spirits is a well-known fact. It finds fresh corroboration in these papers. It irked Mr. Chase, who always himself desired to be President, to occupy any subordinate place. On July 15, 1862, he wrote to James A. Hamilton:

"Your excellent note is just received. I will send it to the President and shall be glad if he will read and heed it.

"I have seen little of him for some time past. When he thinks fit to ask my counsel or to impart his own I attend his summons.

"Otherwise I confine myself to my special work. What I think ought to be done is so generally left undone—what I think ought not to be done so generally done, that I am led to doubt greatly the value of my views on any subject."

Again in September, 1862, in the course of a letter to Zachariah Chandler, Senator from Michigan, Mr. Chase wrote:

"I, though charged with the responsibility of providing for the enormous expenditures entailed upon the country, have no control over—no voice even in deciding on—the measures by which the necessity for them is created. In fact I know almost as little of what is being done as any outside. Neither credit nor responsibility for what is decided outside of the Treasury Department belongs to me. The only responsibility really mine is that of consenting to remain in a position where I am necessarily supposed to have some voice in public affairs, and especially in the

* Chase to the end warmly admired Stanton, who alone of all his old associates in the Cabinet called upon him before his departure from Washington, after his resignation from the Treasury Department in the summer of 1864. In a letter to Robert Dale Owen on September 6, 1863, Chase wrote: "Some progress has been made for which we are in great measure indebted to Mr. Stanton, to whom how much the country owes will never be known."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

measures which belong to the prosecution of the war in which we are involved; when in reality I have none at all which may not be overborne by factitious military clamor or insidious outside pressure.

"Don't misunderstand me as making any personal complaint of the President. I do not. In every matter connected with my Department he allows me to take whatever course I think best, always giving me a cordial support, and manifesting in me all the confidence I can possibly claim.

"But I do not think it enough that the Heads of Departments be supported in their special administrations. The affairs of each are so intimately connected with the general action of the government that it has always been thought the duty of the President to convene them regularly for consultation, and to take their judgments in all important matters, and in general—though this is by no means obligatory—to act in accordance with the well-considered conclusions of the majority. There is on the contrary at the present time no cabinet except in name. The Heads of Departments come together now and then, nominally twice a week; but no reports are made, no regular discussions held, no ascertained conclusions reached. Sometimes weeks pass by and no full meeting is held. One can get some information about military matters if he will make due enquiry at the War Department, or about naval matters at the Naval Department; but full systematic accounts of the progress of the struggle; the purposes entertained; the means and modes of action by or against us are neither made, nor given, nor required.

"Let us rejoice that Providence rules and let us hope that He means to save though as by fire."

These views were elaborated by Mr. Chase in correspondence with his friend Bishop C. P. McIlvaine of Ohio, on January 25, 1863:

"Your letters should have been answered at once, but I need not apologize to you for delay; for *you* know my hindrances. Even since writing this initial sentence I have been interrupted half a dozen times by half a dozen callers on various business.

"It is impossible for me to express my anxiety concerning the state of the country; but my ignorance of the real condition, except in so far as my own department is concerned, is almost as great as my anxiety. Our administration under the President's system, if system it be, is Departmental. There are some important matters which the President reserves substantially to himself—for example those relating to slavery for the most part. He also not unfrequently determines important and sometimes unimportant questions concerning the war; and decides on many appointments. Whatever he there does he does generally, though not always, without consultation, so far as I am advised. If there is consultation, except in a few cases, I do not know it. With these reservations, I repeat, the administration is Departmental; that is to say I administer the Treasury, Mr. Blair the Post Office, Mr. Welles the Navy, and so on. The President sustains me kindly and cordially when I ask him; but in general does not interfere at all, or even care to be informed as to the line of action I adopt. What is true of the President is true of other Heads of Departments, as a general statement. And what is true of my Department is true of all, except that the President naturally takes most interest in the progress of the war, and of course in the action of the War Department, and also, though not so marked, in that of the Navy Department. The Heads of Departments are not expected to exert much, if any, influence on the action of any other Department than their own: of course they do not expect to be consulted except very rarely in relation to any important matter involved in such action. Not being consulted they are not informed. I can get more or less information touching the war by going to the War and Navy Departments and making particular enquiries. I receive what it is thought fit to impart and am left in ignorance of what it is thought fit to withhold. How much is imparted, how much withheld, I can only judge by developments. Such information under such circumstances is not pleasant nor very profitable. So I content myself generally with what I learn from the public prints.

"I see it for example announced this morning that General Burnside is relieved from command and General Hooker appointed in his stead. I had heard nothing from anybody in the Administration indicating that such event was likely to take

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place, and of course I can give *you* no information. I try to administer my Department as well as I can, but feel that I am of little use outside of it, and that to be considered as a responsible member of an administration is as unjust as it is natural [?]. If my service here is useful I shall thank God, who enables me to be useful: but it is far from agreeable or in my judgment creditable to be the head of a Department under existing circumstances.

"My notion of an administration is a President supreme under the Constitution and Laws; Heads of Departments capable and faithful in their several administrations and fit to be counsellors of the Chief Magistrate; measures gravely and fully considered by all and determined on after such consideration by the Head and then vigorously executed by concert of all. Light and heat focalized."

In reply to a letter of E. D. Mansfield, Mr. Chase wrote on October 27, 1863:

". . . And why do you talk about a Cabinet? Blair is Postmaster-General, but not a member of the Cabinet, for there is no Cabinet to be a member of. You have been in Washington and know that each Head of a Department is expected to 'run his own machine,' as Mr. Lincoln expresses it. And each runs his machine without any help of the others pretty much as he pleases; and no one knows except as a matter of news what either of the others is doing."

In a letter to Horace Greeley about the same time (October 9) Chase wrote:

"There is no such thing in Washington as an administration in the accepted sense of that word. There is a Heptarchy or seven administrations—State, Treasury, War, Navy, Interior, Post Office, Law. All except the third are left almost absolutely to their several Heads, each of whom is expected to 'run his machine' as well as he can. The war comes under a divided jurisdiction. The President, Mr. Stanton and General Halleck each take part in the conduct of military operations, as well as in the organization and administration of the army. Nobody else has more than an incidental and casual influence."

"How idle it seems for me to speculate on military affairs," Mr. Chase concluded a letter to David Dudley Field on June 30, 1863. "The President consults only Stanton and Halleck in the management of the war. I look on from the outside and as well as I can furnish the means. In my own Department I live by work—in the others by faith only. But I exercise faith, not forgetting hope and charity."

After Lee was allowed to recross the Potomac on the retreat from the battlefield of Gettysburg, Mr. Chase, on July 15, 1863, wrote to Senator William Sprague of Rhode Island, now affianced to his daughter Kate:

"We were all terribly disappointed by the news yesterday that Lee had escaped with the whole remainder of his army and all his artillery and baggage. The President came into my room and told me of it, about two yesterday afternoon. He was more grieved and indignant than I have ever seen him. Ever since the battle of Gettysburg he had been urging on Halleck the importance of promptitude and vigilance, and of activity. His sole fear has been lest Lee's army should get away. He was annoyed by the tone of Meade's address to his troops, which insisted [?] that the main object conceived by him was the repulse of the enemy's invasion. He saw the same idea in Meade's despatches and did all he could (except take the responsibility) to make him understand that it was the rout of Lee's army, not its mere expulsion from Pennsylvania, which was desired. And now his worst fears were realized. Lee's army gone and no blow struck. I reminded him that the last time he came to my room it was very much in the same frame of mind, when he had just received despatches from Hurlbut* that Grant had been defeated and his army captured at Jackson; and that I then told him that daylight always came before darkness, and that all we had to do was to gather new forces and persevere. He thought the cases not exactly similar and I agreed, but insisted that the difference was on our side, for had Grant been in fact defeated the case would have been much worse with us than now.

"Since this interview with the President I have learned that Meade called a council

*Major-General Stephen A. Hurlbut. Manifestly one of many false reports inevitable in such a time of civil disturbance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his corps commanders on Saturday or Sunday evening—that Slocum, Sedgwick, French and one or two more opposed a battle, while Howard, Wadsworth and Pleasanton decidedly favored it—that the debate was warm and earnest—that Meade's judgment was with the minority, but his desire with the majority—that the army consequently lay idle all day Sunday when Lee was crossing the river some six or eight miles off, Meade knowing nothing of it—and that Monday morning they found all gone and clear across.

"Meade's laurels are badly stained; for my part I yet put most faith in Hooker."

Mr. Chase's disappointment was as great as Lincoln's and he expressed it in letters to his friends in vivid words. He wrote to George Wilkes on July 23d:

"In your general views as to the campaign which resulted in the passage—so glorious to us—of the Potomac by Lee's army I quite concur. When he advanced into Maryland I wrote to several, and said to more, 'God has delivered him into our hands.' And so he had; but Man did not take the gift."

THE MAN WHO CAME*

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

A FLYING word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered:
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

* Supposed to have been written not long after the Civil War.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We gave a glamour to the task
That he encountered and saw through,
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, ragged, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:
With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept, Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
'Twas ours to soar and his to see;
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MODERNISM

By Newman Smyth

ONE key-note runs through many variations of modernism; it is a clear call for the rejuvenation of Roman Catholicism. The modernists, or Neo-Catholics, as they are beginning to call themselves, believe that the Church can harmonize its teachings with the thought of this age. The most ancient Church can survive by becoming the most modern. The living Church is forever young. The modernists remember that scholasticism, which the Vatican now would enforce, was a new theology in its day—a philosophy fitted to its time. But for the hierarchy to bind mediævalism on Christian faith would be to wrap it in a cerement; the modernists would arm it "with the weapons of the time."

To rejuvenate Catholicism—this in one word is the battle cry of the New Catholics. For this cause Fogazzaro's *Saint* went to Rome. In this hope a group of Italian priests—scholars, historians, young men—wrote their noble appeal to the Pope, "What we want." For this end, when Pius X refused to heed their cry, they flung to the whole world their reply, "The Programme of the Modernists." This ideal of a renewed Catholicism it is that holds them steadfast as reformers within the Church even while its hierarchy would cast them out as apostates. In this faith, when threatened with excommunication, they confess, "We are ready to suffer." In this abiding sense of their fellowship with the Church of yesterday and of to-morrow they refuse to withdraw themselves from the Church of to-day. Hence it is that from many different quarters is heard the common rallying call—Reform within the Roman Church.

This note distinguishes this movement not only from the Protestant Reformation, but also from the Old Catholic secession of our times. In the sixteenth century the world was ready for revolution, but not ripe for quiet religious evolution. Protestantism must needs come and take its kingdom by violence; and when in 1870 the later growth of papal absolutism culminated in the Vatican decree of infallibility, the German scholarship which had arrayed in vain early Church history against it, was forced to break forthwith from Rome, or to deny itself. It was an ecclesiastical duel within circumscribed limits. Can these modernists do otherwise? Can they escape the same logic of events that compelled Professor Döllinger, the great scholar and leader of the Old Catholics, reluctantly to see his own protest issue in the Old Catholic schism? Time will show.

There are two considerations which are enough to justify the present determination of the Neo-Catholics to labor and to wait for the renewal of the Roman Church. One is the fact that the religious conditions of this century are not those of any preceding age. Evolution is the order of our times alike in political, economic, social and religious life. It is one of the striking and reassuring signs of our times that the underlying will of the people is to reform but not to destroy their whole inheritance from the past.

The other consideration—and it is of distinctive significance—is that modernism is not compelled, like the Old Catholic Church, to split off from Rome at a single divisive point of doctrine. Neo-Catholicism was not at first a dogmatic challenge; rather it was an excursion of investigating minds out into the open country. The modernists would seek until they find the vitalizing truth at the source of all the rites and dogmas of the Church. They would come not to destroy but to fulfil the law and the prophets of the Roman Church. "We are not rebels," those Italian priests say to the Pope. In France the Abbé Loisy declares, "I have always regarded it as a duty to remain in the Church." Tyrrell in England says that he abhors "runaway solutions."

When charged with inconsistency and weakness in not tearing themselves at once free from Rome, they remind us that the Apostolic community continued to frequent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Hebrew temple, and to mingle their prayers with those of the people faithful to Moses, although their new faith was different from that of the circumcision. "We follow at all times," these Italian modernists say, "the practice of the Catholic worship together with the people; we celebrate the rites, we live in the midst of the same religious life, although our belief is different, our ideality changed." They can allow no papal ban to separate them from their spiritual fellowship in the Church of their devotion and hope. Some of them possibly may be driven by persecutions into hopeless renunciation of it; but the Abbé Loisy spoke for their common spirit and predominant purpose when he declared himself to be a Catholic still; although when an absolute surrender of the conclusions of his lifelong studies of the Scriptures was demanded of him by Cardinal Merry del Val, he answered with a courageous sincerity: "My spirit is as incapable of living in the intellectual atmosphere of the Encyclical as my lungs are of breathing at the bottom of the sea." The Neo-Catholics conceive their mission to be not that of the Baptist to lay the axe at the root of the tree; they find their providential call interpreted in the Gospel parable of the leaven, and they believe that modernism is the ferment which in due time shall make of the whole lump of Romanism fresh bread of life for the people.

In this abiding loyalty of spirit to the Catholic Church lies the strength of the modernists. Their position may be regarded as exposed and precarious; but so long as they can hold it, there can be no question of its strategic importance. If driven from it, they might become another sect soon to be brought to a standstill, like the present Old Catholic Church; refusing to surrender this position, they remain a reformatory power confronting the very citadel of pontifical sovereignty.

This outbreak of modernism within the Roman pale has taken the Protestant world generally by surprise. It would be a mistake, however, to regard it as an affair of to-day, having but yesterday its origin. It has long been growing in quiet places. Without observation the seeds of it have been scattered far and wide. Indeed we have to go back to the first half of the last century to find in Roman Catholic writings the early springs of this movement; its present increasing volume is the confluence of many tendencies from the past, the fulness of influences that are now flowing together from widely distant sources.

It would be equally a mistake to presume that modernism is but a reflection of Protestant thought among Roman Catholics. On the contrary, Catholic scholars have beaten from their own laborious studies the oil for its lamp. Protestant and Catholic scholars, it is true, have toiled of late years in friendly intercourse, especially in the fields of early Christian history and Biblical criticism. They have drawn together from common sources of modern philosophy and science. In some German universities a promising fraternity between Protestant and Catholic faculties has been springing up, which now the blow of ultramontane authority would cut down. But while mutual appreciation and sympathy are growing between liberal Catholicism and progressive Protestantism, it is also true that Neo-Catholicism has struck its roots down deeply into its own soil, and its natural fruitage is not another Protestantism. These modernists, indeed, in their house of bondage, are not slow to recognize the splendid service of Protestantism to intellectual liberty. But to them Protestantism has presented Christianity as an individual religious experience, while they regard it as essentially a social fact. Protestantism, they say, is individualistic; Catholicism is universalistic. Protestantism affirms the absolute right of private judgment; they would not deny its final authority for the individual; but for the Church the directive authority lies ultimately in the collective conscience of the whole body of believers. Extremes meet; and they protest against the present claim of the sole authority of a single man, the Pope, as in itself an extreme of Protestant individualism, un-Scriptural, unhistorical, and un-Catholic. They look for a truer Catholicism, in which there shall be secured to the individual mind full working freedom while in the growth and welfare of the one body of believers, the Church, spiritual authority shall be realized in the organic control of the whole over the parts. This is not a new Protestantism, although it may have in store for all Protestant bodies a much-needed contribution.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The greatest possible misconception of modernism is the official representation of it as a presumptuous liberalism, itself empty of faith, which would eventually empty religion of all reality. Into this grievous misapprehension of it some conservative Protestants, misled by its most radical Biblical criticism, have too hastily fallen. It will not be so quickly judged by those theological inquirers among us, who learned long since only to smile, and not to be embarrassed, when some small denominational infallibility confronted them with the pleasing dilemma, Give up your new ideas or your Church life! They chose rather to stay in the communions where they were born, and more than once they have lived to see their new theologies entertained as old friends. These Roman modernists will survive the same reproach. It may be granted that in their eager following of the newer scientific methods of investigating the historical origins of Christianity they may, some of them, have ventured beyond the limits of sober Biblical criticism. Among ourselves as well as with them the so-called higher critics do not always perceive clearly the full extent to which the historical Christ authenticates himself in the Gospel narratives. But few, if any, among them would deny that the spiritual superlativeness of Jesus, and the supreme uniqueness of his personality, are facts of history, which have been taken up and interpreted in the faith of Christianity in his divine pre-eminence. They do not profess to have wrought out their philosophy or formulated their theological beliefs. Hence to those who cannot lift up their eyes and believe without definitions, their thought may seem at times vague and their faith illusive. But it is not because they lack positive religious experience. Through much travail of mind they have gained a new spiritual life, and for the hope of it they are willing now to suffer the loss of all things. From such travail there has not come forth another starveling unbelief, always hungry and never fed—a lean, all-devouring scepticism with no enthusiasm for humanity in its heart, and with nerveless touch upon the divine realities. Educated in mediæval scholasticism, many of them have seen the whole raft and framework of St. Thomas Aquinas's syllogisms broken to pieces on the wind-swept flood of modern thought. All their religious beliefs were embarked on that scholastic system, their spiritual devotions were supported by it; and when it went to pieces beneath them, all seemed lost. Yet in this wreck of their Roman education they have saved their religious life. They have gained the sunny shore; they stand upon the reality of God in history.

It is largely because of this genuineness and positive vitality of their religious experience that they fail to recognize their own portraits in the delineation which the Pope has drawn of their errors and negations. Even when some lines of it resemble their features, it is as a face without its expression—as the countenance of one with the spirit of another. A few points only may here be touched upon to indicate the character of their theological thinking. They are charged with denying that God can be known; they only affirm that God is incomprehensible. This, they say, is not to deny that the knowledge of God is the key to science and history. They are represented as removing all historical ground for Christianity; what they affirm is that faith cannot determine what the historical facts were, but that Christian faith has been and is the interpretation of the facts of history. Critical historical methods search for the facts; faith understands them. The doctrines of the Church represent the moral and spiritual values of the history of religion. Their thought of Christ may seem somewhat mystical and idealized; but in their profound sense of the divine in humanity they themselves have not lost the Christ of their worshipful faith because they seek to find again the Man of history.

It would be easy to gather from their writings more richly even than from recent Protestant literature, passages of help to those whose minds have been swept loose from their moorings in our churches, and who are adrift in the fogs of agnosticism. Indeed to some of the choicest of such minds one might happily quote the Abbé Loisy's reply to a clerical correspondent who gave to him the advice so familiar to us, not to discuss for the sake of troubled souls. "I also," he wrote, "have known trouble of soul, not for days, and months, but for years of secret martyrdom. I am not then insensible to the anguish of others.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But my trouble has not come to me from reading heterodox books, or very little from that. During the most acute periods of my anguish I have only known saintly people, and good books, and I have exhausted myself in searching for the solution of my difficulties which rise before my spirit in the official teaching of the Church. . . . At length, and especially since my arrival in Paris, I have surmounted these disquietudes; but it has not been by returning blindly to tradition, or in bowing, my eyes shut, under the authority of the Church, but by forming for myself little by little an opinion concerning the Catholic beliefs, their origin and their history. . . . I can only indicate to others, for their escape from doubt, the laborious way through which I have succeeded myself in coming out of it, constructing my faith as well as my science, always striving for a clear view in my thought, for a clear view in my conscience, and to act honestly."

More than a year has now passed since the Vatican ordered a war of extermination against modernism; and what thus far have been the results? Repetitions with monotonous echoes of the words of the Encyclical; suspicions and accusations springing up anywhere; suspensions of priests from their sacred functions and removals of professors from their chairs; excommunications by wholesale of unknown editors and contributors to condemned periodicals, and excommunications by name hanging over avowed modernists, such as Tyrrell in England, Loisy in France, Bartoli from among the Jesuits and also two laymen in Italy, and in Germany St. Schnitzer and Engert; besides this, the tame submission of the Bishops in public at least; a strengthening of the already dominating power of the religious orders; an attempted control of the Catholic faculties in State Universities, and the consequent beginning of a culture conflict not only in the civil domain, but within the teaching Church itself; the further discrediting, especially in Italy, of the political capacity of Catholics and the punishment of those who by their participation in a progressive nationalism have exceeded the direction of the Vatican; a declaration that the Church is not opposed to science and the penalizing of scholars who do not submit their Biblical and historical science to the final judgment of the Papal Commission—these are among the first fruits of the effort to destroy throughout the Roman pale the seeds of modernism. The whole force of the greatest and most dominating organization that the world has ever known, has been thrown against an unorganized and scattered company—enough one might think to make short work of a rebellious uprising and to drive into hopeless exile any dreamers of reform. But what is the actuality?

The Vatican has succeeded in putting out a few scholarly periodicals; in their places others more popular have appeared. It has persuaded some enlightened teachers to relapse into the obedience of silence for a season, yet without actual recantation of their opinions; others it has forced to stand by their own conscientious intelligence before the whole world. It has prohibited the publication of some Italian magazines, only to increase their circulation. It forbade the faithful to read the Programme of the Modernists, and a new and enlarged edition was called for by the public. It enjoined the Bavarian bishops to see to it that the people read the "catechism and good books," and it obtained from the civil authority of Innsbruck the confiscation of a lecture by a modernist professor of canonical law, only to cause forty-three editions of it to be issued within a short time, and to lead many thousand liberal German students to organize a strike in behalf of the freedom of academic teaching. The Index of prohibited writings increases; but it cannot keep up with the modernist press. In short the Encyclical *Pascendi*, which aimed to destroy by a blow a heresy of the schools, has succeeded in creating a literature of it for the people. It commands the utmost vigilance in every diocese in searching out modernist ideas; and in Rome itself, under the very shadow of the Vatican, a scientific-religious publishing society has been established, and its issues, increasing in power as well as in number, are now to be found scattered through many lands.

Besides all this, account should be taken of the number of secular journals which are in sympathy, more or less avowed, with the modernists. An ecclesiastical authority which in former times could bind peoples and humble kings, has yet to show whether

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is mightier than the power of a free press in a free state. Still another ally of Neo-Catholicism, with which the Roman Curia will have more and more to reckon, is the immense reserve force of State education. The free school means eventually thought-free religion everywhere. In the State universities history is no longer read through ecclesiastical spectacles. The complaint of a Catholic newspaper is ever more true in the educated world, "Thought is bird-free in Austria." Rome has not been slow to perceive the strategic necessity of controlling the education of its future priests in the universities. It now demands of the Catholic faculties unconditional submission to its teaching authority. And at this point the battle for the liberty of Catholic teaching has already been hotly begun in South Germany and in Austria. Not to mention several events, which may be regarded as preliminary skirmishes, the issue was directly joined over the case of Professor Wahrmund of the University of Innsbruck. In February, 1908, he published a lecture on the "Catholic View of the World and Free Science," in which he sharply attacked all along the line the received dogmatism of the Church as irreconcilable with modern science. The pamphlet, as just stated, was prohibited by the local civil authority, and the papal legate asked for the removal of Wahrmund from the university. The Austrian ministry, thrown into a dilemma, and threatened with Catholic obstruction in Parliament to their budget, endeavored to avoid the issue by a temporizing diplomacy;—liberty of teaching was of course to be guaranteed in the universities; Wahrmund was to close the course of lectures which he was then giving, and subsequently to be removed to another university, where the atmosphere might be more favorable to his activity. The rectors of the higher educational institutions met, and resolved to maintain their academic liberty; afterward they were drawn into the diplomatic compromise of the Austrian ministry. And then the free student body rose up. They demanded that Wahrmund be allowed unrestricted liberty of teaching at Innsbruck. The liberal German youth in the higher schools of Austria were in no mood for diplomatic evasions. On June 1st Wahrmund, having returned from a leave of absence, began a seminary course, and the clerical storm at once broke forth. The next day the Austrian minister ordered the university courses suspended, ostensibly from fear of disturbances. The following day the free student body went on a strike, and for several days afterward almost the whole higher educational industry of Austria stood still. All efforts to appease the insurrectionary student body failed, until Wahrmund himself requested them to suspend the strike that he might not be embarrassed in judicial proceedings to determine his rights. So at present it seems to be a drawn battle. If the Vatican wins it, it will prove a costly victory, for it will be won only by the sacrifice of the honor of the Catholic faculties in the universities. Professors thrust upon the students at the point of ecclesiastical bayonets will hold no enviable position. Again would the saying be found true that Rome's greatest victories have proved her greatest losses. On the other hand, if the civil government firmly sustains the liberty of teaching in the higher education of the State, and Rome evacuates its teaching position in the universities, withdrawing its students into seminaries of its own fortification, it must lose more than ever its command over the whole outlying field of education. In this crisis Archbishop Fischer gained a temporary advantage only when he succeeded in forestalling a discussion of the demands of the educated class in a recent Catholic Congress at Düsseldorf; and Pius X betrayed his apprehension of an exigent situation when he urged the bishops to renewed efforts against all modernist teachings especially among the educated.

A year of modernism under the papal ban shows other signs of its vitality in the very heart of the Church. But recently a diffused light of learning, modernism is now focussed at several centres of illumination. A year ago an appeal and a protest, it is become henceforth an active and purposeful propaganda. At first a solitary call, as a voice in the valley, it is now the hail and greeting of many voices from answering heights. Excommunication, formerly feared, has been robbed of its terrors. Patiently endured it has become to some of the New Catholics a call to a more sacrificial devotion, and the open door to larger fellowship. The one universal Church,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are saying among themselves, is not a society of material interests, nor is its faith a legal codex. Divorce from the profound reality of the Christian society and its faith for the man who has given the best part of his life to it is impossible; to him excommunication has no spiritual reality. "For one who truly loves, divorce is not a reality."

To many of them excommunication must mean indeed what marriage to poverty meant to St. Francis; nor will they find it so easy as St. Francis did to fulfil without means their evangelistic mission. Nevertheless the number is increasing not only of those who are secretly inclining to modernist views, but also of those who will not deny them, when official vigilance requires them to confess their reformatory faith. In Italy alone those who are in the best position to know can count some four hundred priests who will be found ready to take up this work. It is not dependent upon the personal fate of its first champions.

Moreover among the reserves of Neo-Catholicism is the uncounted multitude of faithful believers who are not enlisted in any theological revolt, but who are becoming responsive to the demands of practical reforms, and who are restless under any ecclesiastical restraints over their active interest in the economic and political ideals of the day. Their break with tradition is not so much philosophical as practical; not theological, but social; not sceptical, but patriotic. Many of them wish to see removed from the teaching and rites of the Church a vast accumulation of what one of them characterizes as "ecclesiastical rubbish." Don Murri in Italy has been a representative of this class. He has not, as others of them, abandoned the scholasticism in which he has been trained. He at least cannot be charged with the dogmatic errors which are condemned in the Pope's *Syllabus*. Yet hardly any one has been more relentlessly pursued than Don Murri. He sought to awaken the civic aspirations of Italian youth, and to organize societies of Christian democrats. The Roman Curia followed him, breaking up his societies; and the Vatican, which will have nothing of Americanism in Italy, suspended him from his priestly functions. He was ready to submit to authority in matters of faith, and it was thought at one time that a way of reconciliation with the Vatican might be found for him. But modernism in the life of the people is no more to be tolerated than modernism in the thought of the schools; and Don Murri has gone into exile near Fermo. A young man still, needing for his own work a deeper sympathy with modern thought, but capable of popular leadership, if he remain true to his democratic ideals, he may yet find a great work held for him in the reserve of providence.

In a broad view of the prospects of the modernist reform within the Roman Church, one should not overlook the silent and pervasive influence of modern thought over large areas where it is hardly recognized. It is not a mere metaphor when an Italian prophet of modernism speaks of it as "a vivifying breeze, blowing suddenly over a meadow, causing all the flowers of April to bend with a unifying motion, full of mysterious fecundity."

Just here, however, modernism is put to its severest test: Can it become a great popular movement? With its lofty ideality can it kindle the religious life of the masses? For no spiritual renaissance for our times seems possible which shall not come also in the flame and joy of a social renovation. But are not the present leaders of this New Catholic movement scholars, professors, priests? Some of them, like Fogazzaro's *Saint* are lovers of men, consumed with the enthusiasm for humanity. Still it is true that its best known leaders are men of liberal education—university men. So was Martin Luther. Do we forget that Luther went from the cloister of a university to nail his academic theses on the door of the Church at Wittemberg? and that his first clarion appeal was to the nobility of the German people? It was the rejection of his theses by Rome that made him become the matchless leader of the people. Shall modernism, rejected again in history by the hierarchy, do likewise? Herein lies the final test of its power to work the greatest of reformations,—one within the heart of a vast religious organization. And the modernists face this test. Their writings already greet it. Their endeavors move toward it. They are among the first to declare that their movement cannot reach its end as a propa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ganda of "aristocratic intellectuality." Although it has taken up the weapons of criticism and science, they regard its inmost faith as a Messianic hope for all men. The great mass of the people, they admit, may seem indifferent to the religious crisis, of which the new movement may be the epilogue. But it appeals to the immutable religious nature of man. Therefore these Italian priests, who see hanging over them the major penalty of the Church, are eager (so one of them writes to me) "to infuse into the social life that surrounds us a new evangelical spirit, and to begin a social apostleship." Their modernism would regain for democracy the substance of religion. "It would put its ploughshare deeper into the unexplored depths of the collective conscience, moved by new accents of hope and love, sowing with full hands the gladness of the apocalyptic expectation." Such modernism will make of its learning bread for the people's life, and its saints shall be the servants of all.

If still it be dubiously said that this reformation has no Luther; that it is not impersonated in any commanding leader; the answer returns again from the changed conditions of our times. For ours is the age, coming and already come, of intellectual and spiritual democracy. We need no Luthers; in these latter days the Spirit is poured out upon all; the many see visions and the peoples dream dreams. The thought that springs up from everywhere is the prophecy of our civilization; the ideals that come as airy messengers on the wings of the wind from all lands are our harbingers and songs. Modernism cannot fail of its full flood, if indeed its spirit is as the voice of many waters.

One question remains: Has Pius X learned to appreciate the New Catholic movement better from the many answers to his Encyclical? Occasionally there have been rumors of milder counsels and possible modifications of the severe measures taken against it. But such hopes have vanished since the address which last September the Pope gave to a deputation of his beloved Venetians. The sincerity of that utterance is beyond all question. It expressed the deep conviction of a holy man who feels that a supreme responsibility has been laid upon him, and who speaks, as he told them, as one who must shortly render his account before God. Modernism is still to him the poison of faith. Its capital sin is disobedience. "Without obedience," he said, "it is impossible to have faith, because the intelligence will not yield itself to the will of the Master; without obedience one cannot have love, because disobedience engenders schism and disorder. Modernism will not penetrate among you. If it comes, say, Get thee behind me Satan." Because he thus believes and with all the energy of an evangelical spirit, Pius X cannot change his determination. It may be the great service which history shall attribute to the present Pope that he was thus called and chosen to make the final stand of the now fully developed claim of papal authority against the spirit of the modern age. It may be well for the progress of humanity and for the life of the Church that it is so.

Already the eyes of the Holy Inquisition, looking beyond the Latin Church, where the conflict with modernism has had its beginnings, seem to be directed toward modernism in this country. But here the prelacy have bowed to authority; and an ominous silence prevails. No prophet has appeared among us of the modernism which the educated Catholic laity know. In Italy, not in America; in Rome, where the papacy has still its pretorian guard, not in New York where liberty holds the torch enlightening the world, this new epoch of faith united to freedom has begun; and what God has joined together no man shall put asunder.

A foreign newspaper correspondent, in view of the silencing of a single modernist, speaks of modernism as ending in a tragedy. But the falling of the curtain upon a single scene is not the end of the divine drama of history, in which the centuries measure the progress, and the acts of the passing years shall find at last their justifying unity. The great religious act of the twentieth century has already opened before our eyes. And now events move quickly, and we have not to wait over long between the scenes.

Whatever the future may be, New Catholicism has already become an epoch-making force in the religious world. We have sought to appreciate it, not indeed as it appears through the traditions of the hierarchy; nor as it may be regarded by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those observers of passing events who are accustomed to judge the acts of men only as they may be seen from the dead level of the street, and whose views have no far horizon line; still less as it may be looked askance at by some Protestant scholastics who linger among us. But such is modernism as it may be known in the literature which it has created; as it lives in the thoughts, glows in the hearts, and transfigures the ideals of those who follow its call of the Spirit, whithersoever it may lead; although again it may prove true that the ecclesiastical foxes have holes, but the Son of humanity hath not where to lay his head.

From such modernism we who are Protestants have much to learn. Its ideas concerning the historical development of the Church, its dogmas and worship; of the worth of these as tested ever anew in the life of the world; its firm and constant grasp upon the great truth which Rome has never lost, that Christianity is a social fact, and not an individual act—these and other ideas of the modernists, if taken up and worked over in our native thinking, may prove to be reconciling principles among our denominational contradictions, bringing a healing virtue to our long-suffered divisions, and restoring to our reunited churches that larger religious efficiency which shall render their ministry once more worthy the devotion of vigorous youth. And not the least of the services which the New Catholicism may render to the rest of the Christian world, may be to lead us all to recover the meaning of that great word—Catholic; greatest of all words save one. Modernists, both Roman and Protestant, are learning to speak together that greatest of words—Love. St. Peter received the divine commission of it, thrice repeated. St. John gave the new commandment of it. St. Augustine beheld it reigning in the City of God. Martin Luther saw it, and exclaimed, "Love blesses, belief curses." And the last of the Apostles, who put into our Bible the inspired portrayal of it—himself the true prototype of the Christian modernist of every age—added this line, "Love rejoiceth with the truth." Because Christianity is true, it is no illusion to dream this dream of all the modernists, Roman, Anglican, Protestant, that be it soon or late, the one Holy Catholic Church throughout the world shall become visible among men.

THE LOST GUIDE

(C. E. N.—OCTOBER, 1908)

By C. A. Price

I KNEW a pine that topped an ancient hill,
A mark and beacon to the country-side,
Its head communed with heaven, its branches wide
Harbored the voyagers of the air, but still
Fast did its root in native soil abide.
It recked not much of winds small trees did kill,
Yet to each delicate breeze its leaves would thrill,
And murmurings sweet to the sweet air replied.

And it is fallen, and the wanderer now
Lost or belated on his homeward way,
Shall look for that uplifted head in vain;
How shall he miss that lofty guidance, how,
Through all the darkening paths that cross and stray,
Long to behold his beacon-pine again!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MILTON

By Henry van Dyke

I

Lover of beauty, walking on the height
Of pure philosophy and tranquil song;
Born to behold the visions that belong
To those who dwell in melody and light;
Milton, thou spirit delicate and bright!
What drew thee down to join the Roundhead throng
Of iron-sided warriors, rude and strong,
Fighting for freedom in a world half night?

Lover of Liberty at heart wast thou,
Above all beauty bright, all music clear:
To thee she bared the splendor of her brow,
Breathing her virgin promise in thine ear,
And bound thee to her with a double vow,—
Exquisite Puritan, grave Cavalier!

II

The cause, the cause for which thy soul resigned
Her singing robes to battle on the plain,
Was won, O poet, and was lost again;
And lost the labor of thy lonely mind
On weary tasks of prose. What wilt thou find
To comfort thee for all the toil and pain?
What solace, now thy sacrifice is vain
And thou art left forsaken, poor and blind?

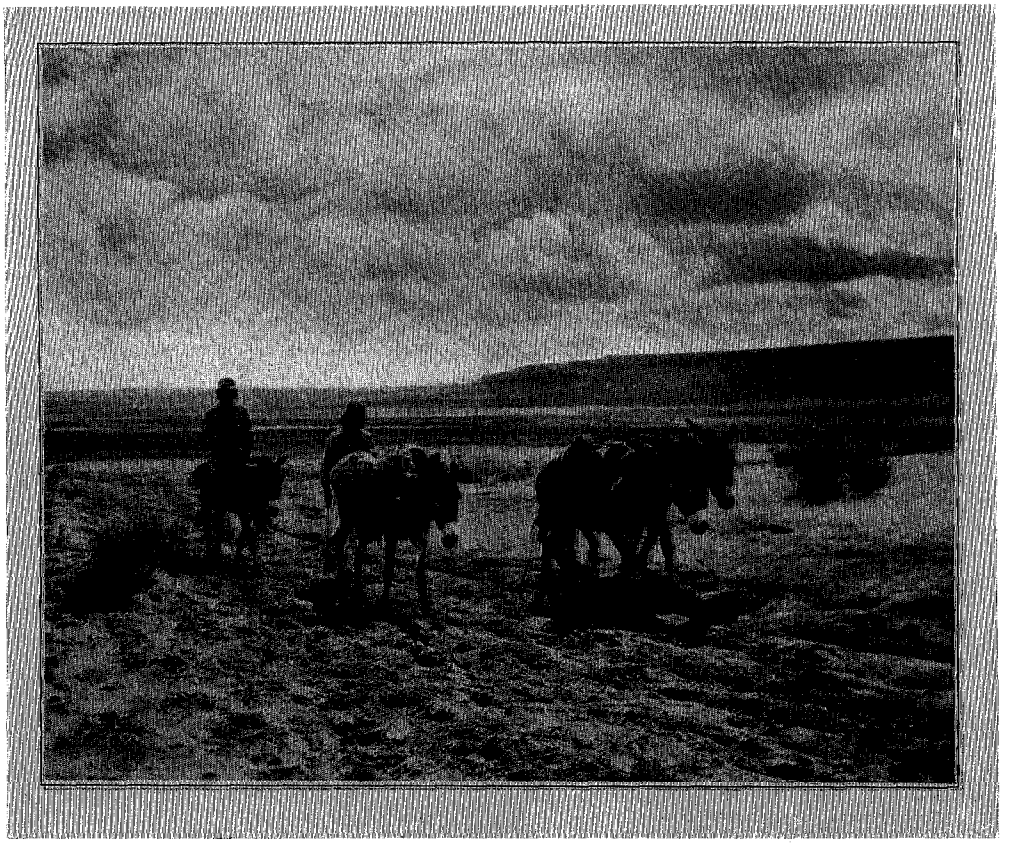
Across the years I hear thy firm reply:
"The cause of truth looks lost, but shall be won.
For God hath given to mine inward eye
Vision of England soaring to the sun.
And granted me great peace before I die,
In thoughts of lowly duty bravely done."

III

O bend again above thine organ-board:
Thy Master grants thee peace, but not repose!
He claims thy service still, but not with those
"Who only stand and wait" for his reward:
He pours the heavenly gift of song restored
Into thy breast, and bids thee nobly close
A noble life, with poetry that flows
In mighty music of the major chord.

Where hast thou learned this deep, majestic strain,
Surpassing all thy youthful lyric grace,
To sing of Paradise? Ah, not in vain
The griefs that won at Dante's side thy place,
And made thee, Milton, by thy years of pain,
The loftiest poet of the Saxon race!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright 1900, by E. S. Curtis.

Returning from the field.

INDIANS OF THE STONE HOUSES*

By Edward S. Curtis

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE average reader, when thinking of the American Indian, thinks only of the statuesque, picturesque, buffalo-hunting Indians of the northern prairies, or, perhaps, the gayly dressed warrior in his bark canoe travelling the waters of the lakes and streams of the forests. These characteristic types do form a good portion of our Indian people, but far from the whole, and decidedly not the most interesting.

When the mail-clothed Spanish soldiers of fortune forced their way into the desert lands of the South-west, the land that we now call Arizona and New Mexico, they found it dotted here and there with human habitations, habitations apparently as time-worn as those of old Spain. They were communal structures of stone, cliff-perched, their six stories or more towering high toward the blue dome, so high that when we look up to them from the plain they seem to be on the level with the high-soaring eagles. For miles across the outlying desert or along the valley stretched their farmlands. Peculiarly administered communities they were, with so advanced a

*See former articles by Mr. Curtis in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May and June, 1906.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph, copyright 1906, by E. S. Curtis.

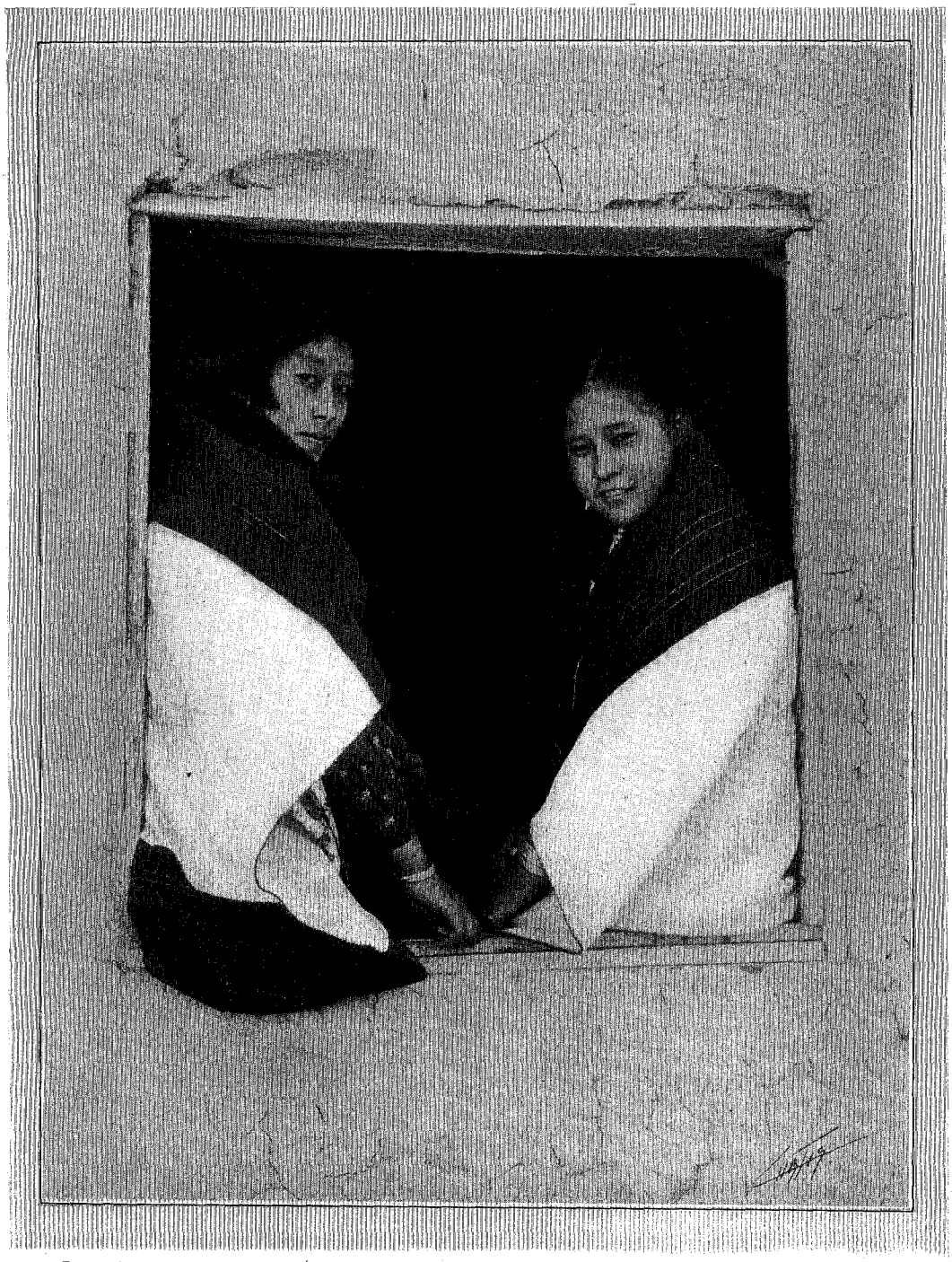
The mealing trough—Hopi.

form of government that the remnants of it, though shadowed by three centuries of white men's greed and politics, remain praiseworthy to the present day. To quote Lummis, in "Poco Tiempo," "There were many American Republics before the sailing of Columbus."

The booty-loving Spaniards, who first found this land, were in search of the seven cities of Cibola, with their fabled hoards of gold and portals of turquoise, the cities of the many-times-told and exaggerated tales of the Negro Estevan and the Friar Marcos. Rather than the expected riches, equalling those of the Incas in the Perus, they found no gold and little turquoise, only simple Indians without riches, but with a life far advanced from that of the nomadic tribes, possessed of many arts and crafts. They were tilling fields of corn and beans, and from wild cotton wove cloth which would do credit to any art-loom of to-day, and fashioning from clay utensils of superb workmanship, decorated with highly conventionalized designs; they were tanners, dyers and workers in gems, and beyond all the arts of their domestic life was the ritual of their ancient pagan one, a life exceedingly rich in religious ceremony; while their astronomical and astrological lore is even to-day a thing of wonder to the student.

The women held legally a higher place in the domestic scheme of life at the coming of the white man, three centuries ago, than is granted by the laws of many states to the white mother and wife to-day. The Pueblo wife was the owner of the home and the children. Descent was traced through her clan, not that of the father. In case of a defection of a husband, the wife could divorce him; if he returned to the home to find his personal belongings placed outside the door, it meant that her decree of divorce was sealed; in which case, if he saw fit to apply to the council in hopes of a reversal of judgment, he might secure sympathy and even assistance from her clan, but not from his own.

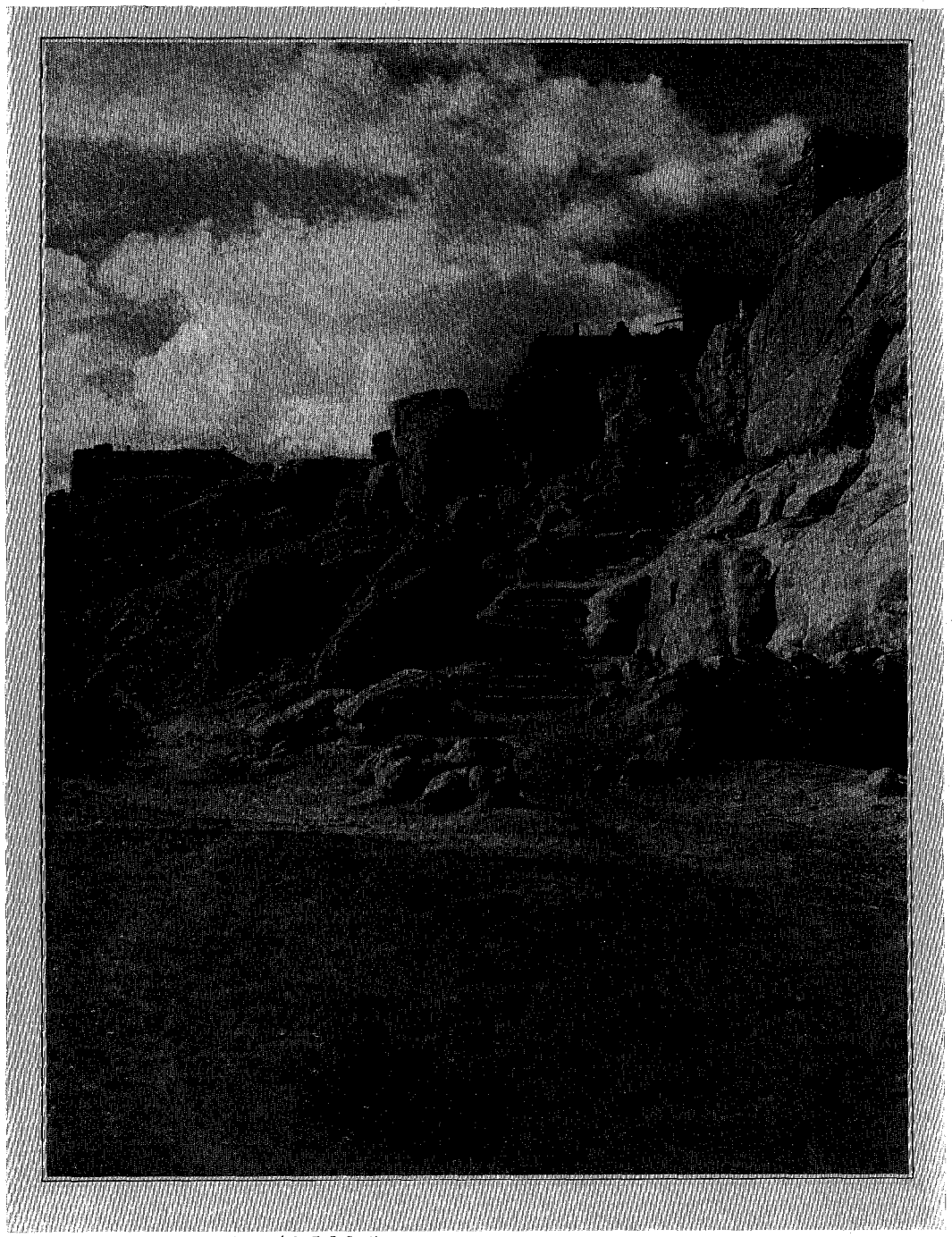
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright 1900, by E. S. Curtis.

Hopi girls.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

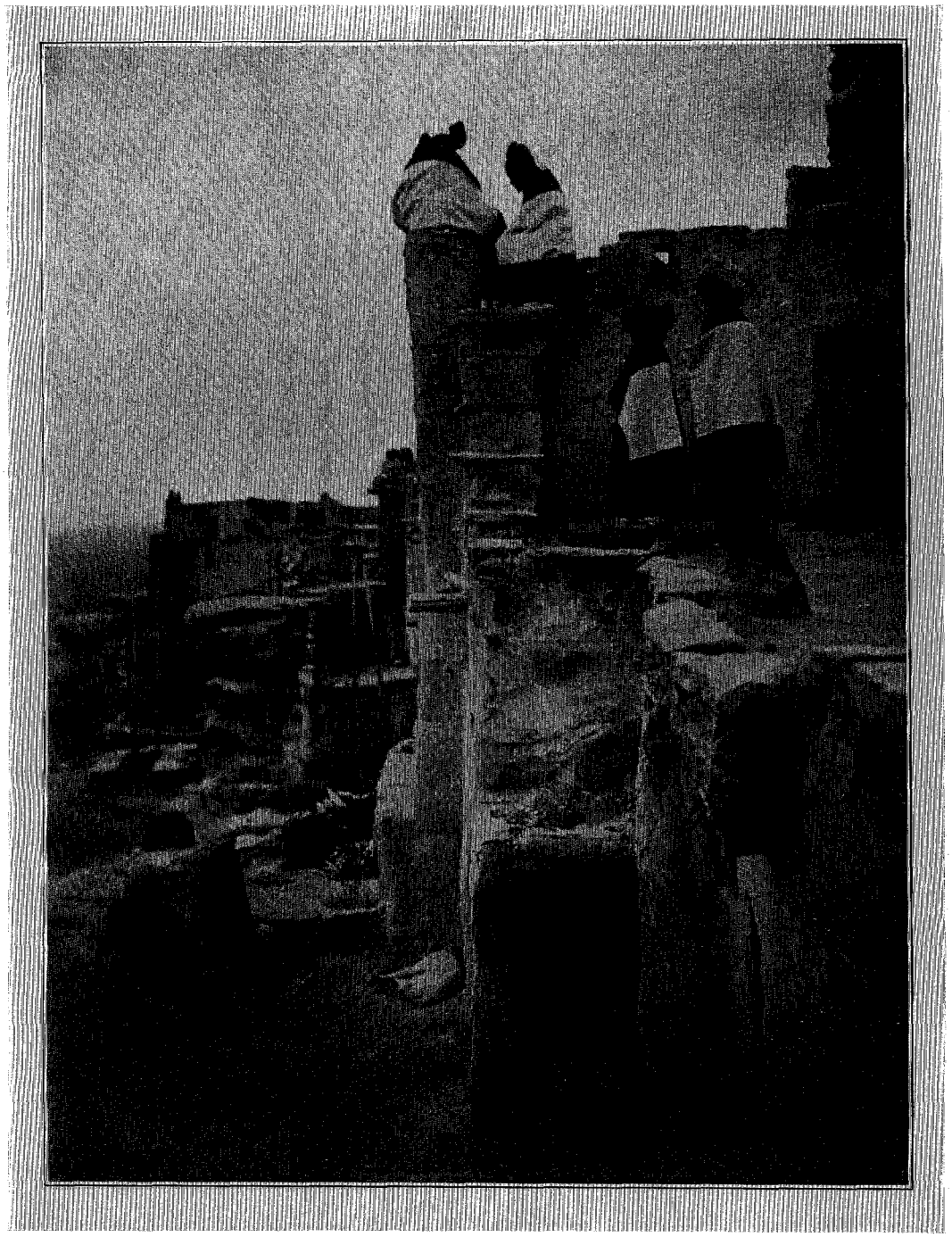


From a photograph, copyright 1906, by E. S. Curtis.

The winding stairway to cliff-perched Shipaulovi.

The dwellers of many of the villages are a people of peace through religious principle and in obedience to the command of their God. Poseyamo, the Creator and God, according to the Tanoan religion, commanded his people to live in peace until his return, and the stars in the sky will make signs to the earth-people in the day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright 1906, by E. S. Curtis.

Hopi life—Walpi.

of his coming to his own children. Then, if they are to fight, he will lead them. They have believed this for ages, and they wait for the signs in the sky. Meanwhile, they are a peaceful people who go not forth to battle, but when assailed they have written their names large in the blood of the Apache, Piute and Navajo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of the stone villages where the dwellers still live and go about their daily tasks, much as they did a century ago, are the seven cliff-perched villages of the Hopi: Walpi, Shongopovi, Shipaulovi, Mishongnovi, Sichomovi, Hano and Oraibi; Acoma, the beautiful, whose only rival is Walpi of Hopi-land; Zuni, all that is left of the seven cities of Cibola; Laguna, of a later day, but conveniently skirted by the railroad, giving the tourist a glimpse of the Pueblo life without the effort of leaving the Pullman; Isleta, with its primitive and interesting life, also close to the railroad; Sandia, San Felipe, Santa Ana, Sia, Jemez, far up in the mountains, Pecos, Tesuque, San Ildefonso, the almost extinct Pojuaque; Nambe, old and interesting, but fast blending its blood into the Mexican; Santa Clara, San Juan, Picuris, and lastly Taos, the courageous and primitive, nestling in the forested foot-hills of the Don Fernandez Mountains.

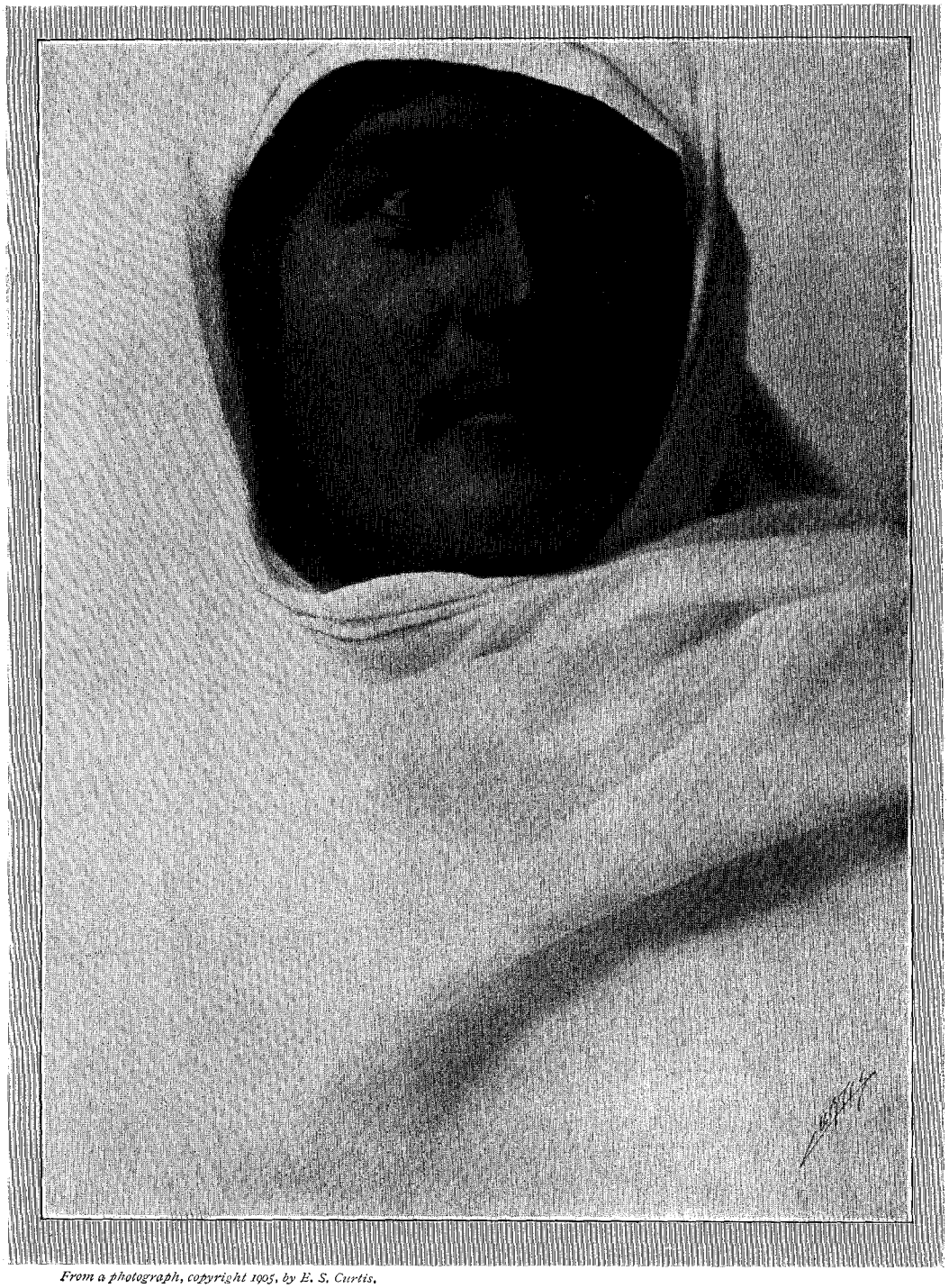
At none of these villages can the interesting and picturesque life be studied as well as with the Hopi. Their life is rich in ceremony and mythology and they are comparatively less secretive. The reader must not suppose by this that the Kiva, their primitive sanctuary, is open to those who would enter; far from it! but by long and serious effort much can be seen and gleaned. Their life is one intricate network of ceremonies, each following the other in their regular order. Scarcely a day of the year but the naked bronze-skinned participants of the holy orders can be seen running from Kiva to a far-away spring, to deposit their prayer plumes at the life-giving waters, that the gods of the North, West, South and East may see and answer their people's prayer. The Hopi home is in the thirsty desert land where water is life. What more natural than that all live springs should be prayer shrines for receiving the *pahos* as visible offerings!

The greatest of all the Indian ceremonies is the Snake Dance of the Hopi; in it we see the devout followers of the primitive religion of their forefathers going into the desert and gathering snakes, which are to them sacred. Day by day, through the mystic circle of Four, they gather and carry them back to the Kiva. Here, in the underground chamber, lit only by the opening in the top, we see enacted strange rites, which must equal those of the snake-charmers of India; and then, at the sinking of the sun on the ninth and last day of the ceremony, they carry the snakes, as messengers to the gods, back to the desert whence they were gathered.

The village and home life of the Hopi is almost as interesting as their ceremonial one. At the coming of the yellow light in the eastern summer sky the village crier goes to the housetop and, in a loud voice, cries out to the village the plans of the day, urging the men and women in their duties to the community and to the family. He is more than a newspaper. He is the executive, in direct communication with every subject, adult and child. By the close of the morning exhortations to the people, the men are preparing for the work in the field. The burros, two or a dozen, as the case may be, are driven from the small stone corrals at the mesa's edge. The Hopi uses one as a beast of burden and drives the others before him. The way is down the winding trail cut in the rock cliff and across the sand-dunes far out to the tiny farms in the desert. These farms are small spots of ground in which are grown corn, beans, melons, squash and pumpkins, and are usually in the drifted sands of low-lying spots in the desert, situated at points where they can catch the freshet water as it flows down from the table-lands above. Patiently the Hopi farmer tends his crops, and daily, thrice daily and hourly, prays to his gods that the low-hanging clouds may come walking and pour out their life-giving showers.

The men are but started for the fields when the women take up the labors of the day. From the homes we hear the low song of the women at the mealing-troughs. These mealing-troughs are at one end of the living room. The grinding stones are placed side by side, and here the maids and matrons take their position and, with rhythmic stroke, crush the corn into fine meal. With the sound of the grinding comes that of the accompanying song. One begins with the yellow light before the sun appears; then comes the song of the approaching sun, followed, perhaps, by the flying of the butterfly, and so on. Once a group of women were singing the songs that I might make a record of them. A neighboring woman came in anger to the door,

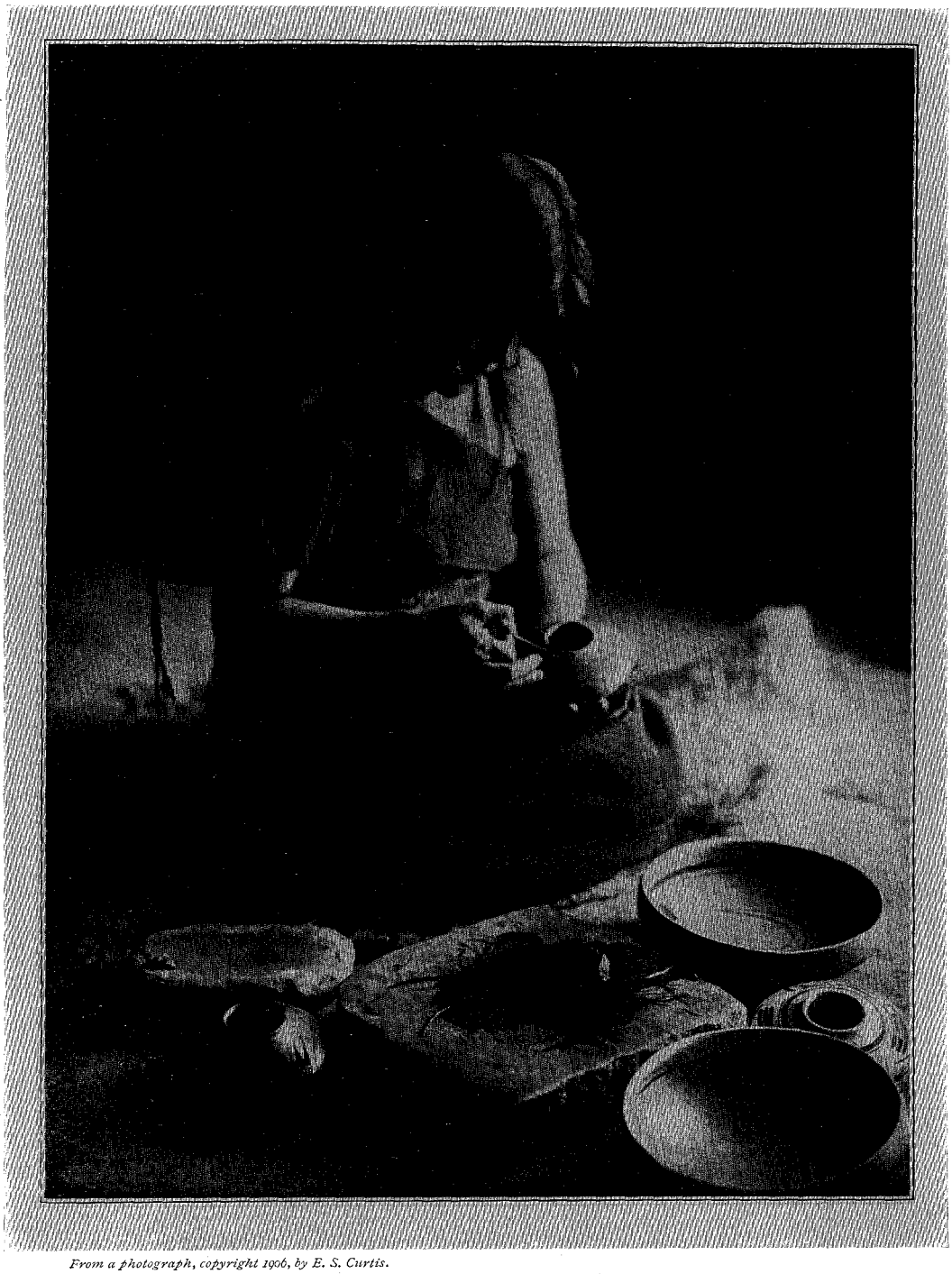
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright 1905, by E. S. Curtis.

Ah Pah of Taos.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



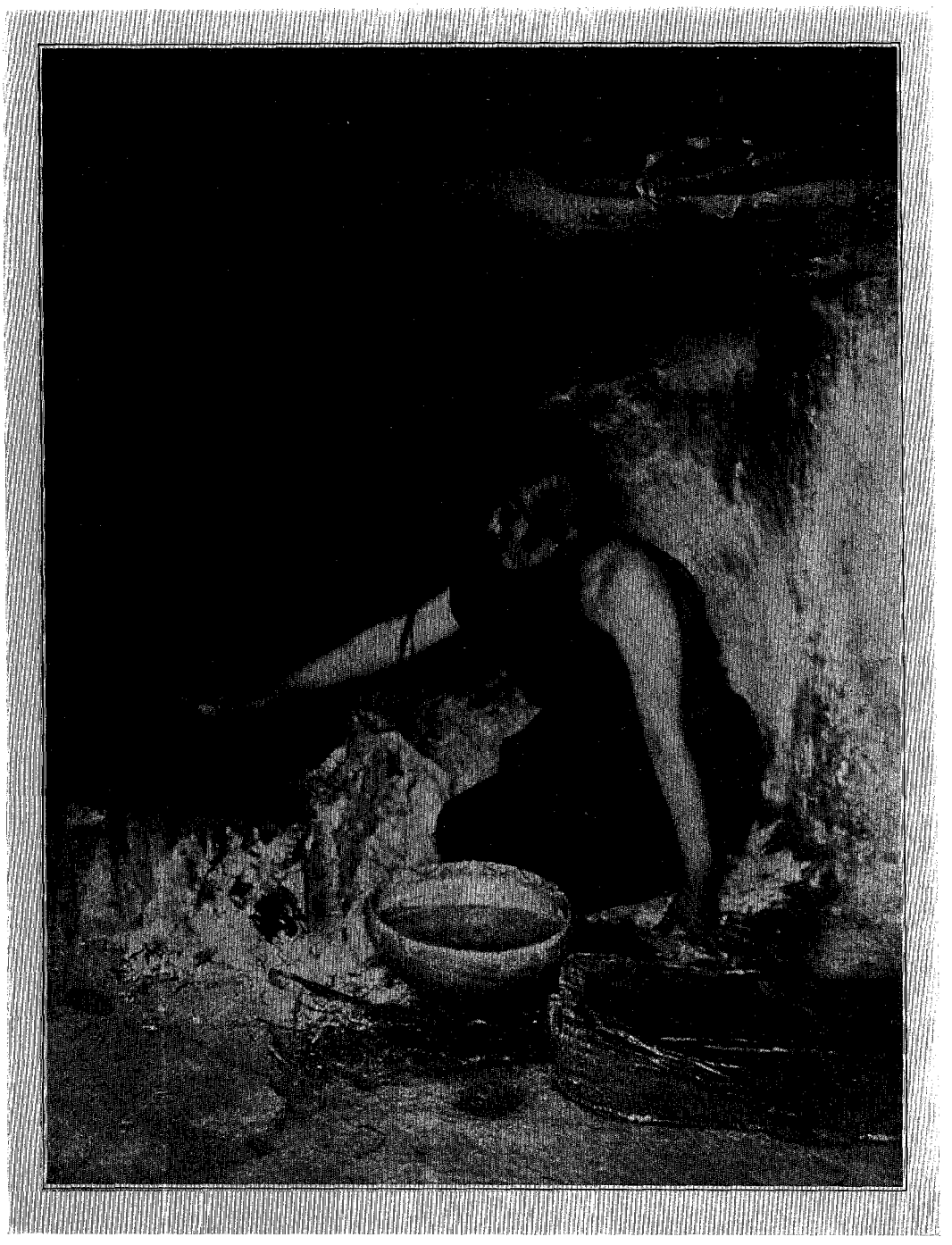
From a photograph, copyright 1906, by E. S. Curtis.

Nampeyo, the potter.

asking, "Why do you sing the songs of before the sun comes at the hour when the sun is half spent? The gods will be angry with you."

While some of the women go to the mealing-troughs, others take the earthenware jars and start on the long, tiresome trudge to the foot of the cliff in quest of water. If

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright 1906, by E. S. Curtis.

The Piki maker.

your camp is at the base of the cliff and you are, perhaps, dozing off after being wakened by the calling of the crier and the song of the farmer on his way to the field, you will again be aroused by the patter of many feet of the women as they travel to the springs. Generation after generation of bare feet has toiled up and down these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same trails until the path is deep-worn in the rock.

By ten o'clock the farmers whose fields lie not too far out in the desert return to the village and have their first meal of the day, rest, and again return to the fields. Many of the men have their farms a great distance away, and will remain out all day, or perhaps for several days. With the closing of the day the women again go to the springs for water. The farmers return from the desert, and the youth or aged shepherd, whose flock drifted tide-like across the sand-dunes in the early day, will be seen drifting back to the corrals half-way up the cliffs. The evening life is one full of village cheer. It is the hour when all are gathered about the home. With the setting of the sun the crier again calls out in wise council to his people the news of the day and the plans for the morrow. Men and women go from housetop to housetop; wrinkled old priests of the order have a quiet smoke with their brother priests; young men, with youth's blood pulsing in their veins, join the family group, hoping to catch a glimpse from the dark-eyed maiden, whose quaint hairdressing symbolizes the sacred squash-blossom of the desert. Low songs in the caressing tone of the Hopi float out on the still evening air. The very atmosphere seems to breathe of contentment, and one has but to close his eyes to the few things of modern life which have crept in to feel that this is as it has been for untold generations.

Five days' march to the east of the Hopi Villages is Zuni, all that is left of the seven cities of Cibola, the goal of Coronado's great march into the desert, the scene of much of Cushing's life-work; a group of proud villages dwindled to a single one having a life most complete in mythology. It is a life so rich, in fact, that Mrs. Stevenson found it a task of many years to record it in its entirety, and her magnificent work is a splendid illustration of the religion and philosophy of the Indian. Many of the Zuni ceremonies are like those of the Hopi. Each has, without doubt, borrowed from the other many features of ritualistic work. The Zuni is delightfully conservative. They accepted the teachings of the church at the point of Coronado's guns. As it was accepted then, so it is now; evidently it did not penetrate very far into the Zuni body. From that day to this many of the children are baptized into the church, but this does not lessen one of the thousands of prayer plumes planted to the gods of their fathers. After generations of labor and martyrdom by the patient Friars the church was abandoned and has long since fallen into decay. All that is left of it is the plot of the dead. Here for generation after generation they have buried their dead, clinging to the sacred spot as only an Indian can. Neither priest nor chief can drive them from it.

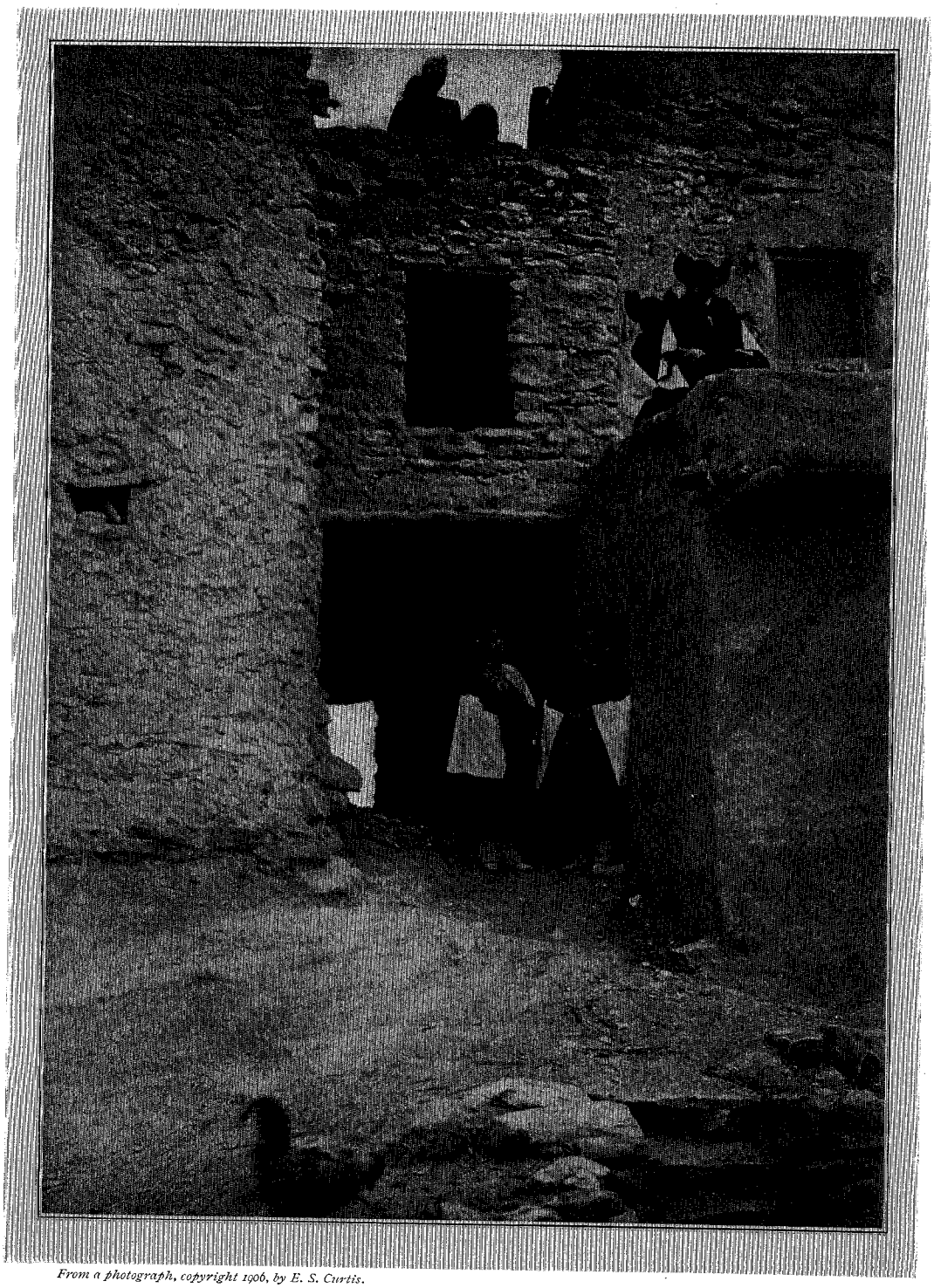
Acoma, the dauntless, was first noted by Fray Marcos de Niza in 1539, but was first visited by Coronado's men a year later. Then for forty-three years the Acomas were undisturbed by the Castilians. The second visit was by Antonio de Espejo in 1583. After this Juan de Oñate visited the Pueblos in 1598, and later this same year Juan de Zaldivar visited them with a small troop. The Acomas showed resentment of this encroachment by killing one-half the number. This was followed, some months later, by a second force of the Spaniards, who stormed and subdued the village, killing a large portion of the tribe. Theirs was a stubborn resistance against the encroachment of the white man. In them we see emphasized the character of all the Pueblo people. Superficially smiling and hospitable, and, as long as all goes to their liking, most kindly. Anger them, and they are fiends. A purring cat with an ever-ready claw.

To fortify this cunning the Acomas have far more bravery than the other people of the Pueblos. They claim never to have been conquered. Spanish history, however, does not bear them out in this. It is one of the three most picturesque of the Pueblos: Walpi, in Arizona; Acoma and Taos, in New Mexico.

In days of old, to get from the valley to the mesa and reach the street of Acoma, we had only the choice of winding, precipitous trails cut in the walls of the rock. Of late years there is a new trail for the use of man and beast, more winding and picturesque, entering the village through a fortress-like natural gateway.

The water-supply of the village is, in most part, from small reservoirs in the rock filled from the rainfall, and as a reserve supply there are two large, deep

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright 1906, by E. S. Curtis.

At the portal—Walpi.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

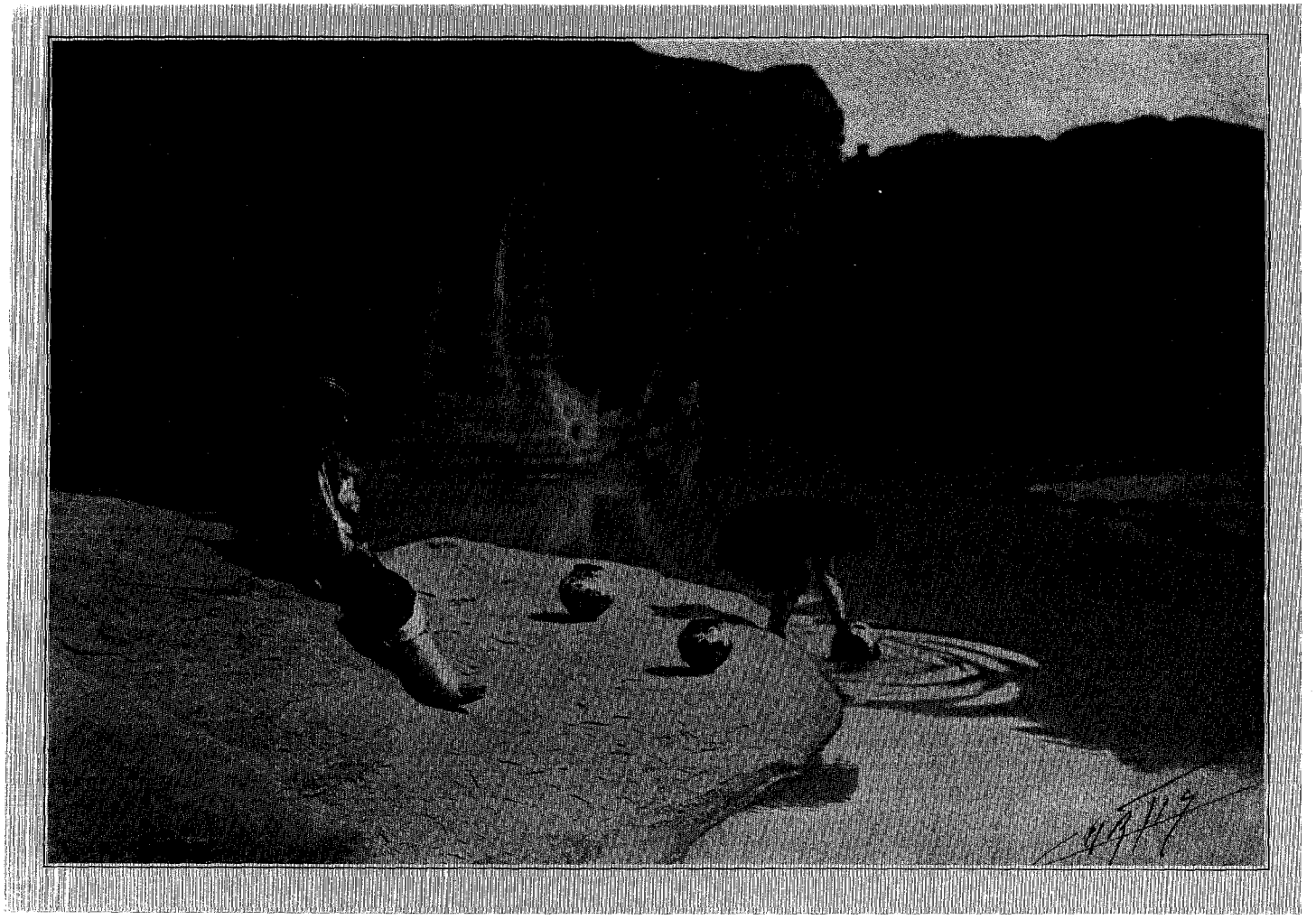
reservoirs, one fed by a tiny spring. The women, with beautifully decorated earthen jars poised gracefully on their heads, coming and going from the wells, make a picture long living in the mind.

The Acoma fields are far away at Acomita. There, during the summer, they dwell in tiny box-like adobe houses and till their small but well-kept farms, journeying back to their cliff-perched home for all ceremonial occasions. They are, as a people, and have been for generations, devout followers of the Catholic Church. This fact has not, however, in any way seriously affected their primitive religion or crowded out one of their pagan ceremonies. They are a positive argument that a people can be loyal followers of two religious creeds at one and the same time.

In the valley of the Rio Grande we find many small villages. The buildings are usually one story in height, and, from their location in the valley, lack the picturesque features of Walpi and Acoma. Here, differing from Hopiland, and like Zuni and Acoma, farming is by irrigation. Compared to the Hopi, it is princely. Compared to the white man's farming, theirs is petty. Prehistoric irrigation by the dwellers in this region was probably of the simplest order—small ditches drawn from the stream, the water dipped in earthen jars and carried out to the crops. This form of irrigation necessarily meant that very limited areas could be cultivated. Slight evidence is seen which would lead us to believe that Indians of prehistoric time used other system than this in irrigating their fields. In the valley of the Gila, even where the ditches were miles in length and carried a considerable volume of water, it is probable that the actual application of water was made by carrying it in jars rather than by flooding. To look at the cultivated portion of the Rio Grande valley from a slight elevation, it is a field of grain and other crops divided into squares of slightly different shades of green, reminding one of a patchwork-quilt carried wholly in one color. Their principal crop is wheat. This they care for in the simplest way: when ripe, they harvest it with a hand sickle, and the gleaned crop is gathered at the threshing ground, which is simply a plot smoothed and enclosed with a rough fence. At the time of threshing, the horses belonging to the family are turned into the enclosure and driven around in a circle until the grain is threshed from the straw. Then with forks they separate the straw and chaff from the grain, sift it in a large box-sieve with a perforated bottom made of rawhide, and then, for the final cleaning, take it to the small streams or canals and wash it. In this washing the grain is taken in large coarse baskets, carried down to the water and stirred about in the basket, the chaff and lighter matter floating away with the current. The clean grain is then spread out on cloths to dry. This drying must be finished the day of washing, and to hurry it the grain is taken in baskets, held high in the air and let sift slowly to the ground. This is repeated time after time until it is thoroughly dried. For daily use, such as is wanted they grind on the hand mealing-stone or metate.

Here, too, among these villages we see the church religion blended with the primitive one. Generation after generation of patient padres have worked and laid down their lives, many in their own red blood at the hands of those whose souls they thought to save. The Indian cannot yet see how or why his soul should be lost. To-day, when we talk to an old man of the village of religion he will tell us, with certainty, that he believes in the true God of the priests. "Yes, I know you believe in the true God, but the story of that God is all written in the big Book. I want to talk with you of your own God, Poseyamo, who lived once on earth and who went long ago to the South." His face lights as if he, himself, was already entering the eternal paradise of his fathers. "Do you know Poseyamo? Tell me about him, and tell me, will he soon come back to care for his children? The signal fire burns at the old shrine on the one night of each seven. It has burned thus many lifetimes to show him that we are faithful and that we wait. Tell him to come soon or I will not be here to see him." And so it is; that which their forefathers accepted for policy's sake they have grown, in a measure, to take for granted, but cling to the old with but slightly shaken faith. They plant their crops as of old, by the star which governs each special growth. The Navajo plants his corn by the Pleiads, but the Pueblo farmer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright 1904, by E. S. Curtis.

At the old well of Acoma.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a photograph, copyright 1900, by E. S. Curtis.

Water-carriers, at the Village of Mishongnovi.

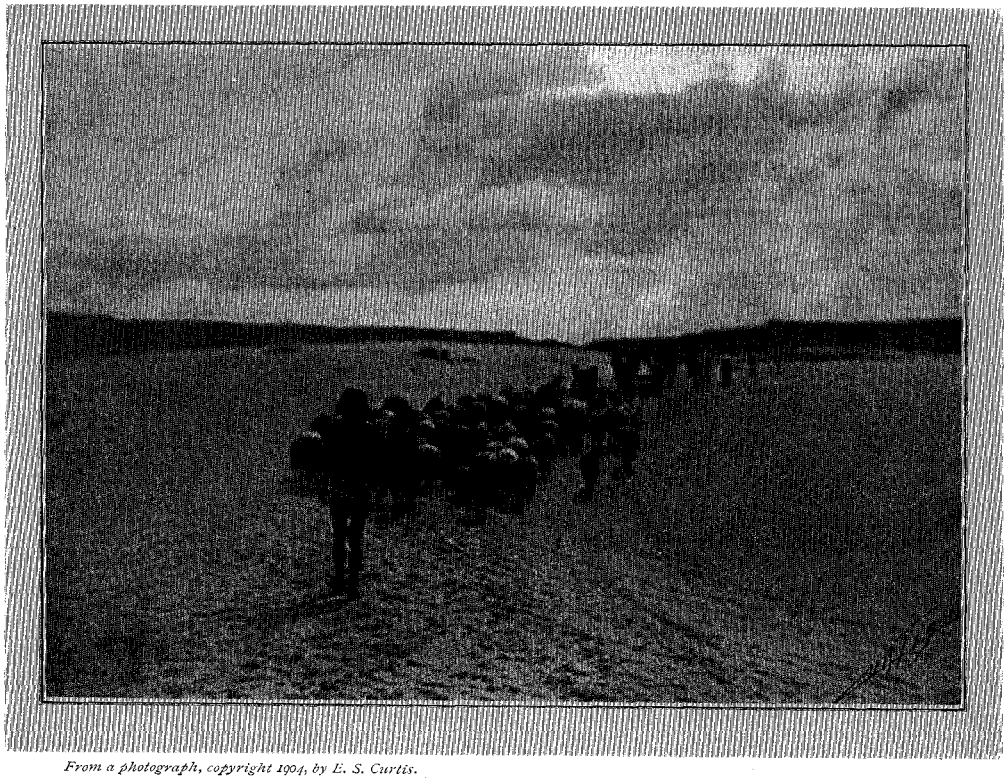
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plants by the corn star, or the wheat, or the star of the melons, on the day when the cacique gives out the word that the stars say that planting should be done. Only the cacique and one other man knows the potent day of each star, and he, the reader of the stars, is kept secret from the tribe. One may not read their movements and tell the secrets in any but matters of great tribal importance.

Taos is, if anything, more conservative than the others, and is delightfully primitive, and the blood of its people exceptionally pure. Tribal laws stand firm against intermarriage with blood not their own, and the same tribal laws forbid all white man's garments. The youth can go to the village to our schools and learn the white man's ways and cunning in order to be better fitted to cope with encroaching neighbors, but when he returns to take up tribal life he must leave outside the village gates his dressy school uniform and wrap himself in a blanket of the tribe.

Taos is built where the mountain forests come down to meet the plains. A beautiful, and to them sacred, stream flows down through the forest's cool shadows and passes through the heart of this village. At its forested bank, above the village, the women get the water for home use, and on its banks below are gathered groups of matrons and maidens washing the clothing of the family, for these are a cleanly people. The forest above the village is, in a measure, like the stream, a sacred one, and is jealously guarded by the men of the tribe, and in its great depths are held many of the old-time rites, rites never seen by any except members of the order or tribe.

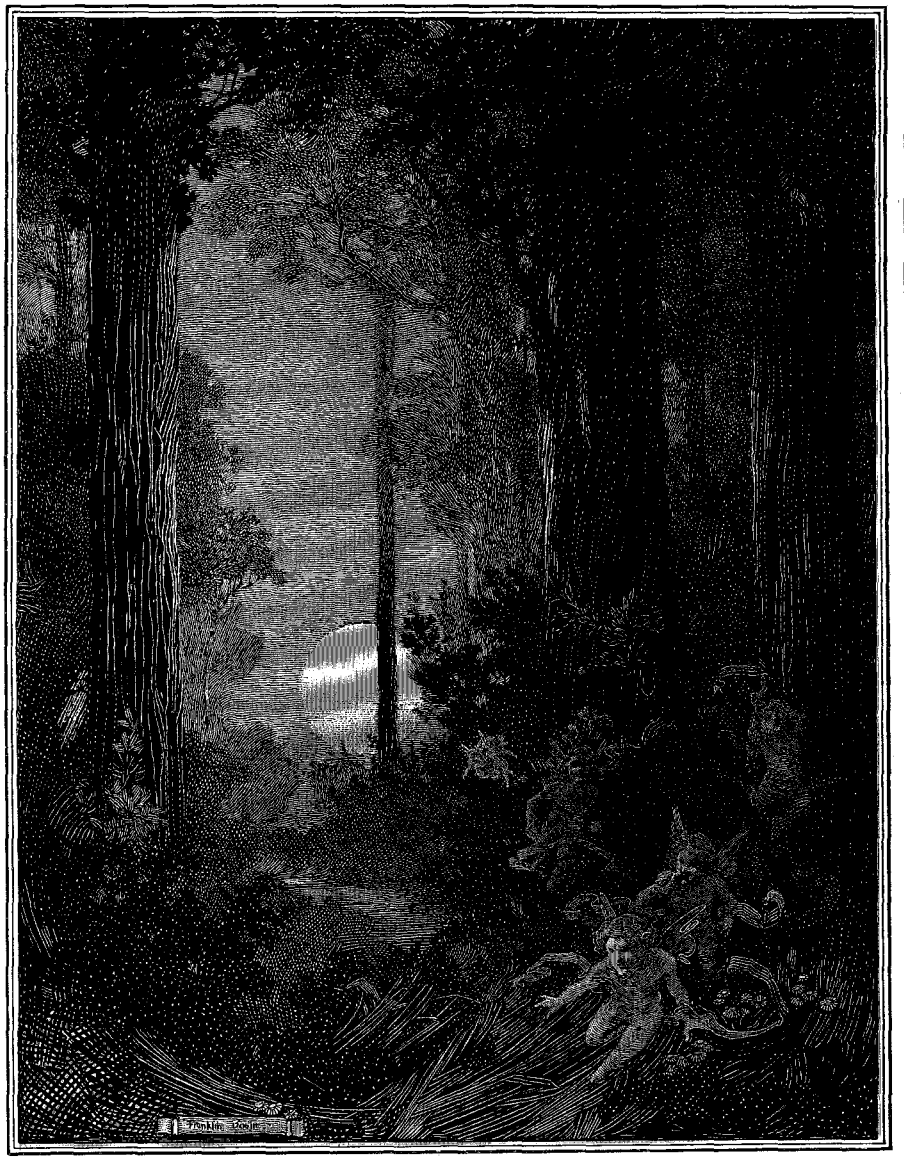
Spring, Summer, Autumn, or white-robed Winter, this wonderful old forest is a master creation, and the like can be seen nowhere else. You, who say there is nothing old in our country, turn your eyes for one year from Europe and go to the land of an ancient yet primitive civilization. The trails are rarely travelled, and you will go again.



From a photograph, copyright 1904, by E. S. Curtis.

When evening comes on.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MOONRISE IN A WOOD *By Theodora Taylor*

Twilight,—a darkling wood.
The ancient trees, like hoary sentinels
All silent stand. Down the dim aisles
The distant, fading sky of dying gold
Is veiled in purple mist. Above, the heavens
Of darkest sapphire; one clear star
Already looking forth expectantly.
The winds are hushed, the very leaves are mute.
The purling brook singeth in undertones,
Her daylight song too loud, too unrestrained
To match the universal hush.
Lo! where she comes, threading the leafy ways,
Cynthia, the Goddess, casting silvery rays!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LANTERN

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

MARSHALL BRUCE and his wife, Janie, lived in a flat ingeniously contrived to be hot in summer and, by a defective system of heating, very cold in winter. They had perched there for three years during the weaving of their fortunes, sometimes hilariously intent on the uncouth advantages of the place, overlooking, as it did, a corner of life far removed from their own, except in anxious work and vagueness in regard to the next month's rent. That was like having an uncomfortable seat at a dreary realistic play. Or again when the fount of hope got choked and ceased temporarily to bubble, they recoiled from the tawdriness of it all, and wondered whether it would not have been better for Marshall to keep his professional post in the little academy, and for Janie to go on teaching literature under him, rather than to vault the cruel barbed wire into journalism, there to throw and be overthrown.

On this July evening, the flat was feeling the heat. Janie sat in the kitchen commanding the court where her neighbors had settled themselves for prolonged hours of unreserved revel, challenging their own jaded inner forces to counteract the atmospheric enemy without. They laughed loudly at intervals, in momentary uplift when some one of them, Janie knew through previous observation, made a foray upon a neighboring drug store, and returned with dishes of ice cream the mind shuddered to contemplate. She knew exactly how they looked, the men coatless, the women slatternly in *lingerie* waists profusely trellised with a "letting-in" of cheap lace, and the children, innocent of the dictum that boys and girls should be in retreat by the time it is dark under the table, alternating the wail of fretfulness with the shriek of an unlovely mirth. This was not one of the times when Janie could regard them all joyously as a picture of life, or warmly as a part of the great family wherein they seemed to be workers of a degree only less humble than her own. She was affronted by the city summer, tired of prolonged care, and she could but think of a circle in an ingeniously contrived inferno where lost spirits suffered not only the torture of their own habitat but that of the outcry from the one below. In a street not far away a talking machine started on its interminable jargon, chiming in terrifying commentary with her own mental lamentations. She would not have been surprised if the talking machine had broken suddenly into Brocken cries.

Proofs of a modest story long ago paid for and the proceeds eaten up, lay on the table before her, ready to be stamped and mailed, and she knew Marshall, in the front room, was poring over the last of his masterly series, a more exacting task, and therefore to be carried on in the fractionally less torrid portion of the house. Janie always insisted that she preferred the kitchen for her work because it seemed more secluded, and Marshall innocently agreed. He had not even known how she had held her breath and guarded him through the year when he was getting his material for this set of magazine articles on Elisha Porson, the bogy of all commercial circles, execrated by thousands who had served him and then gone under when they attempted to seek out the sources of the golden flood for which they dug the channel. There was to be no overflow, they found. The drops were all to run swiftly to one hoard. So the articles, now appearing, had proved. They were in effect an attack on Porson, his methods and his personal integrity, and through him, an onslaught upon modern business.

Marshall, when he had been asked to ride forth for the slaying of Porson, had felt a high commercial triumph of his own, and with that the righteous valor of the knight-errant. Janie had known he was the man commissioned to do a big deed. That first flame of eagerness had lighted her through three-quarters of the task. What Marshall felt about it now, what im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mediate force was hurrying him, she did not know. Of one thing she was sure: he thought with her of the tangible reward if the articles ultimately "made good." For they were lifting an obscure magazine to an amazing circulation, and the publishers were just men. They would double and treble what he had been promised in advance, and that would mean a move from the flat overlooking the court, even a month in England benignly beckoning them, and, most of all, more work. But of these palliations to the task Janie was not thinking tonight as she leaned back in her chair, one arm lying along the table, her fingers holding the pen. She was thinking of life itself, the web embroidered by figures, Porson and these uncouth creatures in the court, though it looked less to her like a fabric than it sometimes did, a fabric stirred by a battling wind so that the figures themselves moved purposely. It was in some manner alive, though formless, a savage power bent on ruin.

Marshall, in the other room, pushed back his chair, and she came to herself with an instant call upon her every-day look of watchful sympathy. She was on guard, ready to do him service from filling his pen or pipe to speeding off on desperate foraging flights for the material he might suddenly lack. She heard his slippered feet along the corridor, and then saw him before her, strong, flushed, splendid to her gaze with the distinctions she loved in him: the kind gray eyes set wide apart, the warm hair tumbling over his forehead and his comprehensive look of youth and power. Tired as he was, he looked for the moment instinct with triumph.

"Well," said he, "it's done."

"Done!" The echo was not interrogative. It seemed rather a wondering comment on such a fact.

He began a tattoo on the oven of the gas stove, and she noted idly how fine his hand was, used to athletic tasks and fitted to hold the pen.

"They'll set it up at once," she said languidly.

"Yes. I shall have the proof this week. Then we've done with Porson—done with him, done with him. *Vale*, Elisha Porson! Avaunt! Get out! You have served your turn. The tale of your iniquities is complete, and it now remains for you to get the monopoly of sackcloth and ashes, and we will hie us from your crumbling ruins to other jobs." He was fantastically gesticulating over the sink where, in a moment, he proposed to let the water run through the filter preparatory to a cooling draught, when he turned to her for a responsive glance. He noted her pallor, the dark circles on her cheek, and sprang to her with dismay. "Why, old girl," said he, "you're done up."

Tears were squeezing themselves out under her dropped eyelids.

"Yes," she said, "I've known myself to be ruggeder. Don't hug me here, Marsh. The court'll see us. There! I told you. Hear them yell. Come off into the den, and we can talk."

His arm about her they did go, and in the den, littered still with his cast-off manuscript, he turned the light up to see if she really looked as alarmingly bad as he feared. She was on the sofa now, her head thrown back against her lifted arms. He took his own chair and watched her, a frown between his anxious eyes. In a minute she laughed.

"I'll tell you what it is, Marsh," she said. "It's Porson. This is his revenge."

"You've got too tired over him. You've let down, now the race is over. Take it as I do. Don't say, what a devil of a time we've had with him. Say, we've done with him."

"I feel as if we never should be done with him." She opened her eyes heavily for a moment, and closed them again because they had fallen on his completed work. Something had to remind her at every turn of Elisha Porson, the adversary of mankind as she had grown to think him, and so her adversary also. But with her husband's anxious eyes upon her she was bound to help him. "Don't you find yourself crushed by all this investigation, Marsh?" she asked. "Somehow sapped—depleted?"

He was frowning at the effort to understand.

"No," he said at once. "I feel as a lawyer does after he's won a nasty case. He hasn't enjoyed the evidence, but it's means to an end. It buys conviction. It serves justice. And for him it spells triumph."

"I can't think of the triumph just this minute. I'm certain we've learned things we wish we hadn't known."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Nonsense! The things are. If they exist, why not know them?"

"It seems as if what we call business is a fight—a terrible fight, too terrible to look on at."

"It is." The man's confirming dictum came quick and sharp on the heels of her wavering commentary.

"I feel as if money were evil."

"So the preacher says," Marshall echoed gayly, "the root of all evil—or is it the love of it? I bet we could use a pocketful of it, allee samee."

"Do you know what Porson has made me see?"

"He's made me see a number of things. One is, that he'll be the better for a taste of brimstone. I could wish he'd had it years ago."

"He's made the world hideous."

"Oh, come, Janie! not the world."

"Yes, the world, because it wants to get on. And we shall be just like him the minute we begin to fight for money to lift us above other people—well, the people out there." She did not need to indicate the court, even with a glance. The discord of acclamation was floating toward them through the flat, and both of them thought absently that it was hailing a new consignment of ice-cream. "I'm convinced that Porson hasn't one decent humane impulse left."

"Well, if he has, I've failed to spot it. However, let's be charitable. Let's say he never had any to begin with."

"He can't have been a monster. Remember, he supported his mother——"

"'From that date,'" Marshall quoted rhetorically, "'the date of his obtaining a position in the shoe-store, his mother ceased sewing for a living, and young Elisha supported her in a modest way, always bettering with his rising fortunes.'"

"That's it," said Janie. "He was human to start with, but now he's made himself into a machine. It goes whirling over the green grass of the world, cutting off heads."

"Can't put that in," said Marshall, who had cocked his head with an air of listening toward business ends. "Too flowery!"

"And the worst of it is, he's made me see he's not an exception. He's only noteworthy because he's got more brain than the others—more of that hideous power of tending money and making it breed. The men that fought him—they're the same kind, only they didn't win."

"The fierce light that beats upon a financier," remarked Marshall.

But she was moving him. He might stave her off, yet he, too, felt a decent recoil after the bad company they had been keeping. He, too, was morally jaded, though he would not own it. He, as became a man, was taking "the world but as the world," and yet his longings clove to the green hills of peace. His homesick eyes could not discern them in the distance. The world seemed suddenly turned into a great industrial battlefield where homely virtues were trodden out under the foot of the mercenaries hired to fight for some Napoleon no more greedy than they, but more masterful.

"We've got our punishment for meddling with him," said Janie bitterly. "We've painted a portrait, and the picture's going to stay with us. It's hanging right here on our wall. You see it. I see it. The eyes follow us, even when we aren't looking at it."

"Don't," said Marshall involuntarily.

"Oh, it's a true portrait. I own that. We've caught the exact likeness—of a man who isn't a man any more. He's a horribly intelligent force. He can make me believe all the other men that copy him and fight him are hideous forces, too. We shall be, Marsh, if we try to keep on our feet in this awful scramble and rush. Why, I don't dare to wish we could go to Europe or even move out of here, because it means fighting for money——"

The bell in the hall rang with a jarring dissonance. Janie started to her feet, and Marshall threw down his paper knife and went to the tube.

"Yes," she heard him say. "Who is it? Come up. Four flights."

Almost immediately he had returned to her and arrested her flight to the dark back parlor where, remembering her disarray, she was betaking herself. His face itself stopped her. It was blazing, with what emotion she could not yet tell, wonder, perhaps bitterness, an ironic gayety. His hand was heavy on her wrist.

"Who do you think it is?" he asked rapidly.

She shook her head.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Porson himself."

"Elisha Porson?"

He nodded, the sparkling commentary of his face intensifying.

"The fool!" he breathed.

Slow, rather cautious steps were nearing on the stairs.

"What have I told you about the cleverest of men? Take them out of their own grooves and they go to pieces. He knows leather, he knows the market; but here he is walking straight into my mouth to lie down in it."

"What does he want, Marsh?" she whispered. All her own acumen had deserted her. She asked the question as simply as a child.

"Want?" Marshall repeated savagely. A terrible anticipatory triumph was in his look. "He's read the first number, perhaps the second, and he wants to buy me off—the fool!"

The steps halted at the door. Janie fled into the back room and sank on a chair. She was effectually awakened, as if by a piercing call from some emergency. It was reasonable to her, as to her husband, that Porson should want to bribe them, and even that he should innocently try it. She saw her husband with the hoard of gold laid open before him, and knew proudly he would refuse to look.

Marshall threw open the door.

"Come in, Mr. Porson," she heard him say.

Then the door closed and the varying steps, Porson's shuffling slightly as those of an old man not very painstakingly shod, and her husband's decisive, as if all his youth and scorn of paltering found expression there, came in together.

"Sit here," said Marshall, again abruptly, and took his own place at the desk.

The gas, whether by Marshall's intention or not shone full on Porson's face, and Janie, bending forward there in the dark, trembled at it, seeing it with an added significance in the light of her own home. She had studied his portrait in its various stages of development, the boy in the daguerreotype, with the inconsequent mouth and smooth hair, the youth beginning to show the peering shrewdness of his later years as he realized where accumulation might place him, the middle-aged man with the mean lines of greed and the rigorous ones of mastery about his eyes and mouth, and the man himself as he footed it down town in the morning, his only walk for the day before his task of incubating the eggs of riches and fighting off the others who would steal his nest. She and Marshall had worked so long over that composite portrait that Porson's features had acquired for them an exaggerated significance, and now that he had walked into their very presence, her heart beat hard at the thought that, despite hospitable honor, they might enrich the image by one line more. He laid his battered hat on the table, the tile that figured invariably in the caricatures of him, and passed a knotted hand wearily through his thin hair with the gesture fitted to locks that had begun by being thick. He started a little, and lifted his head alertly.

"Who's in there?" he asked, pointing a thumb at the back room.

"My wife," said Marshall, at once.

"I prefer to see you alone," Porson announced, with the air of one who is accustomed to getting what he asks for. It was not the full, noble note of command. His high querulous voice would never compass that. It bespoke rather the habit of a dominance necessary and tedious.

At once Janie, from no considered impulse except as the result of the directness of her own nature, bent always on the straightest path, rose and came forward into the circle of light. Marshall got up and with a somewhat accented courtesy to mark his tenderness for her and insure her against rebuff, drew forward a chair. She stood still in the illuminated radius, a small figure, her pale golden hair drooping about her childlike face, and looked at Porson, half with an inevitable aversion and half appealingly because she wanted very much to stay. Porson regarded her for a moment, not, Marshall angrily noted, as if he saw her distinctive charm, but as if she were a figure in the path. He got up then, as if by an afterthought, not grudgingly, but because he seemed to be remembering that rising to greet a woman was a custom mysteriously decreed, and one that, leading to unknown ends, he might not neglect.

"How do you do?" he conceded, in his rasping voice. But he looked at Marshall immediately with the unaltered requirement that the figure should be removed.

"My wife is my literary partner," said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'll tell you what it is, Marsh," she said. "It's Porson. This is his revenge."—Page 178.

Marshall, answering the glance. "She helps me collect my material and pronounces on the stuff. It's as much her work as mine."

Janie, who knew him so well, read in his air, rather than his voice, the uneasiness of thinking it would be incalculable disappointment if Porson should refuse the gauge thrown down and say he would not speak at all. She took the matter into her own hands.

"I'll go out, Marshall," she said quickly. "Mr. Porson won't mind my being in the next room, even if I do hear. Our flat is so tiny," she explained to the visitor, with an unwilling smile—it came before she had time to think how she hated Porson—"we hear from one end of it to the other."

At that Porson turned his small eyes on her and seemed, for purposes of his own, to estimate and accept her.

"Well! well!" he said, with an impatient movement of the hands. "Well! well! But"—he raised the discordant voice a little—"this interview is confidential."

"Certainly," said Janie, with dignity. "That is understood."

She withdrew again into her solitude of the back room and sat there in a palpitating intentness.

"I don't know," Marshall was saying obstinately. "I don't know whether it's confidential. It depends on the sort of thing you've got to say."

Porson stopped him by another of those rather uncertain gestures of the hands that, wavering as they were, certainly had the effect of power. He leaned forward in his chair now and let the dramatic hands drop between his knees, while he reflected.

"You—" he began slowly, "you've printed two numbers."

"Yes," said Marshall.

There was an ugly frown between his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brows. Janie, seeing it spring there and knit itself, thrilled with admiration of him and eagerness of sympathy with what he would say. Porson would propose some unworthy pact, and her husband would repudiate it. She was glad to be before the stage of that drama.

Porson looked up at Marshall with one of his quick glances that, however much they shifted, seemed to gather whatever they needed in their course.

"How much you got in type now?" he asked.

Marshall laughed a little with that ironic note fitted to his scornful look.

"Mr. Porson," said he, "what have you come to ask?"

Porson straightened now, and gazed at him. To Janie, from her oblique vantage ground, he looked like a shambling old man. Marshall, confronting the direct beam of the small eyes, found it a holding power.

"The question's here," said Porson. He opened his mouth slightly, tightened the skin of his cheek and rubbed it with a forefinger, a trick Marshall knew in sundry farmers of his acquaintance. He saw at once that it was a characteristic gesture, and put it down in his mental notebook. "I took up your two first numbers," said Porson simply, "the first of the evening, and read 'em through. I thought I'd drop in before it went any further."

"Anything wrong with my facts?" asked Marshall incisively.

Porson seemed about to answer, but he drew himself back as if with a tardy recognition that this was a species of tribunal, and that he was not obliged to incriminate himself.

"Well," he said, with deliberation, "I don't know's I've got anything to say on that score. What I pitched upon——"

Marshall involuntarily glanced toward the inner room, and Janie, though she knew he could not see her, nodded at him in a community of delighted interest at Porson's way of expressing himself. They had both known he had a vocabulary of country phrases. He was confirming their cleverness with every word.

"What I pitched upon was this. You say towards the end of number two that later you'll go into particulars about the Blackstone Avenue land grab, and how Porson's head clerk got ahead of him for once. Now I take it you make quite a handle of that?"

Marshall nodded, watching him.

"I go into it rather fully," he said.

"What article's it come in?"

"Number four."

"Well, Mr. Bruce," said Porson, looking him in the face, "I want you to cut that out."

Marshall laughed. Janie knew what he thought he had discovered. She, too, had hit upon it. Old Porson must have a very human foible at the bottom of his bag of tricks. He was not only a money king, avid of accumulation and the spread of his base regnancy; he was vain. He could not endure to have the world told that any man had got ahead of him.

"I should be much obliged," he was continuing, "if you'd tell me how you went into that."

"Delighted," said Marshall dryly. "I've got the article right here." He opened a drawer, and after a frowning search brought out several crumpled galleys of proof. These he whirled into order, and gave them to Porson, pointing out the significant paragraphs. Porson read slowly and painstakingly. Marshall, watching him, felt convinced that if these had been columns of figures, he could have run over them lightly with an accustomed ease; but even the plainest literature was dubitable ground.

"Yes," he said at last. "Yes. I thought that's the way you'd fix it. Well, Mr. Bruce, you've got your facts pretty clear." Marshall nodded.

"Yes," he echoed. "I've got my data. You see, Mr. Porson, men in your occupation keep leaving documentary evidence behind them. There aren't any suppositions in these articles of mine. They're columns of cold facts. You've furnished the incidents yourself. I've only trailed along after you and picked 'em up."

But Porson did not seem to hear. He was considering, thinking out the best move to make. Finally he nodded slightly, as if in confirmation to himself, and sat up.

"Well," said he, "I guess I'll have to tell you the story of that deal."

Marshall smiled a little. The amended story would mean that Porson was explaining himself. That was an immense tri-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Tileston," said he, "was an honest man."—Page 184.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

umph touching a man who, whatever the popular outcry, never answered. To explain meant to excuse himself, in a way to beg for milder verdicts. If a man had wrought that upon old Porson, he had done well.

Porson was drumming noiselessly now upon the desk, keeping time as he talked, and Marshall watched the knotted fingers. Janie, out of her cage, never turned her eyes from the old man's face.

"You say he"—Porson touched the bundle of disordered proof lightly with a species of disparagement not superb enough for scorn—"you say here my clerk, Luther Tileston, got ahead of me. You say he found out before I did that Blackstone Avenue was going through the old Dumping Fields, and he cut in ahead of me and bought up that land. Well, Mr. Marshall, you're wrong. I bought that land."

"Oh, no, you didn't," said Marshall, his mind on the trapping of vanity. "The deeds stood in his name. He made a fortune. His wife and daughter are living on it to-day."

"Yes," said Porson mildly, as if in tolerance of incomplete methods. "But I furnished the money. I bought in Tileston's name."

"What for?"

"It didn't do for me to go into it unless I did it some such way. I'd begun to be a marked man—" a slight assertiveness animated his voice. "If I'd gone into it in the light of day, there'd have been a hundred others ready to jump and pick up all the land near by. I wanted that, too, but I hadn't the means I have now. I wasn't prepared to take it till I knew whether they were going to extend the avenue to the river front and make the drive."

"The rest was sold later," said Marshall vaguely. He was not yet sensitized. "You did buy that. But Tileston bought the first lot. He got the Dumping Fields."

"Don't I tell you I bought in his name?" inquired Porson.

"Well," said Marshall, unwillingly convinced, "so you want me to make the correction?"

"I want you to drop the whole matter."

"Why?"

There was a long pause, and Janie, watching, saw Porson's face concentrate as if he were travelling a difficult way, bordered by sadder or more serious things. Suddenly he came back.

"Tileston," said he, "was an honest man."

"Why, yes," Marshall returned, "nobody's ever known anything against Tileston. Except that land *coup*, of course. But I suppose he had a friend in the city council. I suppose he knew pretty well which way the boom was going, and it seemed to him venial to snap something up."

"He didn't have any friend in the city council," said Porson patiently. "I had the friend—more than one of 'em. I sent Tileston abroad on business at the time of that deal. He knew no more about it than the dead. And a week after he got home he died himself."

"So, if you bought for him, as you say you did, he never knew it?"

"No." A curious expression came over Porson's face and crumpled it into another sort of document. It bespoke remembrance of the uphill paths he had travelled to his gilded cell. "Tileston never knew anything about the matter. We had a kind of an unpleasantness at that time. He got hold of some things he didn't—understand." Janie, with a light vault into the saddle of intuition, thought he had been about to say, "stand for," and on that hint coursed along after him. "In regard to the business, that is. He meant to leave me. We talked that out a day or two before he died."

"What made you let the other matter rest? Wasn't it of a sort to be settled on the dot? You couldn't have meant to leave it that way, at loose ends. The avenue was voted on in less than a month."

Porson's mouth worked a little. "I did mean to clinch it," he said. "I put it off."

Instantly Janie felt she was running back over the difficult path, her mind with his, and she thought she saw exactly how it had been. Porson was younger then, less toughened to the world's assaults, and momentarily he had found himself unable to stand before the temperamental onslaught of Tileston's scorn. Marshall, too, had his conclusions.

"He would have repudiated it?" he put in irresistibly.

Porson did not seem to hear.

"I'd only to tell him and the transfer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have been made," he averred. "Tileston was an honest man." And then, with no implication of the sequence, "He was no sort of a clerk for me. I shouldn't have taken him in the first place—but we were boys together."

"Then, when he died, the property stood in his name. You got left, so to speak.

"It stood in his name," said Porson briefly.

"Mr. Porson," said Marshall, "I wish you'd let me use this as an interview. It's magnificent copy."

"No," said Porson immovably, "I don't want you to use it and I don't want you to speak of the land. Tileston left a widow and a crippled daughter. That property appreciated."

"I should say it did!"

"They're living on it to-day. If they knew how it come—well, I don't feel sure what they'd do about it. I rather guess it wouldn't be safe."

"What makes you think so?"

"You see the widow come to me after Tileston's death. She was a kind of a high-spirited woman. Interested in charities. Wanted to reform the city government. Nice pleasant woman, too. Well, somebody'd got hold of her and told her Tileston was smart as a trap to fall in with the city government and pick up that land before the deal went through, and she come to me with tears in her eyes. Said her husband couldn't do a thing like that. If he could, she'd throw the money into the sea. Said she only hoped the firm had been doing it through him. Ready to sign it over to us. Seemed as if she couldn't do it soon enough."

"What did you say?" Marshall asked it breathlessly.

The ghost of a relaxation that might have served Porson for a smile, was wrinkling his lean face.

"I told her Tileston would have cut off his right hand before he'd have dickered with the city government."

"Did that convince her?"

"Oh, yes. She never liked me very well. Said she could trust me to tell her the worst, because if there was a chance of the property's comin' to the firm she knew I'd be eager and ready. Oh, no! She never liked me."

"And you think if she knew now——"

"I've watched that woman a good many years. She ain't the kind of a woman you care so very much about—" he made that slight motion of his toward the darkness where Janie sat, and she at least knew, with a cognizance purely feminine, that he was remembering her as something to be valued —"but you'd know she'd shell out in a second if she thought the money didn't come the straight road."

"You think she'd do it now?"

"I know she would."

"And she and the crippled daughter——"

"They'd go to the wall."

The two men sat for a minute or two in silence, Porson not even beating his impatient fingers upon the table. Janie, hearing her own hurried heart, hardly dared watch them now. When her husband spoke, hot tears came into her eyes. The tone was the one of infinite softness he was accustomed to use for her only.

"Now, you see I've mentioned the deal already. I can't take that back. I've got to speak of it again. How would it do if I should refer to it as one of those curious strokes of chance by which an honest man, not especially fitted for business, should have picked up some land nobody wanted —picked it up at the crucial moment just as the tide turned its way?"

"That's it," said Porson, with an evident relief. "But this—" he pointed to the proof which he evidently regarded with the deference of unaccustomed eyes, "this is printed."

"It hasn't gone into the magazine. I can arrange that. I can elaborate the stock transaction toward the close and cut this for space."

Porson picked up the proof and began reading the concluding paragraphs. Janie slipped out into the kitchen and Marshall heard running water through the filter. He watched Porson now with a softened, even an eager, curiosity. What would it mean to the man to read the record of this other transaction, perhaps the most disgraceful, and yet legally, the safest of his whole career. Porson laid the paper down, a veiled yet retrospective look upon his face.

"Have I—" Marshall hesitated—"Mr. Porson, do you challenge that?"

But Porson, taking his hat to go, looked merely inscrutable.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I see you've put it in '71," he answered. "Yes, April, '71. I believe that's the right date."

Janie was flying into them with a tray, two glasses and a pitcher. Her eyes held points of light. She flushed all over her face, as if at some extraordinary event.

"I made you some lemonade, Mr. Porson," she said. "Won't you try it, please?"

The request was even urgent, as if Porson could do her the most distinct favor. He accepted a glass gravely, and drank without pause. Marshall, tasting, stopped and threw Janie a whimsical, terrified look, because she had left out the ice. Then he remembered that a part of their personal data was to the effect that Porson's unvarying beverage was unchilled lemonade, and smiled over the drink at Janie, who had scored.

Porson set down his glass.

"I'll bid you good evening," he said. He was going out, veiled again in his poor inscrutability. But Janie dashed at him, in a warm impulsive hurry.

"Good-by, Mr. Porson," she said. "Won't you shake hands?"

He looked briefly surprised; the gnarled old hand enveloped hers, and again he said good-night. They heard the shambling, undignified tread lessening down the stairs. Then they looked at each other. There were tears in Janie's eyes, and Marshall frankly swore.

"He's made it over," she said tumultuously, "the world I saw to-night. It was dark with evil, and Porson's hung a light in it."

Marshall was looking toward the door, closed upon the meagre figure. His hand lay upon the proofs where he had put all that his clever mind had been able to gather concerning another man.

"So that," he said, in a curious tone, "is Porson. That's the man himself."

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

WHO ARE THE ENGLISH?

IF this question: Who are the English? were asked, either of the average Englishman, or of the average American visitor to England, the answer would probably be both inaccurate and confusing. The average Englishman knows little of the origins of his race, and is not of the mental make-up that sets much store by such matters in any case; and the American pays little heed to anything except to what comes directly under his notice as he travels about to and from London as his centre.

London itself is a city of some four million, six hundred odd thousand inhabitants. It is a small nation in itself. The total population of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is only 43,660,000 (1906). But London is not England. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is not England, with its total area of 121,000 square miles. No, what the world knows as England is the British Empire, which includes the above, and in addition, some 11,400,000 square miles, and a population of about 410,000,000. The known surface of the globe is estimated at about 55,000,000 square miles—its total population is believed to be about 1,800,000,000. The British Empire therefore occupies more than one-fifth of the earth's surface, and its population is also more than one-fifth, or about twenty-two per cent. of the inhabitants of the globe.

That is England! In Asia they have a population of some 237,000,000; in Africa, a population of some 31,000,000; in America, a population of some 6,000,000; in the West Indies, some 2,000,000; in Australasia, some 5,500,000, and so on. When you walk the streets of London,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

therefore, you are in the capital of something over one-fifth of the world. These gentlemen in clubs, and offices, and in the streets, are the masters of the world. There must be a great many of them, and they must be very wonderful men, one says to oneself. No, the population of Great Britain and Ireland is, as we have seen, only about 43,500,000, and what of them?

It is stated on trustworthy authority, that the aggregate income of these 43,000,000 of people is $8,550,000,000. Of this total, 1,250,000 people have $2,925,000,000, these are the rich; 3,750,000 people have $1,225,000,000, these are the comfortable class; the other 38,000,000 have $4,400,000,000, to divide, and if we do the dividing for them, we see that these 38,000,000 have nearly one hundred and sixteen dollars apiece. Not a large income by any means. But we are not socialists, these figures are not put down here to bolster any argument for or against the distribution of wealth, but to call attention to quite another matter. It is evident from these figures, that we may deduct 38,000,000 from the 43,000,000 of population and still have in the 5,000,000 that remain the sum total of those who do the real governing, the real ruling of this enormous empire. The other 38,000,000, with their average income of $116, have in all probability neither leisure nor ability to look after anybody but themselves, and they even do that precariously. We may go still further, and say that out of these 5,000,000 probably not more than 1,000,000 are male adults. I know very well the admirable phrase of Walter Bagehot that: there are lies, damned lies, and statistics; but I may claim for this anlaysis that it is a matter of facts, and not of statistics. It requires no juggling with figures, no poetic exaggeration for the petty purpose of making a point, to arrive at this rather startling conclusion: that about 1,000,000, Englishmen of the ruling class control one-fifth of the known surface of the globe, and one in every five of all the inhabitants thereof.

Out of the various wars and invasions of the island of Great Britain, from the time of Cæsar's first landing in 55 B. C., there has percolated down a million men who rule the world.

This is sufficiently interesting to make it worth while to find out who these Englishmen are. We can, any and all of us, make our notes about them as we see them here and now. According as our eyes differ, our tastes differ, our education and experience differ, we come to different conclusions. Personally, I am inclined to think that the Englishman is an acquired taste, but for the moment that is neither here nor there. When any comparatively small number of men come to play such a rôle as this in the world, one must begin further back to study them. This is not a sociological or psychological freak, this maintenance of superiority over the world. Not a matter that can be explained by snippity chapters written at short range about the Englishman's religion, his parliament, his clubs, his home life, his sports, his clothes, and so on, indefinitely. These are merely the outside trappings, which are interesting enough in their way and well worthy of the reporter and his camera, because there are plenty of people about who only want to know what the great man looks like, and what he smokes, and what he drinks, and whether he wears a turned-down collar or not—and some of them, perchance, will make themselves great in his likeness by copying his wardrobe, his diet, and his potables.

But we are so superficial as to believe that in these two thousand years, since Cæsar's day, there must be, here and there, interesting and important documents dealing with the origins, the ancestry, the lineage, and training of this superb band of a million men who hold the world in their hands.

We know the misty moist island in which they have lived all this time. We know that even Tacitus wrote that its climate was repulsive because of its rains and continual mists. Cæsar and his Romans did not go there for a holiday on account of the charms of the climate. No Roman, of those days, or these, would choose this island as a place of residence. The Roman invasion was merely to control the resident Britons, and to prevent their sending aid to the Gauls who were fighting Rome. The Romans stayed there for three hundred and fifty years. They built two great walls across the land to check the invasions of the Britons; they built roads for the passage of the legions; they constructed in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trenched camps, which are the origin of many of the names of places ending in *cester*, or *chester*, from the Latin word *castrum*, and when the legions were called away in 408 A. D. to check the invasion of the barbarians on the Continent, they left the island as British as it was before, with no trace of their language, their customs, or their laws. England is not, therefore, in any sense Roman.

These Britons of Cæsar's time were a mixed race of Iberian stock—Iberian meaning of southwestern Europe, at the present time the Basque is the last and best representative. But as there is no Roman so there is no Briton, or very little, in the English ancestry. From northwestern Germany came Saxons, Engles and Jutes who, from time to time, invaded the England of the Briton, and finally crowded him out. By 829 the Germanic tribes had poured in, and completely invested England, or what we now know as England. But of these tribes the one that really made the England of to-day, the one from which England, and the English, get their chief characteristics, was the tribe of the Saxons. Sussex, Essex, Middlesex, the familiar names of English counties, are nothing more nor less than South Saxony, East Saxony and Middle Saxony. They were not of the marauding or piratical type. They came in the first instance as companions of their neighbors the Jutes. But while the Jutes came for adventure and for booty, the Saxons came because they wanted land to settle on. They came because their own country was becoming overcrowded. They were an agricultural people of the peasant class. There was no trace of feudalism amongst them. They were landowners with equal rights, who gradually pushed their way over the land, taking more and more territory; beating back the Britons, and securely occupying the territory they had won. The conquered Britons finally fled to the Welsh mountains and passed over in large numbers to the other side of the Channel to Amorica, and the Brittany of to-day is the land of this body of exiles from England.

These Saxons were independent farmers; they acknowledged no chief, no king, and when they were called upon to fight together they answered the call of the leader or answered it not as they chose. When King Alfred called upon them the first time to join him in driving out the Danes, they refused to aid him. Finally they came to his aid but at a time of their own choosing. When they came together to discuss questions of common and general interest, their meeting or assembly was not one of subjects, or followers, but of freemen. They had apparently little taste for public meetings, and those of them who were much occupied with their own estates and their own affairs, got into the way of staying away altogether. Those who had leisure, or talent for such matters, went. Finally what was then known as the *Witenagemot*, or the Meeting of Wise Men, and what has since become the English Parliament, took over the settlement of these questions, and left the farmers free to attend to their own affairs. Even in matters of justice and punishment each group appointed one of their number richer or more expert in such matters, to choose juries and to preside over such cases. Finally the sovereign got into the habit of naming such persons, already marked out as fit for such duties by their neighbors, as magistrates, and in this, as we should call it, free and easy fashion, the business of government was carried on. You may go to the Bow Street Police Court and see the business of the day carried on in much the same fashion now. The magistrate is a wise gentleman dealing with the problems of his less fortunate neighbors. That is all. They were people with little aptitude for public affairs, and with a rooted distaste for overmuch government, and so law-abiding, and naturally industrious and peaceable, that they needed and need less machinery of government than other peoples. They wanted independence on their own estates, and they wanted not to be meddled with.

It is not my intention to provide origins for the English people in order to trace later, and thus easily from my own hypothesis, the development of their present characteristics.

"They are the finest of all the German tribes, and strive more than the rest to found their greatness upon equity." "A passionless, firm and quiet people, they live a solitary life, and do not stir up wars nor harass the country by plunder and theft." "And yet they are always ready to a man to take up arms and even to form an army

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if the case demands it." Thus writes Tacitus of them.

This tribe of Saxons had, by accident or wise leadership, happened upon the very country best suited to them. A fertile island, cut off from the rest of the world, and with room for all so that each one might with his family have a kingdom of his own. This with as little machinery of government as possible, and yet all ready to combine as equals in self-defence. But as they made their land productive, as they became rich, they became the prey of other peoples from northwestern Germany, and what is now the Scandinavian peninsula, and were forced to defend their possessions and their customs against Angles, Danes, and Normans.

It is a curious feature of the abiding, unrelenting purpose of these Saxons to govern themselves, and to be let alone, that though they were conquered in turn by Angles, Danes and Normans, they swallowed up all three in the end, and imposed their customs, their language, their habit of mind, and their institutions upon each of the invaders in turn. They would have nothing to do with the half-developed feudalism of Angles and Danes, nor with the fully developed feudalism of William the Conqueror and his followers. The Conqueror claimed that the land was his and that every holder of land owed fealty to him personally. It took just about an hundred years for the Saxon idea to prevail over this feudalistic notion and the result was Magna Charta. The Magna Charta, wrested from King John by the Norman barons, was in reality the shaking off of personal allegiance to a chieftain by the Norman barons, *aided by the Saxon gentry*, who had finally imbued them also with their own love of independence and a free government. They insisted then, and have maintained ever since, that they derived their rights, their liberties, and their laws, not from a king, but from themselves. In the days of William the Conqueror their king was elective, though chosen from the reigning house. As late as 1689 the Commons voted that King James had abdicated and that the throne was vacant! They chose their own rulers, and no doubt would do so again today if necessary. It is much too long a story to go, step by step, through the recital of this development. It concerns us here only to note these unchanging characteristics of the race, maintained and strengthened through centuries of war, tumult, and conquest.

The present House of Lords itself is the direct result of the Saxon's unwillingness to bother with government, and his willingness to leave such matters to those of most leisure and most wealth, and therefore, in all probability, to those of most capacity and most experience in such matters. It was, and is, the common-sense view of government, as over against the theoretical view. The danger in such a view of government, of course, lies in the fact that the governors, whether kings, or nobles, or statesmen, may grow to feel themselves paramount, and undertake to demand from the governed what they have no right to demand; such as taxation without representation, or a full purse for the king by unjust requirements, and without rendering an account. But these peaceable Saxons, on each and every occasion when their independence has been threatened, have risen in a mass, asserted their liberties, and then left their kings or gentry again to govern. The Magna Charta, and the revolt led by Simon de Montfort, and the head of Charles I, are all warnings to whom it may concern that the Saxons are not to be meddled with, and are not to be anybody's subjects. Thus began the history, and the fact, of democratic government. Love of the land, industry, privacy, personal liberty; these were sought and found in this island by the Saxons, and they have been preserved there ever since.

The London policeman with his hand uplifted, who has become part and parcel of the rhetorical stock in trade of American ambassadors, is the symbol of the Saxon's willingness to abide by the law, so long as the law is of his own making, and facilitates his getting about his business quickly and with a modicum of friction. That policeman is simply the embodiment of the spirit of the race which has fought off Jutes, Angles, Danes and Normans; which has broken nobles, and beheaded kings in order to be let alone to attend to their own affairs in their own way. They are not jealous of the law as are the French, because they make the law for their own convenience, and because they know that it applies with equal force to all. They do not disregard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the law as do we Americans who are overrun with amateur law-makers, because they realize that they can and do make the laws, and that to disregard rules of their own making makes either sport, or government a nuisance. The coster-monger's cart and the coroneted carriage in London streets have equal privileges, no more, no less, the one than the other. The poisonous philosophy of socialism, whether it be eleemosynary socialism, or predatory socialism, which would make the State a distributer of the surplus of the strong for the propagation of the weak, makes its way but slowly among those of Saxon blood. "If I were to be asked," says Montesquieu, "what is the predilection of the English, I should find it very hard to say: not war, nor birth, nor honors, nor success in love, nor the charms of ministerial favor. They want men to be men. They value only two things—wealth and worth." No State can make men men. No State can produce wealth and worth. These three—men, and wealth, and worth, are produced, and produced only, where men measure themselves against men for the mastery over the fruits of the earth, without adventitious aids of any kind, and under the protection of laws that all make and all obey.

In these modern days when so many strive to become members of Parliament, and when all sorts of pressure, financial and otherwise, is brought to bear to secure a peerage, it is interesting to remember that both the House of Lords and the House of Commons owe their existence to the fact that the Saxons did not wish to be bothered by attendance at their assemblies. Somebody must go, and so one or two were chosen by each community to represent the rest; and the wise men of the *Witenagemot* of old, together with the heads of the great church establishments, gradually came to be looked upon as the King's counsellors, and were called together to confer upon such questions as concerned the whole commonwealth.

It is by no means a good sign at the present time that instead of wishing to attend to their own business, so many butchers and bakers and candle-stick-makers are eager to enter Parliament, to attend to other people's business. It is not the good old Saxon way.

In America, as in other democracies, our mistakes and our political troubles have mostly arisen from a wrong interpretation of "government by the people." It has never meant, and can never be successful when it is interpreted as meaning, that each individual shall take an active part in government. This is the catch-penny doctrine, preached from the platform by the demagogue. The real spirit of "government by the people" is merely that they should at all times have control, and keep control, of their governors as these Saxons have done.

No one would dream of harking back to the primitive days when every man sewed together his own skins for clothes and for foot-wear, made his own hut, caught his own fish, killed each for himself his meat, and picked each for himself his berries, and was his own priest, his own physician and his own policeman. We now know that this was waste of time and energy. We find it more convenient, and more conducive to a long life, and a comfortable life, to divide ourselves up into bakers, and butchers, and tailors, and berry pickers, and priests, and policemen, and physicians. It is only in politics that we grope blindly amongst primitive methods for a solution of the problem of government. France with her fantastic theories, and what proved her horrible fiasco, influenced our beginnings, and followed by that have come the Irish with their hatred of England and the English; and the mating of the French philosophy, and the Irish fact, have turned us aside from, and made us hesitating in, our allegiance to the only form of free government which has ever been successful in the world, and which is ours by ancestral right. It must be a poor race which cannot throw up from the mass of men a certain number whose wealth, leisure, and ability fit them for the work of governing; just as others amongst us are best fitted to bake or brew, or teach or preach, or make clothes or hats, or to dig in the fields. To say that every man is fitted to govern is to hark back to the days when every man was his own huntsman, fisherman, cook and tailor.

We have millions in America who are just learning the alphabet of free government and they are still flattered by political parasites with loud voices and leather larynxes. Our parliaments and assemblies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are filled not with the brawn and brains that have made America a great nation in fifty years, but with the semi-successful, the slippery and resourceful who live *on* the people, and *by* the people, and *for* themselves.

He is but a mean American who believes that this will last. The time approaches when Americans will slough off this hampering political clothing, put upon them by Latin and Celtic parasites, and insist upon being governed by the best amongst them, by the wisest amongst them, by the successful amongst them, and not by those whose living is derived by governing others, because they cannot govern themselves. It is not because we are fools that the present condition continues, it is because we are weighed down with the responsibilities of nation making. We have succeeded commercially and in all material ways marvellously. In fifty years we have become the rival of the strongest, and the commercial portent to which every finger in Europe points. Let this same energy be turned upon setting our domestic political affairs in order and the change in government will be as complete, and come as quickly, as in other matters. We have allowed our idlers to govern, with a splendid honor-roll of exceptions, we shall ere long insist that our ablest shall take their places in the good old Saxon way.

Strangely enough, however, the House of Lords still remains the most democratic institution in England. It may still claim for itself to be the *Witenagemot*, or gathering of wise men, and one wonders why it does not defend itself along those lines.

It is not a house of birth or ancestry, for it is composed to-day to an overwhelming extent of successful men from almost every walk in life. No one cares a fig what a man's ancestry was in this matter-of-fact land if he succeeds, if he becomes rich and powerful.

William the Conqueror himself was a bastard, and his mother was the daughter of an humble tanner of Falaise.

The mother of the great Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of a plain English gentleman.

A pot-girl of Westminster married the master of the pot-house. After his death she consulted a lawyer named Hyde. Mr. Hyde married her. Mr. Hyde afterward became Lord Chancellor, with the title of Lord Clarendon, and his wife, the former pot-girl, bore him a daughter. This daughter married the Duke of York, and became the mother of Mary and Anne Stewart, both afterward queens of England.

It is evident that if queens of England may have a barmaid for grandmother, lesser mortals need not fret on the subject of ancestry.

The Englishman would not be what he is, nor would he in the least be transmitting his very valuable Saxon heritage, if he gave up his democratic custom of an aristocracy of power for the feeble continental custom of an aristocracy of birth. What the one and the other is to-day answers the question as to the relative merits of the two systems without need of discussion. The English, though nowadays many of them do not know it themselves, are the most democratic of all nations.

William the Conqueror divided England among the commanders of his army, and conferred about twenty earldoms; not one of these exists to-day. Nor do any of the honors conferred by William Rufus, 1087–1100; Henry I, 1100–1135; Stephen, 1135–1154; Henry II, 1154–1189; Richard I, 1189–1199; or John, 1199–1216.

All the dukedoms created from the institution of Edward III, 1327–1377, down to the commencement of the reign of Charles II, 1649, except Norfolk, and Somerset, and Cornwall—the title held by the Prince of Wales—have perished.

Winchester and Worcester, the latter merged in the dukedom of Beaufort, are the only marquisates older than George III, 1760–1820.

Of all earldoms conferred by the Normans, Plantagenets and Tudors, only eleven remain, and six of these are merged in higher honors.

The House of Lords to-day does not number among its members a single male descendant of any of the barons who were chosen to enforce Magna Charta. The House of Lords does not contain a single male descendant of the peers who fought at Agincourt. There is only one single family in all the realm, Wrottesleys, which can boast of a male descent from the date of the institution of the Garter, 1349.

In a word, the present House of Lords is conspicuously and predominantly a demo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cratic body, chosen from the successful of the land.

Seventy of the peers were ennobled on account of distinction in the practice of the law alone.

The Dukes of Leeds trace back to a cloth-worker; the Earls of Radnor to a Turkey merchant; the Earls of Craven to a tailor; the families of Dartmouth, Ducie, Pomfret, Tankerville, Dormer, Romney, Dudley, Fitzwilliam, Cowper, Leigh, Darnley, Hill, Normanby, all sprang from London shops and counting-houses, and that not so very long ago.

Ashburton, Carrington, Belper, Overstone, Mount Stephen, Hindlip, Burton, Battersea, Glenesk, Aldenham, Cheylesmere, Lister, Avebury, Burnham, Biddulph, Northcliffe, Numburnholme, Winterstoke, Rothschild, Brassey, Revelstoke, Strathcona and Mount Royal, Michelham, and others, too many to mention, have taken their places among the peers by force of long purses gained in trade.

Lord Belper, for example, created in 1856, is the grandson of Jedediah Strutt, who was the son of a small farmer, and made wonderful ribbed stockings.

> Wealth however got, in England makes
> Lords of mechanics, gentlemen of rakes.
> Antiquity and birth are needless here:
> 'Tis impudence and money makes the peer.
> . . . . . .
> Great families of yesterday we show;
> And lords whose parents were the Lord knows who.

The Saxon system still prevails. Those who push themselves to the front, those who accumulate a residue of power in the shape of leisure, are called upon to govern so that the others need not be bothered by such matters. It has been harder in some ages than in others for the man, unassisted by birth, to rise. But there has been no time in England when it has been wholly impossible. As a consequence of this, there is probably no body of men in the world who combine such a variety of experience and knowledge amongst them as the House of Lords. There are one or more representatives of every branch of human industry and professional skill.

Strange as it may seem, there is no assembly where a man could go—granted that all the peers were present—where he would be more certain of getting sound advice upon every subject from higher mathematics and abstruse law, down to the shoeing of a horse or the splicing of a cable.

Why the English themselves or, at any rate, certain of their number, wish to abolish this assembly of the picked brains and ability in every walk in life, from literature and chemistry to beer-brewing and railroad building, I, as an American, cannot understand. It is the culmination of the essential philosophy of Saxondom. This is what the race has been at for two thousand years, not to be too much governed by, but to permit to govern, those who have proved themselves most capable of doing so.

The average number of barons summoned to Parliament by Edward II was 74; the average of the reign of Edward III was 43. At the beginning of the reign of Henry IV the lay members of the House of Lords consisted of 4 dukes, 1 marquis, 10 earls, and 34 barons. Henry VIII only assembled 51 peers in his Parliament; while only 82 sat in the first Parliament of James I; and 117 in the first Parliament of Charles I. At the end of the reign of Charles II there were but 176 names on the roll of the Lords. The roll was increased to 192 peerages before the death of William III; to 209 before the death of Anne; to 216 before the death of George I; to 229 before the death of George II; to 339 at the death of George III; to 396 before the death of George IV; to 456 at the death of William IV; to 512 in 1881; to 541 in 1892; and the total number at the present time (1908) including Spiritual and Law Lords is 853, 200 of whom have been created since 1882, and nearly half of them since 1830.

Ah, but some one answers, suppose these men govern badly, or suppose they cease to represent the nation, or suppose the sons of these men are not of the calibre of their fathers. The last supposition is easily answered. We have seen already what a mushroom assembly it is from the point of view of ancient lineage. They are by no means all gentlemen, in the technical sense of that word; and by no means without exception worthy. But that only adds the necessary human factor of fallibility.

The adult males in a Town Meeting in Hingham, Massachusetts, for example, could trace back to male ancestors, who attended that same Town Meeting an hundred years before, in greater numbers, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proportion to their total number, than could the members of the House of Lords to ancestors who had sat in that same Chamber. Nor is it easy to see wherein they fail to represent the nation, since they come from every and all classes; nor why they should govern badly, since they are chosen only after proving themselves to be of superior ability, and sound judgment. It is true that a son may not turn out to have the same ability as his father, but if the son of a Rothschild has ability enough to keep the money his father made, he must, in these days of liquid securities, be a man of no small ability. Those who are weaklings do not last long in the hurly-burly of the modern world. We have seen how very few peers are the male descendants of houses dating back any distance. God and nature turn out the incompetents almost as quickly as would the electorate. The chances of any living man having a male descendant able to keep what was left him, and also able to get more, and beget more, an hundred years after his time, are very small indeed.

Indeed this system, evolved from sound Saxon sense, has done more than anything else to produce that wholeness in the English social body which is a salient feature of English life. There are, or at any rate have been, until very lately, fewer disquieting social and political segregations due to class distinctions in England than in any other nation in the world.

Grandsons, and younger sons, of peers drift back into the upper middle class, and remain there unless they rise by their own exertions; while there is a continual absorption of the strong, the competent, and the successful, into the peerage. This mixes up and leavens all classes. Noble sons become commoners, noble commoners become peers.

This is what explains the existence of the House of Lords in so democratic a country as England. It exists because it is the most democratic institution in England, and because in the long run it has been recognized as an assembly whose opinion is as nearly as possible the opinion of a concensus of the competent.

But here again we must bear in mind that we are neither defending nor attacking. This upper chamber so nearly represents what these early Saxons were, perhaps not in its details aware of, striving to produce as a solution of government with as little government as possible, and that, by those with the leisure and capacity to do it, that it deserves attentive study.

These people, who have governed more of the world, and a far larger population, than any other people since time began, deserve respectful consideration for their methods in, and their philosophy of, government. Any socialistic sneering, or republican ribaldry, on the subject of the British system of government, must necessarily react upon the foolish one who indulges in them. The ready answer is: We are taking charge of one in every five square miles, and one in every five inhabitants of the globe; if you can do it better, why do you not do it?

It is a notable feature of the history of this great governing people, that they have had little desire to take part in the governing themselves. The gathering of the wise men, the assembly, in short, at which the nation sat in council, was open to all, but by a natural process was reduced to the attendance of those who could afford the time and the money to go. By an easy step those who had the time and the money gradually became the great ones of the land.

William the Conqueror only imitated the example of his predecessors in calling together the wise and the great of the nation to consider the customs, and thence to determine the laws, of the Kingdom.

It was from Simon de Montfort who led the freemen against the barons grown too proud, conquered them, and summoned a Parliament by directing the sheriffs to return two knights for each county, and two burgesses for each borough in the kingdom; and there you have the beginning of Parliament. They were not clamoring to govern, but they found themselves forced to take a hand lest the barons should grow to think governing their right.

The statute of a generation later than this time, and which still remains on the statute book, begins by declaring that no tax or aid shall be taken without the goodwill and assent of archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, knights, burgesses, and *other freemen* of the land.

The profound and real difference between the philosophy of democracy and the philosophy of aristocracy is that the former emphasizes the identity of men, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

latter the diversity of men. The one makes democracies, the other makes monarchies. But men are all alike, and they are all unlike, and either proposition carried to its extreme defeats itself; in the former liberty becomes license, and in the latter order becomes despotism. The pendulum swings back and forth between the two extremes, and down to this day the English have succeeded in reconciling the claims of both philosophies, and of keeping the peace between them. Their gift of the solution of the problem of government to mankind rivals the great gift of Art by the Greeks, and of Law by the Romans.

But even to this day these common-sense people care nothing for the fiction, for the trappings of government. Even now Acts of Parliament begin: "Be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled." The King knows, and the Lords spiritual and temporal know, and the Commons know, that the King does not make the laws, or enforce the laws, but they are all equally willing to have him appear to do so. They have no taste for ostentatious participation in governing even now. They would still rather mind their own business, though there are, alas, signs nowadays that they are losing somewhat their Saxon heritage in this respect.

In the past they have taken a hand in governing only when their governors overstepped the bounds, and attempted to govern with the physical and financial aid, but without the consent of the governed. Then, over and over again, against barons or King, or whomsoever it might be, they have risen and demanded to be governed as little as need be, but accordng to their ancient custom of personal liberty for each one.

One hears occasionally in the inebriation of exuberance which vents itself in song, that: Britons never shall be slaves. It is well known, of course, that Britons have been slaves, and worn the collar of a Roman master, but the Saxons, their successors, never have been slaves. This is interesting because practically down to 1867, or forty years ago, the English government has been in a very few hands indeed.

The temptation must have been constant ever since the Romans left and the Saxons came, for the small governing class to usurp all power. And yet with practically no voice in the government, this has never been accomplished, for it has always been prevented by the people themselves.

It should be remembered that long after the development of government into a House of Lords and a House of Commons, these two bodies were controlled by a very few men. It is said that as late as 1793, out of 513 members of Parliament, 309 of them owed their election to the nomination either of the Treasury, or of some 162 individuals who controlled the voters.

The House of Commons of 1801, including the Irish and Scotch members, consisted of 658 members, and of these 425 were returned either on the nomination, or on the recommendation of 252 patrons.

Thus has England been governed persistently by the few. Nor has this been against the wishes of the many. We have seen how, time after time, the many have demanded, and conquered for themselves, what they considered to be for their welfare and their happiness; but constant personal participation in government has not been deemed a necessity of personal freedom, but rather, indeed, a drag upon it. I am inclined to look upon this as the most important factor in their wonderful growth as a nation.

In 1832 the borough franchise was confined to householders whose houses were worth not less than £10 a year, and the county franchise was enlarged by the admission of copyholders, leaseholders, and of tenants whose holding was of the clear annual value of £50. Then and there, and for the first time in the history of the nation, England was practically governed by the middle class.

In 1867 this was followed by a still more sweeping reform, and by the Act of that year, every freeholder whose freehold was of the value of forty shillings a year; every copyholder and leaseholder, of the annual value of five pounds; and every householder whose rent was not less than twelve pounds a year, was entitled to vote for the county. Every householder in a borough, and every lodger who paid ten pounds a year for his lodging and had been resident for more than twelve months, was entitled to vote for the borough member. This is to all intents and purposes male adult suffrage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nevertheless, up to the election of members to this present Parliament, when an unusual number of labor members were elected, Parliament has been composed of an overwhelming majority chosen from the leisure classes.

Pitt once said that an Englishman with an income of ten thousand pounds a year had a right to be a peer. The English voter still, to a large extent, takes the same view. He seems to hold that those have the best claim to go to Parliament who have the leisure and wealth to enable them to go conveniently. Even now when a dangerously large number of people,—some say thirty millions—are always on the verge of starvation, the voter is but little touched by that despair of the individual in his own manhood, reduced to a system known as Socialism. He still believes in his gentry as most to be trusted, and best qualified to govern. He has a rooted distrust of those who wish to be paid to govern. He has not ceased to look upon the business of governing as a duty, not a trade.

Some instinct tells him, for no one would accuse the British voter of being either a philosopher, or of being unusually intelligent even, that the solution of the problem of his lack of wealth does not lie in the fact that his gentry have too much. To take another man's coat does not take with it the ability to keep that coat against all comers, any more than to exchange gloves with the man who has just knocked you out in a sparring bout would enable you in turn to knock him out. That easy solution of inequality, that because somebody else has more, therefore it is that I have less, has not fooled the Englishman as yet. He has only to look across the channel to see the results of that philosophy. When he looks he sees a nation that has so belittled its men that they can only prevent being swallowed up by their enemies by lending their hard-earned gold to Russia, an autocracy with which, of course, an honest republic could have nothing in common, and by accepting the friendship of England, a monarchy, because England wishes a buffer-state between herself and Germany.

In a hundred years England has grown great, while since the Revolution France has diminished to the stature of an epicene amongst nations, trafficking in her ideals and in her honor, and advertising the virtue of her capital for sale to all comers as her principal stock in trade. She is like a pretty woman who will sell anything for security and comfort. This lesson has not been lost upon the Englishman, dull as he is.

Fox, Liverpool, and Lord John Russell, all entered Parliament before they were of age, though this was technically a breach of the law, which required that a member should be of age, a male, and of some wealth. So closely indeed have these people clung to their tradition about the land, that many, no doubt, will be surprised to learn that it was only at the beginning of the reign of the late Queen Victoria that one could become a member of Parliament without being the possessor of a certain amount of landed property. He must be a landlord, in short.

He might have thousands invested in securities of all kinds, that mattered not; he must be a landholder. They came to England to be free landholders, and when Queen Victoria came to the throne that was still their ideal of what a man fit to assist in governing should be.

As late as the middle of the eighteenth century England was almost entirely rural. The greater number of the towns were merely country towns. Perhaps the secret of the independence, and the homogeneity of the population is to be found in this multitude of men who firmly believed in the land, were permanently settled upon the land, and whose claim to personal dignity and political and social distinction rested upon the possession of the land.

We have heard in our own day, in America, often repeated, the cry: Back to the land! Nowhere will one find stronger arguments to support such advice than in the history of the Saxons in England. One might choose as the three requisites of a people that should prosper and conquer, that they should believe in God, live on the land, and let their leaders govern.

It is only in comparatively recent times that England has ceased to be a nation of farmers. In the middle of the fourteenth century the population of England and Wales was probably about 2,300,000; at the end of the seventeenth century something over 5,000,000; and in 1831, 14,000,000.

The expansion of England into an Em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pire grows as naturally and as surely out of this love of theirs for the land and liberty, as the first settlement of England by the Saxons grew out of this same desire.

Their Saxon plain was crowded. The Jutes led by descendants of the warlike and roving Odin, needed companions in arms, and these Saxons followed them on one of their excursions to England.

Finding that the Saxons settled peaceably and industriously on the land, and acted as a buffer-state between their own settlement and the roving Britons, they induced still more Saxons to come over, and more came, and then more and more, until they became the predominant factor in the settlement of the country.

They were not, as is generally supposed, and as is often erroneously stated, of the fighting, marauding, restless breed of the piratical races, which from time to time ravaged the coasts of both what is now England and what is now France.

In spite of their many wars, the English, as were their peasant ancestors the Saxons, are not a warlike people. *Si res poscat*, writes Tacitus. If it is worth while they fight. But they fought not as did the fiercer tribes, merely for the love of fighting. Read their history and you find—and it greatly alters certain preconceived opinions—that they were not, and are not, a war-loving, or a quarrelsome race.

It is often said that England is always fighting somewhere. When one considers the enormous area of land, and the varied populations she controls, it is not surprising that she should have constant trouble on her hands. On the other hand, if one investigates these wars, big and little, they all fall under one general head: the protection of her subjects in the possession of the land.

The two wars with China were to protect her landowners in India who trafficked in opium with the Chinese. The war in the Crimea was against Russia, looming up as her rival in India. The support of the Allies against Napoleon was a necessary commercial expedient to save her shipping and her commerce. The war with America was again, at first, a question of commercial significance alone. The war in Africa was plainly enough for the upholding of the status of her citizens against the Dutch. There is a superb selfishness involved in each and every one of these conflicts. No one can defend for a moment, the terrible hypocrisy of the race, in their insistence upon the right of their traders to debauch the Chinese, by the sale of opium against the wishes of the Chinese authorities. Imagine the horror of the Englishman should a neighbor nation insist upon the right to sell cocaine in England whether he liked it or not, and give as a reason that a certain colony derived a large revenue from the sale of cocaine, which would be cut off if England refused to allow its sale in her territories. This is exactly what happened in China. The British colony of Hong Kong is a monument to England's infamous selfishness where her trade is concerned. Hong Kong was taken from the Chinese as an indemnity for daring to make war upon England's opium trade.

The war with America was due to selfishness, coupled with forgetfulness. The Englishman went to America, almost exactly as the Saxon went to England. He went for land and liberty. The settlers were agriculturists, who founded free estates and drove off the warring, nomadic tribes, just as the Saxons drove off the Britons. These American settlers were of the same class as those they left behind them. Let us get it out of our heads and keep it out, that England is an aristocracy. It is not and never has been. It has not and never has had a Noblesse. At once, indeed, almost before they set foot on land, the wiser and wealthier among them, are set up in authority over them, not to *rule* them, but to *govern for* them. Here we have the same institutions again, and the same dogged insistence upon liberty to till the soil in peace. But when England, forgetting her own history, and her own blood, set out to rule and to tax without representation these people, she was precipitating exactly the same kinds of conflict as had taken place between John and the Barons; between Simon de Montfort and the Barons; and between Charles and the Parliament. The result was foredoomed. The Saxons can only live in one way, and that is by ruling themselves. As the greatest representative of the Saxon race of the last two hundred years put it: A government of the people, for the people, by the people. Their confidence in this form of government has resulted in forcing its adoption upon all peo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ples, and all countries, that they control. That any family, clan, tribe, or nation, should wish to live under other than this Saxon arrangement, is to them unthinkable.

Lord Curzon, late viceroy of India, in a volume entitled, "Problems of the Far East," writes as follows in his dedication: "To those who believe that the British Empire is, under Providence, the greatest instrument for good that the world has ever seen and who hold with the writer, that its work in the Far East is not yet accomplished, this book is dedicated." Where, in the history of mankind, may one look to find such a magnificent assumption of virtue and omniscience, coupled with incomprehensible self-satisfaction? It makes one fearful for the destinies of the race when one sees it proclaim itself thus arrogant. Here is a haughty egotism that would make Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon turn pale. Who believes that the world is better where England dominates? The English. Who believes that India is happier? The English. Who believes that Ireland is happier? The English. Who believes that the East under English protection is happier? The English. Who believes that North America is happier? The English. But what do the four hundred millions of people, controlled by these million English gentlemen, whose omniscient prophet Lord Curzon is,—what do they think? What do they say? Personally I am not questioning or criticising. I am merely a child making notes. This amazing assumption that England and God—mark that in Lord Curzon's dedication the British Empire takes precedence of Providence—have between them done more for the world than any other agency, is a characteristic of these people that cannot be too often insisted upon. As I have said before, it is not a pose with them. It is not impudence, it is their rooted belief in their own superiority. Anybody who starts out to have dealings with them, either personally or along international lines, must take that into consideration. They know only one way. That is their way, and their way is the best way and is sanctioned by God who, by the way, is the God of the English national church.

It is magnificent, is it not? but it makes one stop just for a moment to get one's breath.

Let some one tell us what fantastic arrangement of molecules turned the youthful rake into a St. Augustine, the unknown country lad into a Shakespeare, the Corsican peasant into a Napoleon, or the Western rail-splitter and country lawyer into a Lincoln, and when these are all explained, there will remain an even greater mystery: how these Saxon peasants became the English Empire of to-day.

It is said often enough that a man who restricts his energies to the pursuit of one end, who thinks of nothing else, saves himself for that alone, keeps his eyes fixed on that alone, is likely to succeed even though he be of mediocre powers. The fable of the hare and the tortoise was written as a brief commentary on this fact, that it's doggedness that does it! These Saxons, since the historian's first introduction to them, inhabiting that Saxon plain, have had apparently but one aim: possession of the land in peace. Little by little they have become the inheritors of one-fifth of all the land there is. We have traced here, by a mere thread of narrative, their history, and we have noted their present status among the nations of the world. We have seen nothing brilliant or heroic, nothing Napoleonic in this story; but merely steady growth along ever the same lines, aided by a genius for compromise. They stop and wait when they must, they fight when they must, they even pay to be let alone when they must, they spill over into other countries when they must, but land and liberty they keep ever before them as their goal. Who are the English, what are the English? They are Saxons, who love the land, who love their liberty, and whose sole claim to genius is their common-sense.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOBODY'S CHILD

A TWENTIETH CENTURY FAIRY-TALE

By Maarten Maartens

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. G. WILLIAMSON

THE rain was pouring down outside in perpendicular streams, with plashes and swishes on the ground and the window sill: however snug it might be inside, you shuddered to think of the cold wet so close by. Especially if your husband was out in it. At least, if you cared for your husband. As, after all, in spite of the novels, most women still do, thank Heaven!

Vrouw Caspers did not belong to that more favored class, who are misunderstood or who do not live their life or have missed their affinity. Some women she knew had found their affinities, and the affinities, with or without church sanction, beat them. Vrouw Caspers had now been united for more than five years to an honest young carpenter, steady, always in work. She was several years older than her husband, and that greatly increased the chief sorrow —the soreness—of her existence. She was childless.

Adventures—fortunes or misfortunes of special interest—she had not yet experienced, nor was hers the imaginative mind that, even in the humblest walks of life, can create these. She went her way, doing her canny, cleanly duty in her cottage, as her mother had done before her, in a similar, rather humbler cottage, and as she herself had done, by her widowed father, before Henk Caspers came courting her. She went to church, but she didn't pray much. She had given that up. She was thirty-three. She was childless.

"How it rains!" she said aloud, talking to herself, as lonely women will. She looked to the kettle on the fire, and the dish of supper stewing. And she went to the window, although it was pitchy dark, waiting for Henk.

He was her husband, and she loved him quite reasonably as such. But that wasn't the real stirring of a woman's nature, and she vaguely felt it wasn't. Such liking is a ripple on the pond.

As she pressed her cheek against the chilly pane, she thought she heard a faint puling murmur through the splash of water. She had just imagination enough to fancy it might be something un-human and quite sense enough to know that if it was, it must be a cat. All the same, she wandered to the door and opened it—looking for Henk.

Her foot struck a bundle pressed as far as possible against the frame of the doorway, well under shelter from the rain, if not from the wet. She picked up the thing and carried it in at once, hearkening to its wee mewing: she realized at once, of course, what amazing event had befallen her. A child had come to her, not her own.

She unpinned the damp bundle and unpacked its contents. The child now screamed lustily. He was a fine, healthy boy, a couple of weeks old. His linen and the fur he had been carefully wrapped up in by the cruel hand that left him to his fate, were of excellent quality: by the look of these he was a rich man's child. And the little bundle of banknotes on his naked little body was a rich man's parting gift.

"Five notes of a thousand guilders each! Five thousand guilders!" The carpenter's wife looked at the child—looked at the notes. She had seen a-many children. She had never seen so much money as this.

A rustle outside—some drops on the pane —startled her. Suddenly she realized, for the first time, what it means to be startled, by any noise, anywhere, when you have money lying thus before you—in the loneliness—at night. She snatched the crackly papers to her bosom and hid them away.

One thing she was resolved on at once and forever. Henk must never know of this money. Her own sister's husband had come into a legacy some years ago, for less than this!—some fifteen hundred—and he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had taken to idleness, gaming and drink. The money was soon gone: the intemperance remained to the end. She could trust Henk, yet men are men. Nothing keeps them steady but the immediate need of bread.

She stood staring at the screamy child, uncertain, upset. Before she could make up her mind even to behave reasonably to this baby, her husband was in the room.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Yes," she answered, looking round at him. "I found it on the door step, five minutes ago."

The man gave a long whistle, and the child stopped screaming to hear.

"He takes kindlier to you than to me," said the Vrouw, with sudden asperity.

"Well, he hasn't any reason to," replied honest Henk. "It's a he, is it? What's its name?"

"There's no mark." She showed him everything but the money.

"Well, I must go straight to the Burgomaster," said the husband. "I suppose I can't take the child out in a night like this?"

She cried out at him.

"Well, there's no hurry, wife. If there'd been money with him, it'd have been a different thing."

"How so?" she inquired anxiously.

"There's always questions asked about money, whereas now, poor brute, there won't be many questions asked about *you!*" The child lay on its back, with the unseeing baby-stare.

The cottagers stood gazing down on it. The room was quiet: the child worn out, for the moment, with crying. Outside the rain came swishing along the glass.

"Brutes its parents must have been," said Henk, with whom the first word was a great favorite, a caress or a blow.

"It does seem incredible," asserted the wife. And again they stood gazing in silence.

"It isn't as if we had one of our own," said the woman at last.

"Nor ever likely to have," assented Henk sadly.

"Just so," she cried. "That's all the difference. Yes. Just so." Whatever blame she may have incurred afterward, at that moment she was sincere, honestly anxious, without thought of the money, in her awakening mother love for the child.

"Without thought of the money?" 'Tis a bold thing to say. The money was there, in her bosom, at any rate, as well as the mother love. And mother love and money love are the strongest powers we wot of; they bear the whole world between them, like pillars of Hercules. Perhaps, for the moment, she had forgotten the money; her eyes were soft over the child.

"Yes, we will ask the Burgomaster about keeping him," said Henk. "There is no reason why any one else should want him, poor brute!" The child had begun to roar again. She turned from the milk she was rather tardily heating.

"God has sent him us," said the big husband gently. "We take him, for his own sake, from God." And then, in any case, she remembered the bank-notes hidden at her breast.

Indeed, the Burgomaster had no objection to these decent people taking, if they really wished, the penniless child. He was christened Henk Caspers and inscribed in the public register as such. He took kindly to his bottle in the cottage, and the childless couple would play with him for hours. After a time, while they still played with him, they would suddenly pause and look anxiously at each other. And Henk would turn away, whistling, to pace up and down the room. Once or twice he broke off, to kiss his wife, which was not at all in his character and up-growing. He did not kiss the child.

Little Henk Caspers had not been a year in the house when his foster-mother's own baby was born. Father Henk went to tell the Burgomaster.

"A boy, you say?" echoed the Burgomaster, opening a big book.

"Yes, your Worship: how could it have been anything else?"

"H'm," said the Burgomaster. "Name?"

"Hendrik Caspers," said old Henk firmly.

"But you're got that already," protested the Burgomaster, over his spectacles, with uplifted pen.

"*I've* not got it. Leastways, it doesn't count. *This* is *the* Hendrik Caspers. Can't the other be changed?"

"No," replied the man of the law curtly. "That is to say, it's a cumbrous and costly proceeding. You ought to have thought of this before."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"How could we, after all those years?" pleaded Henk. The Burgomaster acquiesced.

Vrouw Caspers had wondered, if she died, what Henk would say to that big fortune, hidden away in a stocking. She did not dare to move it, for how could she approach any one with a note for a thousand guilders? As well give herself up at the nearest police-station at once. As for the money, she had not had a day's rest since the care of it weighed, unremittingly, on her thoughts. At night she would start up, hearing thieves. "Let them come: we shall see what they steal!" said her cheery husband. And now her own child was born. Whose was the money now? Hers —and his, therefore—for taking care of the stranger? Or the foster-child's, taken in, as the whole village deemed, including parson and Burgomaster, for the love of God? She felt she had neither ability nor desire to solve the question, as she lay back contemplating her son. Such a beauty! The other little Henk cried in his cot. "We mustn't neglect him," she said feebly. "Henk, what is it he wants?"

"Hanged if I know what the little brute wants," answered Henk. In what sense did he use the word? It might be difficult to say.

But as time went on it would have been, had any cared, less difficult. Also, impartial investigation might have discovered, often, if not always, adequate explanations of the elder infant's tears. He was old enough now, fully a twelvemonth, to cry real sorrow. Hannah Caspers was laboriously kind to him, till the labor slowed down a bit, under the strain.

"My son Henk," said Caspers, dandling the spluttery bundle on his knee. He would remember to dandle the other on the other—at least he had two knees. It was a long time before he said, under the pressure of much squalling, the thing he had often wanted but never intended to utter: "Nobody's child."

It was true: the elder Hendrik was Nobody's Child, and yet he was Henk Caspers, number one. They called him "Number One": the sobriquet sounded more than spiteful. A sharp old neighbor remarked: "Why not Number Nought?" Yet nobody could say Hannah Caspers was cruel to "the other one"; she constantly remembered not to be that.

The children grew up together for the next dozen years; the stranger was called Hendrik and the son of the house called Henk—as Henry and Harry: the whole difference of their daily lives lay there. As luck would have it, Hannah's late-born offspring was a feeble, quick-brained little chap; the Ishmael of the cottage was healthy, boisterous, all for an out-door life. In sheer animal spirits he would upset his younger "brother," and then Isaac would cry.

The knowledge of our own folly is the worst of reconcilers to our own fate. When Henk Caspers and Hannah recalled how unnecessary was Ishmael's presence at their fireside, they almost hated the leaping, laughing brat.

At the critical age of twelve the younger boy, never well, manifestly sickened. The doctor appeared, as a permanent expense, in the cottage; at the same time, in accordance with the frightful truth that misfortune never comes single-handed, Henk Caspers broke his arm by a fall on a slide at winter time. It was badly set and, although he recovered the use of it, the elbow remained stiff. He became a second-rate workman, "the man with the arm."

But before the limb was out of the sling, the doctor spoke of changes for young Henk. The damp climate of the village—just outside The Hague—was very bad for the boy: he was growing too fast: he needed the dry air of the Gelderland hills. The parents might, perhaps, move to those parts—to save the child's life?

Was it as bad as that? The mother gazed into the physician's eyes.

That evening, with swift resolve to do it and not draw back, she spread the whole of the five bank-notes in a line before her husband, as he sat by the table, head bent and reflective, resting his wounded arm. He glanced up in terror.

"They were with the child," she said quickly. "With Hendrik."

"Five—thousand—guilders!" he stuttered. "How much money is that?"

"I don't know. Oof!" She pushed them toward him.

"You fool!" he exclaimed angrily. "If you'd put them in the bank, they'd have been ten!"

"Father put his money in a bank and it failed," she said.

He did not answer, gazing at the five bits

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The man gave a long whistle, and the child stopped screaming to hear.—Page 199.

of paper. "Five thousand florins!" he repeated. "It's a great deal more than Kees ever had."

"We shall make a better use of it than Kees did," she answered hurriedly.

"Yes, oh yes! we shall make a better use of it than Kees. But, look here!"—he glanced up at her—"It belongs to Hendrik!"

"Absurd!" she replied, suddenly resolved on this point, now he questioned it, amazed that she ever could have doubted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Of course it was intended for us, for our care of him! Any fool can see that."

"I suppose so," acquiesced the milder man. "Well, the little brute can repay our kindness by saving Henk's life."

To the woods of Gelderland, then, the little family departed, securing a lonely cottage there among the pines. In this strange, inhospitable country the invalided father sought vainly—and not too strenuously—for work. They possessed about four thousand guilders—one thousand having gone to the purchase of the cottage—which a friend of Caspers, a builder, had put into his business, promising a minimum of six and a maximum of ten per cent. Henk reckoned, from all the friend's accounts, on ten: they had nearly enough to live.

But the sharp Gelderland air proved unsatisfactory for the delicate child, whose complaint was some sort of slow "waste," as the common people too truly term it. His asthma, for instance, was worse here than at The Hague.

Within eighteen months the builder failed: the four thousand guilders had been his last rope of sand. But Henk Caspers was not to blame, for the builder, a church elder and parish councillor, had been estimated, till a week before his fall, "safe as the bank." There are people to whom this idea still conveys some conception of security. The Caspers were penniless. The wife, who had barely been reconciled by the ten per cent. to the letting the money leave the corner it had slept in so many years—the wife said, "I told you so," till the husband struck her with his unstiff arm.

Fortunately Hendrik, now aged fourteen, had strong, healthy arms and a willing heart. People liked him. In this forlorn neighborhood none knew or cared to know his unusual connection with his "parents." These latter had wisely held their peace: their elder "son" was put to work at a carpenter's, who took on the maimed father at half-price. Henk lay out in the woods—all the doctors and quacks consulted recommended "fresh air"—and drank milk.

Thus they struggled on for another year or two till the great change came. The woman, Hannah, had got reconciled to the foster-child, now he earned more than half the family bread. She liked him. He was happy. But all the passions of her heart—deeper stirring than even she had ever dreamed of in her emptiest days—all her mother love and fear and yearning lived only for the sickly child she had borne.

"This air," the doctor kept on saying, "isn't what the boy needs at all. Couldn't your husband find work in Germany—at Bonn, for instance? So many Dutch workmen find good pay along the Rhine."

"Would he recover, if he lived there?" asked the anxious mother.

"He would have a much better chance," replied the doctor, walking away.

But Hannah knew such talk was futile. As well say that boy might recover in Heaven!

She was sadly ruminating these matters again on that bright August morning, when the motor-car came flying along the dusty road, which brought the change. She detested motors, not only because she didn't possess one, but for the more individual reason that dust was bad for Henk.

This motor-car stopped at her door, and Hannah went to join it and tell the way to Arnhem.

But the lady who descended from it, said: "Vrouw Caspers? I want to see you on business"—and Hannah at once thought of Hendrik, out at his work, for the day.

Without more ado the lady entered the cottage and, unasked, she sat down. As she loosened the absurd motor-trappings which a famous French house had furnished her, the carpenter's wife saw that she was a woman of "the great world," no longer quite young—perhaps forty-five—and attired in widow's mourning. And also Hannah saw that she trembled in vain attempts to steady her knees and her voice.

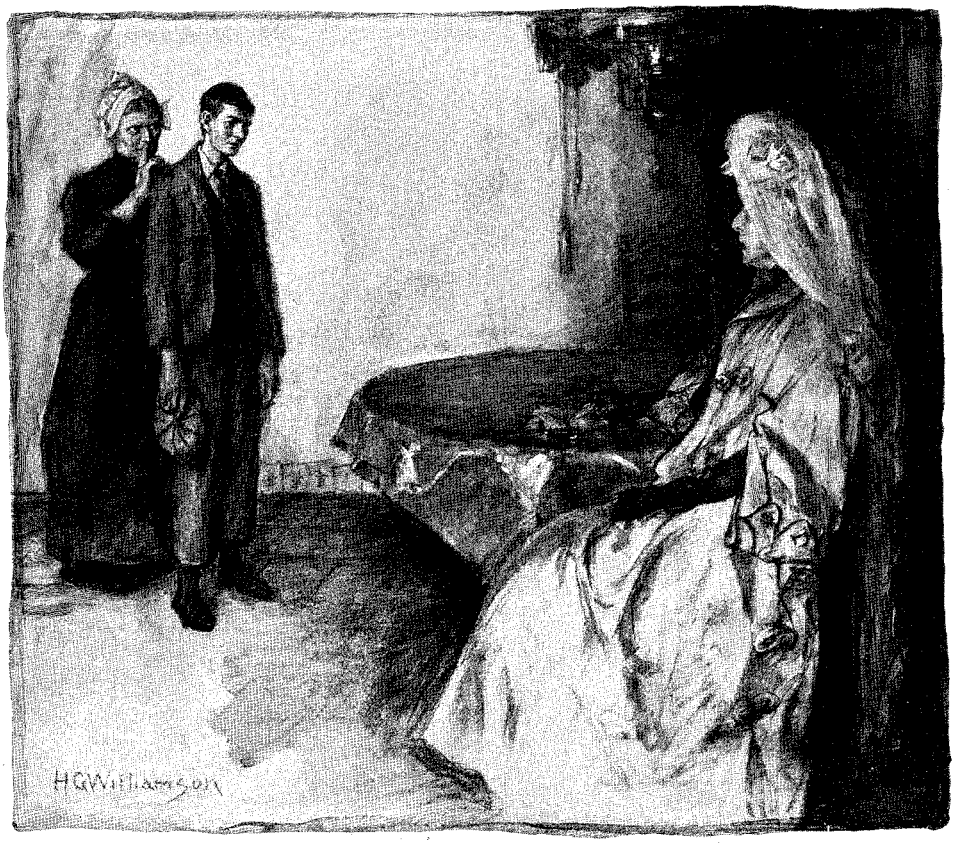
She—the visitor—spoke a few phrases about the road, the fine day, the pretty cottage—visibly perfunctory, making pretence.

Then she burst out: "Have you children? Yes, I know you have two. I have come about that."

Hannah also sat down, anxiously waiting.

"You will ask how I know?—I will tell you quite frankly. The Burgomaster of the village where you used to live, Voordorp, is a connection of friends of mine, so I heard, long ago, your story. I know you have a foster-son—was he the child of one of your relations?" She paused, as anxious as the other woman, if not more so.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A moment later she appeared with her son.—Page 204.

"He is a foundling," said Hannah, on her guard.

"No? A parish child! Well, that may suit all the better. I am a widow, alone in the world. It is a dreadful thing to be childless."

"Yes," said Hannah, suddenly softening. "I have often thought I should wish, in my loneliness, to have a son. But I don't want a baby, and it is very hard to get respectable parents to abandon a half-grown child."

She spoke these sentences as if trying to seem matter-of-fact; but, in reality, every nerve in her was faint with the strain. She showed it, catching her breath with each word or two, as the peasant woman listened in silence.

"I heard, rightly or wrongly, that you were, perhaps, not over-anxious to—to retain the—the foster-child: is that true?"

"It depends," replied Hannah slowly. "We have never thought of parting with him. We should have to feel very sure of his future. We should have to know a great deal about the—the person."

The visitor smiled, a mixture of pathos and hauteur. "I am rich, and he would be as my son to me."

"Where do you live?" asked Hannah suddenly.

"I am changing my residence. I should live where it was best for him. But this I must prepare you for—I shall go abroad."

"Germany?" cried Hannah. "The Rhine?"

The visitor smiled again: her voice grew calm, as the other's rose. "Germany is big," she said. "What makes you ask?"

"Nothing. Only that many work people go from here, so I know about the Rhine."

"I have thought of Bonn or Wiesbaden, places near there. The boy would have every comfort, every luxury. I have heard that you—have had losses. I should be glad to—to help you—a little."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"How much?" asked Hannah, too eagerly.

The wealthy petitioner drew back. "Not much," she said coldly. "There is no need. I should pay you a thousand guilders, in two payments of five hundred, once for all, and I should take the boy—for good."

"Only one thousand guilders!" cried Hannah.

"Yes—why should I pay you more?"

"But the boy? He would be rich. Have the best doctors? Live in a fine house."

"Is he ill?" cried the visitor, turning white.

"Not ill. But he isn't strong. I will fetch him."

"Is he here? I thought he would be at work somewhere. Is he—" But Hannah was already gone. A moment later she appeared with her son. She stood behind him, holding her finger to her lips.

The boy was tall and well-grown for his age: his ill-health and enforced leisure had given him an air of refinement and even a certain elegance. As he stood there, he certainly made an unexpectedly pleasing impression for a boy out of a carpenter's cottage on the Gelderland heath.

"And so you are Hendrik Caspers?" said the visitor. The two bright spots on her cheeks burned red.

"Yes, madam, at your service," he answered prettily.

With a start of pleasure she caught his accent, so different from that of the children in the city streets.

"You are a nice boy; have you been looking at my motor-car?"

"Yes, madam."

"Would you like to have a ride in a motor-car?"

"Very much, madam. Oh, mother——"

Hannah intervened, setting her face hard, avoiding his eyes. "Not to-day, at any rate," she said. "Some other time. Leave us now, Henk!"

But he dragged her out after him. "Who is that lady, mother? What does she want? Why mayn't I?" He stamped his foot. "I want to go in her motor. I'll run back." She clung to him.

"You're always spoiling my pleasure. You do it on purpose—" he pushed so roughly, she caught at her bosom. "Henk!——"

"I've little pleasure enough here, Heaven knows, in this beastly dull life; I hate it! I wish I was dead!"

"Henk, listen to me——"

"I hate it, I hate it. Always ill and no sort of fun. If she wants me in her motor-car——"

"She shall have you! Oh, Henk, listen to me!"

It was all poured out in one hurried moment of fierce whispers behind the door. She was only too accustomed to his querulous complaints—but till now, but till now—they had been empty, useless complaints!

She went back to the visitor: "I must speak to his father, of course," she said. "I don't know what to think or say."

"His father—yes," answered the lady, turning to the door. "Yes, of course, his—father. The boy might have been much worse."

"What do you mean?" demanded the woman.

"It would be so different if I had come for your own child. Is he at work with his father?"

"Yes, out for the day."

"Just so. To-morrow I shall come for your reply—and the boy. What we do, we must do at once or not at all."

"Might I know your name, Madam?"

"Certainly. The Baroness van Brest, at the Hôtel du Soleil, Zutfen."

The woman in the cottage flung her apron over her head and fell, weeping as she never had wept, on the deal table. The woman in the motor-car sat erect, white and tearless.

"The boy is better than one could have imagined—better than one could have imagined," she said over and over again.

Next evening, when the older Hendrik, the bread-winner of seventeen, came back from his work, he found that he was the only son henceforth. "The poor brute has gone away to be rich," said the father, with a gulp. "In a motor-car to Germany. To a big hotel at Bonn."

"Yes, to Bonn—to the Royal Hotel," said the mother, stirring the pot.

Hendrik gazed from one to the other. "Gone?" he echoed, "Henk?"

"Yes, gone for good—to be rich," said the father, piling up his agony.

"But then you—you haven't got any son left of your own."

An oath burst from the father; the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by H. G. Williamson.

"Hush!" cried the husband, and struck his hand on the table.—Page 206.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mother turned, screaming, from her fire: "You lie! You lie, you blackguard! What do you mean? How dare you? What do you——"

"Hush!" cried the husband, and struck his hand on the table. "What makes you talk like that Hendrik?"

"Why—I—I—"the lad shifted his feet Of course, I know I'm not really your son."

"You know—you know——"

"Hush, wife. What do you mean, Hendrik?"

"Why, father, I heard you say once, yourself, when I was a boy, that I was 'Nobody's Child,' and I asked what that meant, and they told me. And I found out how you'd taken me in, and that's why I love you all I can."

"But why did you never speak of it to us?"

"I thought it'd hurt you, as you never spoke of it to me," said Hendrik.

As soon as they were alone: "He knows nothing of the five thousand guilders," said the wife to the husband. "Which were ours," replied the husband.

"So I've lost them both in one day!" said the red-eyed wife.

That morning, she had summoned, after a sleepless night, a heroism which surely women alone find cause to develop, and she had said to her own son, in the gray light of the kitchen: "You will hear, perhaps, that you aren't our child, Henk. Don't talk about it, but don't contradict it. It is true."

"Why—whose child am I?" asked Henk.

"We don't know. You were found on our door step. You are going to be this grand lady's child now."

"It's a good thing she didn't ask for Hendrik," remarked Henk.

"We—we—our own—you see—" she fell in a heap on the floor, and he cried out to her, half angrily, not to take on so.

He did not take on, in his new German life, with the Baroness who bade him call her mother; it would have been unnatural to expect him to grieve; a fairy godmother she was to him—he lived in fairy land—a villa by the Rhine, with a rose-garden around it, servants, a daily doctor, a motor-car. A certain monotony, for the Baroness van Brest had few acquaintances in this foreign town and seemed not to desire any. She had one all-absorbing interest: she was passionately musical and, in this birthplace of Beethoven, of music she could take her fill. "The boy has not that taste," she complained: he sang hopelessly out of tune. When he said he felt tired, she protested irritably, but she gradually learned to understand, inexhaustibly healthy herself, that he really was delicate. Then, unable to combat illness, she sent for the daily doctor. And she said the boy had been shamefully neglected. The doctor willingly said it also. Presently Henk said it, with a growing grievance against his parents—his "foster-parents"—to whom he now very seldom wrote.

On the whole he was good-tempered at first, childishly pleased with all his novel gewgaws. Only her resolve to have him taught something—lessons—he fought.

They clashed—he had a fit of asthma in the night, and she gave way. Some weeks later she tried again, with no better success.

He would moon about the place all day, except when he went out with her in the motor. He ate sweets, and wanted pocket money for that, and for an inordinate pleasure in dress. After all, he was a great lad of sixteen: she closed the door—sometimes with a slight bang—on herself and her piano. The doctor said he must on no account be "overstrained."

After a time he got into very real mischief, in spite of his ill-health, but this he succeeded in entirely concealing from her. Only it caused him to claim a larger allowance; they almost quarrelled over that. He had a long illness—pneumonia, caught overnight—she nursed him through that with maternal devotion. Picking up far too slowly, through months of semi-convalescence, he moped, and the doctor said he ought to have a companion.

"I want Hendrik," he declared, after the doctor had gone. She objected, and they had what Henk called "a row." But he returned to the charge, as was his habit.

"He can come as your servant," said the Baroness at last. "He will be good to you, and, besides, he will have to stay, while three have given notice since you were ill."

"You've never felt pain, mother," replied Henk.

"Yes, I have felt pain," replied the Baroness, and looked out of the window and back at her "foster-son."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She got up to kiss him, vehemently.

Hendrik wrote at first that he could not leave the folks at home, but Henk cried with rage and regret over the letter, so the Baroness had to make it worth the Casperses' while almost to drive the young carpenter from their house. "I know what it must cost you to part from your child," she wrote. Hannah made an attempt to come also.

Henk himself replied: "My dear foster-mother, you wouldn't like this place. I will come and see you next summer." He had written the same thing a year before. "Shall I put 'Vrouw Caspers,' mother?" he asked. "Better put 'foster-mother' this once more and 'Vrouw Caspers' next time," replied the Baroness gently. "You can't have two mothers all your life." "No, it sounds like having none," said Henk. He checked himself, irritably.

"Nor have I!" he exclaimed. "Oh, you have!" cried the Baroness. "You have!" She got up to kiss him, vehemently.

"Kisses don't make me your child," he said. "But love does," she replied. "Yes, love tells me you are mine."

Hendrik arrived to attend on the invalid. The great lady received him with cool kind-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness and inquired after his parents. She instructed him carefully as to his duties with Henk, and especially recommended him to realize the change in their relations. "I quite understand that, or I shouldn't have come," replied Hendrik quietly. He was very humble and civil, a little awkward, of course. The Baroness took little further notice of him. Once or twice she looked up at him curiously, when he put his hand to his forehead in doubt, and the first time she heard him laugh, on the staircase, she paused, thunderstruck. But he didn't laugh often, Henk was a ceaseless worry, exacting, querulous, offensively rude.

"Don't leave!" begged the doctor, after a scene, when the patient had thrown a plate of soup over his big foster-brother.

"He's already worn out half a dozen valets, but he can't last long!" "Good Heavens!" cried Hendrik, so shaken he had difficulty in restraining his tears.

"Don't breathe a word to the Baroness, for God's sake," said the doctor.

Ill as the invalid was, Hendrik soon discovered that, with the buoyancy of a lung complaint, he was not too ill to motor. That diversion also carried him to far-away distractions, of which the Baroness would never hear. And when Hendrik protested against such pastimes the sick youth would tell him to remember that he, Hendrik, was only a common carpenter's son.

Henk had gradually convinced himself that he was the son of some noble who had deserted a mother too lowly for such a son to care about. Probably long dead.

On one of these motor-escapades there occurred what might easily have happened any time, and what Hendrik had dreaded from the first. In a disreputable tavern a drunken and dissolute affray broke out, only a few moments' heated collision, in which Hendrik foolishly flung himself between the two combatants. When it was over, Henk stood unwounded and trembling, but Hendrik lay with a knife in his breast. A gendarme was in the house before any one had thought this possible: nothing could be hushed up. By the time Hendrik had been got to the hospital, the Baroness van Brest was there, waiting for him. They brought her to the bedside.

"You have saved my son," she said, trembling from head to foot, as she had trembled on that day when she came to the cottage in Gelderland.

He smiled wanly: then he grew very grave.

"Mevrouw, you must tell him not to go to those places again!"

Her lips curled in scorn of all she had heard, in the last half hour, from the pitiless superintendent of police.

"You must say good-by for me," he whispered, "to the—folks—at home."

She sank down by the bed and burst out weeping. "You are dying for him—for my son!" she sobbed. "Oh, how will your mother bear it! How can I ever tell her? Your poor mother! Your poor, poor mother!"

The doctor stepped forward: "Hush!" he said. "Recollect——"

But the dying man motioned him aside. To see his mistress, the great lady, weeping thus was more than Hendrik's humility could endure. "She'll be sorry enough," he gasped. "But not—not like a real mother! Don't be too—too unhappy, Mevrouw. She wasn't my—real mother. It doesn't matter now—but don't tell."

The Baroness van Brest caught at his coverlid. She bent over the bed. "I don't understand," she said. "What do you say? Not your mother? Vrouw Caspers? Who was your mother?"

"I don't know. I was—Nobody's child."

"But Henk?"

"Yes, she's got Henk still, you see. Henk's her own: that's different. You must let Henk be good to her now, Mevrouw—for my sake. And the doctor must—must—must cure Henk."

"I don't understand—" But she understood only too well. How the woman had divined the mother on that August morning, had dreaded all allusion to the wasted money, had put forward the sick son instead of the foundling, had lied to her, cheated her, robbed her—robbed her of what?"

She stood, trying to see into her agony, to see through it, to comprehend, to remember. That brush of the hand across the forehead—that laugh!

"Your servant is dead, Frau Baronin," said the doctor.

She fell upon the bed without a cry, and rained kisses on the silent face.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

VII

THE HEGIRA

IN my ménage was a bull terrier puppy—brindled, bow-legged and bold—at least, Jeams declared Dix to be a bull-pup of purest blood when he sold him to me for five dollars and a suit of clothes that had cost sixty. I subsequently found that he had given a quarter for him to a negro stable-boy who had been sent to dispose of him. Like the American people, he was of many strains; but he proved to have good stuff in him, and he had the soul of a lion. One eye was bleared, a memento of some early and indiscreet insolence to some decisive clawed cat; his ears had been crookedly clipped and one perked out, the other in, and his tail had been badly bobbed; but was as expressive as the immortal Rab's eloquent stump. He feared and followed Jeams, but he adored me. To lie and blink at me by the hour was his chief occupation. To crawl up and lick my hand, or failing that, my boot, was his heaven.

I always felt that with all my faults, which none knew like myself, there must be some basic good in me to inspire so devoted a love.

When I determined to leave for the West the night of my final break with Lilian Poole, in my selfishness I forgot Dix; but when I reached home that night sobered and solitary, there was Dix with his earnest, adoring gaze, his shrewd eye fixed on me, and his friendly twist of the back. His joy at my mere presence consoled me and gave me spirit, though it did not affect my decision.

Jeams, who had followed me from college, at times hung around my office, carried Miss Poole my notes and flowers and, in the hour of my prosperity, blossomed out in a gorgeousness of apparel that partly accounted for my heavy expense account, as well as for the rapid disappearance of the little private stock I occasionally kept or tried to keep in a deceptive looking desk which I used as a sideboard for myself and friends. He usually wore an old suit of mine in which he looked surprisingly well, but on occasions he wore a long-tailed coat, a red necktie and a large soft, light hat which, cocked on the side of his head, gave him the air of an Indian potentate. I think he considered himself in some sort a partner. He always referred to me and my business as "us" and "our" business, and, on some one's asking him derisively if he were a partner of mine, he replied, "Oh, no, sir, only what you might term a minor connectee of the Captain." He was, however, a very useful fellow, being ready to do anything in the world I ordered, except when he was tight or had some piece of rascality on foot—occasions by no means rare. He wore, at election time, a large and flaming badge announcing that he was something in his party—the opposite party to mine; but I have reason to believe that when I was in politics he perjured himself freely and committed other crimes against the purity of the ballot on which economists declare all Representative Government is founded. One of my ardent friends once informed me that he thought I ought not to allow Jeams to wear that badge—it was insulting me openly. I told him that he was a fool, that I was so afraid Jeams would insist on my wearing one, too, I was quite willing to compromise. In fact, I had gotten rather dependent on him. Then he and I held such identical views as to Peck, not to mention some other mutual acquaintances, and Jeams could show his contempt in such delightfully insolent ways.

I had intimated to Jeams some time before, immediately after my first serious reverse in the stock market, that I was no longer as flush as I had been and that unless affairs looked up I might move on to fresh pastures—or, possibly, I put it, to a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wider field for the exercise of my powers; whereupon he promptly indicated his intention to accompany me and share my fortune. But I must say, he showed plainly his belief that it was a richer pasture which I was contemplating moving into, and he viewed the prospect with a satisfaction much like that of a cat which, in the act of lapping milk, has cream set before it. The only thing that puzzled him was that he could not understand why I wanted more than I had. He said so plainly.

"What you want to go 'way for, Cap'n? Whyn't you stay where you is? You done beat 'em all—evy one of 'em——"

"Oh! no, I haven't."

"Go 'way f'om here—you is an' you know you is—dthat's the reason you carry yo' head so high." (He little knew the true reason.) "An' if you hadn't, all you got to do is to walk in yonder—up yonder (with a toss of his head in the direction of Miss Poole's home), an' hang up your hat and den you ain got nuthin' to do but jus' write yo' checks."

I laughed at Jeams's idea of the situation, and of old Poole's son-in-law's position. But it was rather a bitterer laugh than he suspected. To soothe my conscience and also to draw him out, I said, though I did not then really think it possible:

"Why, she's going to marry Peck."

Jeams turned around and actually spat out his disgust.

"What, dthat man!" Then, as he looked at me to assure himself that I was jesting, and finding a shade less amusement in my countenance than he had expected, he uttered a wise speech.

"Well, I tell you, Cap'n—if dthat man gits her he ought to have her, 'cause he done win her an' you ain't know how to play de game. You done discard de wrong card."

I acknowledged in my heart that he had hit the mark, and I laughed a little less bitterly, which he felt—as did Dix, lying against my foot which he suddenly licked twice.

"An' I'll tell you another thing—you's well rid of her. Ef she likes dthat man bes', let him have her, and you git another one. Der's plenty mo', jes' as good and better, too, and you'll meck her sorry some day. Dthat's de way I does. If dey wants somebody else, I let's 'em have 'em. It's better to let 'em have 'em befo' than after."

When Jeams walked out of my room, he had on a suit which I had not had three months, and a better suit than I was able to buy again in as many years. But he had paid me well for it. I had in mind his wise saying when I faced Lilian Poole without a cent on earth, with all gone except my new-born resolution and offered her only myself, and as I walked out of her gate I consoled myself with Jeams's wisdom.

When I left Miss Poole I walked straight home, and having let nobody know, I spent the evening packing up and destroying old letters and papers and odds and ends; among them, all of Lilian Poole's letters and other trash. At first, I found myself tending to reading over and keeping a few letters and knickknacks; but as I read over the letters and found how stiff, measured, and vacant her letters were as compared with my burning epistles, in which I had poured out my heart, my wrath rose and I consigned them all to the flames, whose heat was the only warmth they had ever known.

I was in the midst of this sombre occupation with no companion but my angry reflections and no witness but Dix, who was plainly aware that something unusual was going on and showed his intense anxiety, in the only method that dull humanity has yet learned to catalogue as Dog-talk: by moving around, wagging his stump of a twist-tail and making odd, uneasy sounds and movements. His evident uneasiness about me presently attracted my attention and I began to think what I should do with him. I knew old Mrs. Upshur would take and care for him as she would for anything of mine; but Dix, though the best tempered of canines, had his standards which he lived up to like a gentleman and he brooked no insolence from his inferiors or equals and admitted no superiors. Moreover, he needed outdoor exercise as all sound creatures do and this poor, old decrepit Mrs. Upshur could not give him. I discarded for one reason or another my many acquaintances, and gradually Jeams took precedence in my mind and held it against all reasoning. He was drunken and worthless—he would possibly, at times, neglect Dix, and at others, would certainly testify his pride in him and prove his confidence by making him fight; but he adored the dog and he feared me somewhat. As

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I wavered there was a knock and Jeams walked in. He was dressed in my long frock coat and his large, gray hat was on the back of his head,—a sure sign that he was tight, even had not his dishevelled collar and necktie and his perspiring countenance given evidence of his condition. As he stood in the door, his hand went up to his hat; but at sight of the room, he dropped it before he could reach the hat and simply stared at me in blank amazement.

"Hi! What you doin'?" he stammered.

"Packing up."

"Where you goin'?"

"Going away."

"When you comin' back?"

"Never."

"What! Well, damned if I ain' gwine wid you, then."

The tone was so sincere and he was evidently so much in earnest that a lump sprang into my throat. I turned away to keep him from seeing that I was moved and it was to keep him still from finding out, that I turned on him with well feigned savageness as he entered the room.

"You look like going with me, don't you! You drunken scoundrel! Take your hat off, sir"—for in his confusion he had wholly forgotten his manners. They now came back to him.

"Ixcuse me—Cap'n" (with a low bow). "Ixcuse me, suh. I al'ays removes my hat in the presence of the ladies and sech distinguished gent'mens as yourself, suh; but, Cap'n——"

"Drunken rascal!" I muttered, still to hide my feeling.

"Cap'n— I ain' drunk—I'll swear I ain' had a drink not in—" He paused for an appropriate term and gave it up. "—Not in—I'll swear on a stack of Bibles as—as high as Gen'l Washin's monument—you bring it heah—is you got a Bible? You smell my breath!"

"Smell your breath! I can't smell anything but your breath. Open that window!"

"Yes, suh," and the window was meanderingly approached, but not reached, for he staggered slightly and caught on a chair.

"Cap'n, I ain' had a drink for a year—I'll swear to dthat. I'll prove it to you. I ain' had a cent to buy one wid in a month—I was jus' comin' roun' to ast you to gi' me one—jus' to git de dust out o' my throat."

"Dust! Clean those things up there and get some dust in your throat."

"Yes, suh—yes, suh—Cap'n"—insinuatingly, as his eye fell on Dix, who was standing looking attentively first at me and then at Jeams, completely mystified by my tone, but ready to take a hand if there was any need for him. "Cap'n——"

"Well, what is it? What do you want now?"

"Will you lend me a hunderd?"

"A hundred dollars?"

"Yes, suh—you see——"

"No. I'll give you a hundred licks if you don't get to work and clean up that floor."

"Cap'n—yes, suh—I'm gwine to clean 't up—but, Cap'n——"

"Well?"

"I'll let you in—jes' len' me ten—or five—or jes' one dollar—hit's a cinch—Lord! I can meck ten for one jist as easy—Dee don' know him—Dee think he ain' nuthing but a cur dawg—dats what I told 'em. And I'll meck you all de money in the worl'—I will dat."

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, you see, hits dthis away—I wouldn' bother you if dat yaller bar-keeper nigger hadn' clean me up wid them d——d loaded bones of hisn—jis' stole it from me—yes, suh—jis'——"

"Cleaned you up? When?"

"Dthis very evenin'—I had seventeen dollars right in my pocket, heah. You ax Mr. Wills if I didn't. He seen me have it—I had jes' got it, too——"

"You liar—you just now told me you hadn't had a cent in a month and now you say you had seventeen dollars this evening." Jeams reared himself up.

"I toll you dthat?" He was now steadying himself with great gravity and trying to keep his eyes fixed on me.

"Yes."

"No, sir. I never toll you dthat in this worl'! 'Cause 'twould a been a lie—and I wouldn' tell you a lie for nuthin' on earth—I never had no seventeen dollars."

"I know you didn't—I know that's true, unless you stole it; but you said——"

"No, sir—what I said was—dthat if you'd len' me seventeen dollars I'd take Dix there and kill any dawg dthat yaller nigger up yonder in the Raleigh Hotel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could trot out. I didn' keer what he was—and I said I'd—give you a hundred dollars out of the skads I picked up—dthat's what I said, and you got it wrong."

"You'll do what?"

"You see, hit's this away—dthat big-moufed, corn-fed yaller nigger—he was allowin' dthat Mr. Mulligan had a dawg could chaw up any dawg dis side o' torment, and I 'lowed him a ten dthat I had one 's could lick H—l out o' any Mulligan or Mulligan's dawg top o' groun'—'n' dthat you'd len' me th' ten to put up."

"Well, you've lost one ten anyway—I won't lend you a cent, and if I catch you fighting Dix, I'll give you the worst lambing you ever had since Justice John had you skinned for stealing those chickens."

Jeams threw up his eyes in reprobation.

"Now, Cap'n—you know I never stole dem chickens—dthat old jestice he jes' sentenced me 'cause you was my counsel an' 'cause I was a nigger an' he had'n had a chance at me befo'—I bet if I'd give' him half de money 'sted o' payin' you, he'd a' let me off mighty quick."

"Pay me! you never paid me a cent in your life."

"Well, I promised to pay you, didn' I? An' ain't dthat de same thin'?"

"Not by a big sight——"

"Dthat's de way gent'mens does."

"Oh! do they?"

Jeams came back to the main theme.

"Mr. Hen, ain' you gwine let me have dem ten dollars, sho' nough? Hit's jes' like pickin' money up in de road: Dix kin kill dat dawg befo' you ken say Jack Roberson."

"Jeams," I said, "look at me!"

"Yes, suh, I'm lookin'," and he was.

"I am going away to-night——"

"Well, I'm gwine width you, I ain' gwine stay heah by myself after you and Dix is gone."

"No, you can't do that. I don't know yet exactly where I am going, I have not yet decided. I am going West—to a big city."

"Dthat's where I want to go—" interrupted Jeams.

"And when I get settled I'll send for Dix—I'm going to leave him with you."

"Yes, suh, I'll teck keer of him sure. I'll match him against any dawg in dthis town—he can kill dthat dawg of dthat yaller nigger's——"

"No, if you put him in a fight, I'll kill you the first time I see you—d'you hear?"

"Yes, suh—I ain' gwine put him in no fight. But ef he gits in a fight—you know he's a mighty high-spirited—dawg—he don' like dawgs to come nosin' roun' him. Hit sort o' aggrivates him. An' ef he should——?"

"I'll whip you as sure as you live——"

"Jes' ef he should?"

"Yes—if you let him."

"No, suh, I ain' gwine let him. You lef him wid me."

And though I knew that he was lying, I was content to leave the dog with him; for I was obliged to leave him with some one and I knew he loved this dog and hoped my threat would, at least, keep him from anything that might hurt him.

I drifted out to the Club later and casually dropped the information that I was going away. I do not think it made much impression on my friends there—in fact, I hardly think they took the information seriously. They were a kindly lot, but took life lightly.

When I left town at midnight, the rain was pouring down and there was no one at the dreary station to see me off but Jeams and Dix, and as the train pulled out I stood on the platform to say good-by to Jeams, who was waving his right hand sadly, while with the other, he gripped the collar of the dejected Dix who, with his eyes on me, struggled viciously.

Suddenly Dix turned on his captor with a snarl and snap which startled Jeams so that he let him go, then whirling about, he tore after the train which was just beginning to quicken its speed. He had to rush over ties and switch rods but he caught up and made a spring for the step. He made good his footing, but Jeams was running and waving wildly, and, with his voice in my ears, I pushed the dog off with my foot and saw him roll over. Nothing daunted, however, he picked himself up and with another rush, sprang again for the step. This time only his forefeet caught and he hung on by them for a second, then began to slip—inch by inch he was slipping off as I stood watching him, when, under an impulse, fearing that he might be killed, I suddenly reached down and caught him just in time to pull him up, and taking him in my arms, I bore him into the car. I con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fess that as I felt him licking my hands, a warmer feeling than I had had for some time came around my heart which had been like a lump of ice during these last days, and I was glad no one was near by who knew me. I made up my mind that, come what might, I would hold on to my one faithful friend.

VIII

PADAN-ARAM

I FIRST went to the town in which lived the relative, the cousin of my father's whom I have mentioned. I knew my father's regard for him. I think it was this and his promise about me that made me go to him now. I thought he might help me, at least, with advice, and possibly by giving me a desk in his office.

I left my trunk and Dix at the hotel and called on him at his large office. In my loneliness, I was full of a new-born feeling of affection for this sole kinsman. I thought, perhaps, he might possibly even make me an offer to remain with him and eventually succeed to his practice. I had not seen him two seconds, however, before I knew this was folly. When I had sent in my name by an obtrusive-eyed office-boy, I was kept waiting for some time in the outer office where the office-boy loudly munched an apple, and a couple of clerks whispered to each other with their eyes on the private office-door. And when I was ushered in, he gave me a single keen look as I entered and went on writing without asking me to sit down, and I would not sit without an invitation. When he had finished he looked up, and nodded his head with a sort of jerk toward a chair. He was a large man with a large head, short gray hair, a strong nose, a heavy chin, and gray eyes close together, without the kindliness either of age or of youth. I took a step toward him and in some embarrassment began to speak rapidly. I called him "Cousin," for blood had always counted for a great deal with us, and I had often heard my father speak of him with pride. But his sharp look stopped me.

"Take a seat," he said, more in a tone of command than of invitation, and called me "Mister." It was like plunging me into a colder atmosphere. I did not sit down, but I was so far into my sentence I could not well stop. So I went on and asked him what he thought of my settling there, growing more and more embarrassed and hot with every word.

"Have you any money?" he asked shortly.

"Not a cent."

"Well, I have none to lend you. You need not count on me. I would advise—" But I did not wait for him to finish. I had got hold of myself and was self-possessed enough now.

"I did not ask you to lend me any money, either," I said, straightening myself up. "I did ask you to give me some advice; but now I do not want that or anything else you have, d——n you! I made a mistake in coming to you, for I am abundantly able to take care of myself."

Of course, I know now that he had something on his side. He supposed me a weak, worthless dog, if not a "dead-beat." But I was so angry with him I could not help saying what I did. I stalked out and slammed the door behind me with a bang that made the glass in the sash rattle; and the two or three young men, busy in the outer office, looked up in wonder. I went straight to the hotel and took the train to the biggest city my money would get me to. I thought a big city offered the best chances for me, and, at least, would hide me. I think the fact that I had once written a brief for Mr. Poole in the matter of his interest in street-car lines there helped me in my selection.

I travelled that night and the next day and the night following, and partly because my money was running low and partly on Dix's account, I rode in a day-coach. The first night and day passed well enough, but the second night I was tired and dusty and lonely.

On the train that night I spent some serious hours. Disappointment is the mother of depression and the grandmother of reflection. I took stock of myself and tried to peer into the dim and misty future, and it was gloomy work. Only one who has started out with the world in fee and after throwing it away in sheer recklessness of folly, suddenly hauls up to find himself bankrupt of all he had spurned in his pride: a homeless and friendless wanderer on the face of the earth, may imagine what I went through. I learned that night what the ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ile feels; I dimly felt what the outcast experiences. And I was sensible that I had brought it all on myself. I had wantonly wasted all my substance in riotous living and I had no father to return to—not even swine to keep in a strange land. I faced myself on the train that night and the effigy I gazed on I admitted to be a fool.

The train, stuffy and hot, lagged and jolted and stopped, and still I was conscious of only that soul-shifting process of self-facing. At times I dozed or even slept very soundly; for, doubled up like a jack-knife, as I was, I could not efface myself even in my sleep. But when I waked, there was still myself—grim, lonely, homeless—haunting me like a stabbed corpse chained to my side.

I was recalled to myself at last by the whimpering of children packed in a seat across the aisle from me. They were hungry and wretched. There were five of them, red-cheeked and dirty; complaining to their mother who, worn and bedraggled herself, yet never lost patience with one or raised her voice above the soothing pitch in all her consoling.

At first I was annoyed by them; then I was amused; then I wondered at her, and at last, I almost envied her, so lonely was I and so content was she with her little brood.

Hitched on to the train the second night was a private car said to be that of a vice-president of the road. The name of the official, which I learned later, was the same as that of an old college friend of my father's, and I had often heard my father mention him as his successful rival with his first sweetheart, and he used to tease my mother by recalling the charms of Kitty MacKenzie, the young lady in question, and whose red golden hair, he declared the most beautiful hair that ever crowned a mortal head. While my mother, I remember, insisted that her hair was merely carroty, and that her beauty, while undeniable, was distinctly of the milkmaid type—a shaft which was well aimed, for my mother's beauty was of the delicate, aristocratic type. The fact had been that Mr. Leigh had been a suitor of hers before my father met her, and having been discarded by her, had consoled himself with the pretty girl, to whom my father had been attentive before he met and fell "head over heels in love" with a new star at a college ball.

Mr. Leigh, I knew, had gone West, and grown up to be a banker, and I wondered if by any chance he could be the same person.

The train should have reached my destination in time for breakfast, and we had all looked forward to it and made our arrangements accordingly. The engine, however, which had been put on somewhere during the night, had "given out," and we were not only five hours late, but were no longer able to keep steadily even the snail's pace at which we had been crawling all night. The final stop came on a long, upgrade in a stretch of broken country sparsely settled, and though once heavily wooded, now almost denuded. Here the engine, after a last, futile, gasping effort, finally gave up, and the engineer descended for the dozenth time to see "what he could do about it." To make matters worse, the water in our car had given out, and though we had been passing streams a little before, there was no water in sight where we stopped. It soon became known that we should have to wait until a brakeman could walk to the nearest telegraph station, ten miles off, and have another engine despatched to our aid from a town thirty or more miles away. So long as there had been hope of keeping on, however faint, there had been measurable content, and the grumbling which had been heard at intervals all the latter part of the night, had been sporadic and subdued; but now, when the last hope was gone, and it was known that we were at last "stuck" for good, there was an outbreak of ill humor from the men, though the women in the car still kept silent, partly subdued by their dishevelled condition and partly because they were content for once, while listening to the men. Now and then a man who had been forward would come back into the car, and address some one present, or speak to the entire car, and in the silence that fell, every one listened until he had delivered himself. But no one had yet given a satisfactory explanation of the delay.

At last, a man who sat near me gave an explanation. "The engine lost time because it had too heavy a load. It's a heavy train, anyway, and they put a private car on and the engine could not pull it, that's all that's the matter." He spoke with the finality of a judge, and sat back in his seat,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and we all knew that he had hit the mark, and given the true cause. Henceforward he was regarded with respect. He really knew things. I insensibly took note of him. He was a middle-sized, plain-looking man with bright eyes and a firm mouth. Whether by a coincidence or not, just at that moment something appeared to have given way in the car: babies began to cry; children to fret and the elders to fume and grumble. In a short time every one in the car was abusing the railroad and its management. Their inconsiderateness, their indifference to the comfort of their passengers.

"They pay no more attention to them and take no more care of them than if they were so many cattle," growled a man. "I couldn't get a single berth last night." He was a big, sour-looking fellow, who wore patent-leather shoes on his large feet, and a silk hat, now much rubbed, and a dirty silk handkerchief was tucked in his soiled collar, and in his soiled shirt front showed a supposititious diamond.

"Not as much—for, at least, they water them," said another, "they care nothing about their comfort."

"Unless they ride in a Pullman," interjected the man near me, who had explained the situation.

The woman with the five children suddenly turned. "And that's true, too," she said. Off and on all night they had between naps, begged for water, and the mother had trudged back and forth with the patience of an Egyptian water-carrier, but now the water had given out, and the younger ones had been whimpering because they were hungry. A chorus in which, as the hours dragged on, the other children joined.

I went forward, and about the engine, where I stood for a time, looking on while we waited, I heard further criticism of the road, but along a different line, from the trainmen:

"Well, I'll have to stand it," said one of them. "That one on the C. B. and B. D. taught me a lesson. I was pretty well fixed then—had a nice house and lot 'most paid for in the Building Company, and the furniture all paid for, except a few instalments, and it all went. I thought we'd 'a' starved that winter—and my wife's been sick ever since."

"I know," said his friend, "but if they cut down we've got to fight. I'm willin' to starve to beat 'em."

"You may be; but you ain't got little children and a sick wife."

A little later I saw the flashily dressed man with the dirty handkerchief talking to him, and insisting that they should fight the company: "We'll bring 'em to their knees," he said, with many oaths.

I went back to my car. Presently matters grew so bad in the car that my sympathies for the children were aroused, and I determined to see if I could not ameliorate the conditions somewhat. I went back to the Pullman car to see if there was any chance of buying some food: but the haggard looking porter said there was nothing on the car. "They usually go in to breakfast," he explained. My only chance would be the private car behind. So, after I had been forward and ascertained that we would not get away for at least an hour more, I went back and offered to take off and look after the older children of the little family. "I am going to take my dog for a run; I'll take the little folks too." The mother with a baby in her arms and a child, hardly more than a baby, tugging at her, looked unutterably tired, and was most grateful to me. I took the older children and went down the bank, and turning back, began to pick wild flowers beside the track. As we passed the private car, the door opened, and the cook tossed a waiterful of scraps out on the ground on which both Dixie and the children threw themselves. But, though there was plenty of bread, it had all been ruined by being in the slop-water; so Dixie was soon left in undisturbed possession.

A little beyond we came on a young girl engaged in the same occupation as ourselves. Her back was toward us, but her figure was straight and supple, and her motions easy and full of spring. The sight of the young girl so fresh and cool, with the morning sun shining on a thick coil of shining hair quite revived me. I drew near to get a good look at her and also to be within shot of a chance to speak to her should opportunity offer. If I were a novelist trying to describe her I should say that she was standing just at the foot of a bank with a clump of green bushes behind her, her arms full of flowers which she had gathered. For all these were there, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might have been created there for her, so harmonious were they with the fresh young face above them and the pliant form which clasped them. I might further have likened her to Proserpine with her young arms full of blossoms from Sicilian meads; for she resembled her in other ways than in embracing flowers and breathing fragrance as she stood in the morning light. But truth to tell, it was only later that I thought of these. The first impression I received, as it will be the last, was of her eyes. Dimples, and snow-white teeth; changing expression where light and shadow played, with every varying feeling, and color came and went like roses thrown on lilies, and lilies on roses, all came to me later on. But that was in another phase. Her eyes were what I saw at first and never since have I seen the morning or the evening star swimming in rosy light but they have come back to me. I remember I wore a blue suit and had on an old yachting cap, which I had gotten once when on a short cruise with a friend. I was feeling quite pleased with myself. She suddenly turned.

"Are you the brakeman?"

"No, I am not." I could scarcely help laughing at my sudden fall. "But perhaps I can serve you?" I added.

"Oh! I beg pardon! No, I thank you. I only wanted to ask— However, it is nothing."

Dix had, on being let out, and satisfying himself that I was coming along, made a wild dash down the bank and alongside the train, and now on his return rush, catching sight of the young lady in her fresh frock, without waiting for the formality of an introduction, he made a dash for her and sprang up on her as if he had known her all his life. I called to him, but it was too late, and before I could stop him, he was up telling her what after my first look at her, I should have liked to tell her myself: what a sweet charming creature we thought her.

Dixie had no scruples of false pride inculcated by a foolish convention of so called society. He liked her and said so, and she liked him for it, while I was glad to shine for a moment in the reflected glory of being his master.

"What a fine dog!" she exclaimed as she patted him, addressing the children, who, with soiled clothes and tousled heads, were gazing at the spick-and-span apparition in open-mouthed wonder. "How I envy you such a dog."

"He ain't ours, he belongs to him," said the child, pointing to me, as I stooped at a little distance pretending to pull blossoms while I listened.

"Oh! Who is he? Is he your father?" My face was averted.

"Oh! no. We don't know who he is; he just took us so."

"Took you so?"

"You see," explained the next older one, "our mother, she's got the baby and Janet, and the gentleman, he said he would take us and get some wild flowers, because we hadn't had any breakfast, and that dog"— But the dog was forgotten on the instant.

"Have not had any breakfast!" exclaimed the young lady with astonishment.

"No; you see, we had some bread last night but that's given out. *She* ate the last piece last night—" (she pointed at the smallest child)—"and we were so hungry; she cried, and Mamma cried, and that gentleman——"

By this time I had turned and I now stepped forward. I confess, that as I turned, wrath was in my heart, but at sight of that horrified face, in its sympathy, my anger died away.

"Oh! and to think what I wasted! How did it happen?"

"The train was late and they had expected to get in to breakfast, but the engine gave out," I explained.

"And they have not had any breakfast?"

"No one on the train."

"You see," chimed in the oldest girl, glad to be able to add information, "the train's heavy anyway, and they put a private car on, and it was more than the engine could pull, that's all that's the matter."

The young lady turned to me:

"Do you mean that our car has caused all this trouble?"

I nodded. "I don't know about 'all,' but it helped."

"You poor little dears!" she said, rushing to the children, "come with me." And, taking the youngest child by the hand, she hurried to the rear steps of the car, with the others close behind, while Dixie, who appeared to know what was in store, walked close beside her knee, as much as to say, "Don't leave me out."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As the train stood on an embankment, the step was too high for her to climb up, so I offered to put the children up on the top step for her. Then came the difficulty of her getting up herself. She called the porter, but the door was shut and there was no answer.

"Let me help you up, too," I said. "Here, you can reach the rail, and step in my hand and spring up. I can help you perfectly well—as though you were mounting a horse," I added, seeing her hesitate. And, without giving her time to think, I stooped and lifted her to the step. As she sprang up, the door opened, and a portly lady, richly dressed and with several diamond rings on, came out on the platform. She gazed on the little group with astonishment.

"Why, Eleanor, what is this? Who are these?"

"They are some poor children, Aunt, who have had no breakfast, and I am going to give them some."

"Why, they can't come in here, my dear. Those dirty little brats come in our car! It is impossible, my dear."

"Oh, no, it is not, Aunty," said the young girl with a laugh, "they have had no breakfast."

"Give them food, my dear, if you please, but I beg you not to bring them into this car. Look how dirty they are! Why, they might give us all some terrible disease!"

But Miss Eleanor had closed her ears to the old lady's expostulations, and was arranging with a surly servant for something to eat for the children. And just then the question of their invasion of the car was settled by the train's starting. I undertook to run forward alongside the car, but seeing an open ravine ahead spanned by a trestle, and that the train was quickening its speed, I caught Dixie and threw him up on the rear platform, and then swung myself up after him. The rear door was still unlocked, so I opened it to pass through the car. Just inside, the elderly lady was sitting back in an arm-chair with a novel in her lap, though she was engaged at the moment in softly polishing her nails. She stopped long enough to raise her jewelled lorgnette, and take a shot at me through it:

"Are you the brakeman?" she called.

"No, Madame," I said grimly, thinking, "Well, I must have a brakeman's air to-day."

"Oh! Will you ring that bell?"

"Certainly." I rang and, passing on, was met by the porter coming to answer the bell.

"This is a private car," he said shortly, blocking my way.

"I know it." I looked him in the eye.

"You can't go th'oo this car."

"Oh! yes, I can. I have got to go through it. Move out of my way."

My tone and manner impressed him sufficiently, and he surlily moved aside, muttering to himself; and I passed on, just conscious that the stout lady had posted herself at the opening of the passage-way behind, and had beckoned to the porter, who sprang toward her with alacrity. As I passed through the open saloon, the young lady was engaged in supplying my little charges with large plates of bread and butter, while a grinning cook, in his white apron and cap, was bringing a yet further supply. She turned and smiled to me as I passed.

"Won't you have something, too? It is a very poor apology for a breakfast; for we had finished and cleared away, but if——"

"These little tots don't appear to think so," I said, my ill humor evaporating under her smile.

"Well, won't you have something?"

"No, thank you very much; I must go ahead and tell their mother what a good fairy they have found."

"Oh! it is nothing. To think of these poor little things being kept without breakfast all morning. My father will be very much disturbed to find that this car has caused the delay."

"Not if he is like his sister," I thought to myself, but I only bowed, and said, "I will come back in a little while, and get them for their mother." To which she replied that she would send them to their mother by the porter, thereby cutting off a chance which I had promised myself of possibly getting another glimpse of her. But a sight at myself at this moment in a mirror hastened my departure. A large smudge of black was across my face, evidently from a hand of one of the children. The prints of the fingers in black were plain on my cheek, while a smear ran across my nose. No wonder they thought me a brakeman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As I reached the front door of the car I found it locked and I could not open it. At the same moment the porter appeared behind me.

"Ef you'll git out of my way, I'll open it," he said in a tone so insolent that my gorge rose.

I stood aside and, still muttering to himself, he unlocked the door, and with his hand on the knob, stood aside for me to pass. As I passed I turned to look for Dixie who was following me, and I caught the words, "I'se tired o' po' white folks and dogs in my car." At the same moment Dixie passed and he gave him a kick, which drew a little yelp of surprise from him. My blood suddenly boiled. The door was still open and, quick as light, I caught the porter by the collar and with a yank jerked him out on the platform. The door slammed to as he came, and I had him to myself. With my hand still on his throat I gave him a shake that made his teeth rattle.

"You black scoundrel," I said furiously. "I have a good mind to fling you off this train, and break your neck." The negro's face was ashy.

"Indeed, boss," he said, "I didn' mean no harm in the world by what I said. If I had known you was one of dese gentlemens, I'd 'a' never said a word; nor suh, that I wouldn'. An' I wouldn' 'a' tetched your dorg for nuthin', no suh."

"Well, I'll teach you something," I said. "I'll teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head, at least."

"Yes, suh, yes, suh," he said, "I always is, I always tries to be, I just didn't know; nor suh, I axes your pardon. I didn' mean nuthin' in the worl'."

"Now go in there and learn to behave yourself in the future," I said.

"Yes, suh, I will." And, with another bow, and a side look at Dix, who was now growling ominously, he let himself in at the door and I passed on forward.

IX

I PITCH MY TENT

When, a little later, my small charges were brought back to their mother (to whom I had explained their absence, thus relieving her anxiety), it was by the young lady herself, and I never saw a more grateful picture than that young girl, in her fresh travelling costume, conveying those children down the car aisle. Her greeting of the tired mother was as pretty as anything I ever saw, and a minute after, she had gone, the mother offered me a part of a substantial supply of sandwiches which she had brought her, so that I found myself not quite so much in sympathy as before with the criticism of the road that was now being bandied about the car, and which appeared to have made all the passengers as one.

Not long after this we dropped the private car at a station and proceeded on without it. We had, however, not gone far when we stopped and were run into a siding and again waited, and after a time, a train whizzed by us—a special train with but two private cars on it. It was going at a clipping rate, but it did not run so fast that we did not recognize the private car we had dropped some way back, and it soon became known throughout our train that we had been sidetracked to let a special with private cars have the right-of-way. I confess that my gorge rose at this, and when the man in front of me declared that we were the most patient people on earth to give public franchises, pay for travelling on trains run by virtue of them, and then stand being shoved aside and inconvenienced out of all reason to allow a lot of bloated dead-heads to go ahead of us in their special trains, I chimed in with him heartily.

"Well, the road belongs to them, don't it?" inquired a thin man with a wheezing voice. "That was Canter's private train, and he took on the Argand car at that station back there."

"'They own the road!' How do they own it? How did they get it?" demanded the first speaker warmly.

"Why, you know how they got it. They got it in the panic—that is, they got the controlling interest."

"Yes, and then ran the stock down till they had got control and then reorganized and cut out those that wouldn't sell—or couldn't—the widows and orphans and infants—that's the way they got it."

"Well, the court upheld it?"

"Yes, under the law they had had made themselves to suit themselves. You know how 'twas! You were there when 'twas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done and saw how they flung their money around—or rather the Argand money—for I don't believe they own the stock at all. I'll bet a thousand dollars that every share is up as collateral in old Argand's bank."

"Oh! Well, it's all the same thing. They stand in together. The bank lends money; they buy the stock and put it up for the loan, and then run the road."

"And us," chipped in the other; for they had now gotten into a high good humor with each other—"they get our franchises and our money, and then side-track us without breakfast while they go sailing by—in cars that they call theirs, but which we pay for. I do think we are the biggest fools!"

"That's Socialistic!" said his friend again. "You've been reading that fellow's articles in the Sunday papers. What's his name?"

"No, I've been thinking. I don't care what it is, it's the truth, and I'm tired of it."

"They say he's a Jew," interrupted the other.

"I don't care what he is, it's the truth," asserted the other doggedly.

"Well, I rather think it is," agreed his friend; "but then, I'm hungry and there isn't even any water on the car."

"And they guzzle champagne!" sneered the other, "which we pay for," he added.

"You're a stockholder?"

"Yes, in a small way; but I might as well own stock in a paving-company to Hell. My father helped to build this road and used to take great pride in it. They used to give the stockholders then a free ride once a year to the annual meeting, and it made them all feel as if they owned the road."

"But now they give free passes not to the stockholders, but to the legislators and the judges."

"It pays better," said his friend, and they both laughed. It appeared, indeed, rather a good joke to them—or, at least, there was nothing which they could do about it, so they might as well take it good-humoredly.

By this time I had learned that my neighbor was the wife of a man named McNeil, who was a journeyman machinist, but had been thrown out of work by a strike in another city, and, after waiting around for months, had gone North to find employment, and having at last gotten it, had now sent for them to come on. She had not seen him for months, and she was looking forward to it now with a happiness that was quite touching. Even the discomforts of the night could not dull her joy in the anticipation of meeting her husband—and she constantly enheartened her droopy little brood with the prospect of soon seeing their "dear Daddy."

I shall never forget the sight and smells of that station, if I live to be a thousand years old. It seemed to me a sort of temporary resting-place for lost souls—and I was one of them. The procession of tired, bedraggled travellers that streamed in through the black gateways to meet worn watchers with wan smiles on their tired faces, or to look anxiously and in vain for friends who had not come, or else who had come and gone.

I had no one to look for; so, after helping my neighbor and her frowsy little brood off, I sauntered along with Dix at my heel, feeling about as lonely as a man can feel on this populated earth. After gazing about and refusing sternly to meet the eye of any of the numerous cabmen who wildly waved their whips toward me, shouting: "Kebsuh—kebsuh—keb—keb—keb? "with wearying iteration, I had about made up my mind to take the least noisy of them, when I became conscious that my fellow-traveller, Mrs. McNeil with her little clan was passing out of the station unescorted and was looking about in a sort of lost way. On my speaking to her, her face brightened for a moment, but clouded again instantly, as she said, "Oh! sir, he's gone! He came to meet me this morning; but the train was late and he couldn't wait or he'd lose his job, so he had to go, and the kind man at the gate told me he left the message for me. But however shall I get there with all the children, for I haven't a cent left!"

The tears welled up in her eyes as she came to her sad little confession. And I said, "Oh! Well, I think we can manage it somehow. You have his address?"

"Oh! yes, sir, I have it here," and she pulled out an empty little pocket-book from the breast of her worn frock and while she gave the baby to the eldest girl to hold, tremblingly opened the purse. In it was only a crumpled letter and, besides this, a key—these were all. She opened the letter tenderly and handed it to me. I read the address and fastened it in my memory.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Now," I said, "we'll straighten this out directly." I turned and called a hackman. "I want a carriage."

There was a rush, but I was firm and insisted on a hack, but as none was to be had, I was fain to content myself with a one-horse cab of much greater age than dimension.

Bundling them in and directing the driver to go around and get the trunk from the baggage-room, I mounted beside him and took Dix between my feet and one of the children in my arms, and thus made my entry into the city of my future home. My loneliness had somehow disappeared.

My protégée's destination turned out to be a long way off, quite in one of the suburbs of the city, where working people had their little homes—a region I was to become better acquainted with later. As we began to pass bakeries and cook-shops, the children began once more to clamor to their mother for something to eat, on which the poor thing tried to quiet them with promises of what they should have when they reached home. But I could perceive that her heart was low within her, and I stopped at a cookshop and bought a liberal allowance of bread and jam and cookies, on which the young things fell to like famished wolves, while their mother overwhelmed me with blessings.

We had not gone far, and were still in the centre of the city, when a handsome open carriage drove by us, and as it passed, there sat in it the young lady I had seen on the train, with a pleasant looking elderly man, whom I conjectured to be her father, and who appeared in a very good humor with her or himself. As I was gazing at them, her eyes fell full into mine, and after a half-moment's mystification, she recognized me as I lifted my hat and her face lit up with a pleasant smile of recognition. I found my feelings divided between pleasure at her sweet return of my bow and chagrin that she should find me in such a predicament; for I knew what a ridiculous figure I must cut with the dog between my feet and a chubby, frowsy child, thickly smeared with jam, in my arms. In fact, I could see that the girl was talking and laughing spiritedly with her father, evidently about us. I confess to a feeling of shame at the figure I must cut, and I wondered if she would not think I had lied to her in saying that I had never met them before.

When we reached, after a good hour's drive, the little street for which we were bound, I found my forecast fairly correct. The dingy little house, on which was the rusted number given Mrs. McNeil in her husband's letter, was shut up and bore no evidence of having been opened, except a small flower-pot with a sprig of green in it in a dusty, shutterless window. It was the sort of house that is a stove in summer and an ice box in the winter. And there was a whole street of them. After we had knocked several times and I had tried to peep over the fence at the end of the street, the door of an adjoining tenement opened, and a slatternly, middle-aged woman peeped out.

"Are you Mrs. McNeil?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, here's your key. Your man told me to tell you 't if you came while he was at work, you'd find something to eat in the back room 't he'd cooked this mornin' before he went to work. The train was late, he said, and he couldn't wait; but he'd be home to-night, and he'd bring some coal when he came. What a fine lot o' children you have. They ought to keep you in cinders and wood. I wish I had some as big as that; but mine are all little. My two eldest died of scarlet fever two years ago. Drainage, they said."

She had come out and unlocked the door and was now turning away.

"I think your man had some one to take the upstairs front room; but he didn't come—you'll have to get some one to do it and you double up. The Argand Estate charges such rent, we all have to do that. Well, if I can help you, I'm right here."

I was struck by her kindness to the forlorn stranger, and the latter's touching recognition of it, expressed more in looks and in tone than in words.

Having helped them into the house, which was substantially empty, only one room having even a pretence of furniture in it, and that merely a bed, a mattress and a broken stove, I gave the poor woman a little of my slender stock of money and left her murmuring her thanks and assurances that I had already done too much for them.

As my finances were very low, I determined to find a boarding-house instead of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wasting them at a hotel. I accordingly stopped at a sizable house which I recognized as a boarding-house on a street in a neighborhood which might, from the old houses with their handsome doors and windows, have once been fashionable, though fashion had long since taken its flight to a newer and gaudier part of the town, and the houses were now giving place to shops and small grocers' markets. A large wistaria vine coiled up to the top of a somewhat dilapidated porch with classical pillars. The landlady, Mrs. Kale, a pleasant looking, kindly woman, offered me a small back-room on reasonable terms, it being, as she said, the dull season when her house was not full; and, having arranged for Dix in a dingy little livery stable near by, I took it "temporarily," till I could look around.

I found the company somewhat nondescript—ranging all the way from old ladies with false fronts and cracked voices to uppish young travelling men and their rather sad-looking wives.

Among the boarders, the two who interested me most were two elderly ladies, sisters. They did not take their meals at the common table, but in their own apartment in the third story. There was an air of mystery about them. They had evidently seen better days, and Mrs. Kale treated them with a respect which she paid to no others of her variegated household. I made their acquaintance in the sitting-room which they occasionally honored with their presence on Sunday evenings, by Mrs. Kale's especial invitation, and I was much diverted with them. They were known as the Miss Tippses; but Mrs. Kale always spoke of them as "Miss Pansy" and "Miss Pinky." It seems that she had known them in her youth, "back East."

My acquaintance with the two old ladies at this time was entirely accidental. The morning after my arrival, as I started out to look around for an office, and also to take Dix for a walk, as well as to take a look at the city, I fell in with two quaint-looking old ladies who slipped out of the door just ahead of me, one of them slightly lame, and each with a large bundle in her arms. They were dressed in black, and each wore a veil, which quite concealed their features. But as they walked along, engaged in an animated conversation, their voices were so refined as to arrest my attention, and I was guilty of the impropriety of listening to them, partly out of sheer idleness, and partly because I wanted to know something of my boarding-house and of my fellow boarders. They were talking about a ball of the night before, an account of which they had read in the papers, or rather, as I learned, in a copy of a paper which they had borrowed, and they were as much interested in it as if they had been there themselves. "Oh, wouldn't you have liked to see it?" said one. "It must have been beautiful. I should have liked to see Miss—" (I could not catch the name). "She must have been exquisite in chiffon and lace. She is so lovely anyhow. I did not know she had returned."

"I wonder Mr. —— did not tell us." Again I failed to hear the name.

"For a very good reason, I suppose. He did not know."

"He is dead in love with her."

"Oh, you are so romantic!" said the other, whom I took from her figure and her feebleness to be the elder of the two.

"No; but any one can tell that at a glance."

"What a pity he could not marry her. Then we should be sure to see her as a bride."

The other laughed. "What an idea! We have nothing fit to go even to the church in."

"Why, we could go in the gallery. Oh, this bundle is so heavy! I don't believe I can ever get there to-day."

"Oh, yes, you can. Now come on. Don't give up. Here, rest it on the fence a moment."

As the lame one attempted to lift the bundle to rest it on the fence, it slipped to the ground, and she gave a little exclamation of fear.

"Oh, dear! suppose it should get soiled!"

I stepped forward and lifted it for her, and to my surprise found it very heavy. Then, as they thanked me, it occurred to me to offer to carry the bundle for them to the street car for which I supposed them bound. There was a little demur, and I added, "I am at Mrs. Kale's also. I have just come." This appeared to relieve one of them at least, but the other said, "Oh, but we are not going to the street car. We don't ride in street cars."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes; it is so unhealthy," said the younger one. "People catch all sorts of diseases on the car."

Thinking them rather airy, I was about to hand the bundle back, but as I was going their way I offered to carry the bundles for both of them as far as I was going. This proved to be quite twenty blocks, for I could not in decency return the bundles. So we went on together, I feeling rather ashamed at heart to be lugging two large bundles through the streets for two very shabby-looking old women whose names I did not know. We soon, however, began to talk, and I drew out from them a good deal about Mrs. Kale and her kindness. Also, that they had seen much better days, to which one of them particularly was very fond of referring. It seemed that they had lived East—they carefully guarded the exact place—and had once had interests in a railroad which their father had built and largely owned. After his death they had lived on their dividends, until, on a sudden, the dividends had stopped. They found that the railroad with which their road connected, had passed into new hands—had been "bought up" by a great syndicate, their lawyer had informed them, and refused any longer to make traffic arrangements with the road. This had destroyed the value of their property, but they had refused to sell their holdings at the low price offered—"As we probably ought to have done," sighed one of them.

"Not at all! I am glad we didn't," asserted the other.

"Well, sister, we got nothing—we lost everything, didn't we?"

"I don't know. I am only glad that we held out. That man knows that he robbed us."

"Well, that doesn't help us."

"Yes, it does. It helps me to know that he knows it."

"Who was it?" I asked.

"Oh, there was a syndicate. I only know the names of two of them—a man named Argand, and a man named Canter. And our lawyer was named McSheen."

Argand was a name which I recalled in connection with Mr. Poole's interest in the Railways in the case I have mentioned.

"Well, you held on to your stock. You have it now, then?" I foresaw a possible law-case against Argand, and wondered if he was the owner of the Argand Estate, which I had already heard of twice since my arrival.

"No," said one of them, "they bought up the stock of all the other people, and then they did something which cut us out entirely. What was it they did, sister?"

"Reorganized."

"And then we came on here to see about it, and spent everything else that we had in trying to get it back, but we lost our case. And since then——"

"Well, sister, we are keeping the gentleman. Thank you very much," said the younger of the two quickly, to which her sister added her thanks as well. I insisted at first on going farther with them, but seeing that they were evidently anxious to be rid of me, I gave them their bundles and passed on.

Among the boarders was a young man named Kalender, by whom I sat at the first meal after my arrival, and with whom I struck up an acquaintance. He was a reporter for a morning paper of very advanced methods, and he was pre-eminently a person fitted for his position: a cocky youth with a long, keen nose and a bullet head covered with rather wiry, black hair, heavy black brows over keen black eyes and an ugly mouth with rather small yellowish teeth. He had as absolute confidence in himself as any youth I ever met, and he either had, or made a good pretence of having, an intimate knowledge of not only all the public affairs of the city, but of the private affairs of every one in the city. Before we had finished smoking our cigarettes he had given me what he termed "the lay out" of the entire community, and by his account it was "the rottenest —— town in the universe,"—a view I subsequently had reason to rectify—and he proposed to get out of it as soon as he could and go to New York, which, to his mind, was the only town worth living in in the country (he having, as I learned later, lived there just three weeks).

His paper, he said frankly, paid only for sensational articles, and was just then "jumping on a lot of the high-flyers, because that paid," but "they" gave him a latitude to write up whatever he pleased, because they knew he could dress up anything—from a murder to a missionary meeting. "Oh! it don't matter what you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

write about," said he airily, "so you know how to do it."

I was much impressed by his extraordinary and extensive experience. In the course of our conversation I mentioned casually the episode of the delayed train and the private car.

"The Argands' car, you say?"

I told him that that was what some one had said.

"That would make a good story," he declared. "I think I'll write that up—I'd have all the babies dying and the mothers fainting and an accident just barely averted by a little girl waving a red shawl, see—while the Argand car dashed by with a party eating and drinking and throwing champagne-bottles out of the window. But I've got to go and see the Mayor to ascertain why he appointed the new city comptroller, and then I've got to drop by the theatre and give the new play a roast—so I'll hardly have time to roast those Argands and Leighs, though I'd like to do it to teach them not to refuse me round-trip passes next time I ask for them. I tell you what you do," he added, modestly, "you write it up—you say you have written for the press?"

"Oh! yes, very often—and for the magazines. I have had stories published in——"

"Well, that's all right. I'll look it over and touch it up—put the fire in it and polish it off. You write it up, say—about a column. I can cut it down all right—and I'll call by here for it about eleven, after the theatre."

It was a cool request—cooly made; but I was fool enough to accede to it. I felt much aggrieved over the treatment of us by the railway company, and was not sorry to air my grievance at the same time that I secured a possible opening. I accordingly spent all the afternoon writing my account of the inconvenience and distress occasioned the travelling public by the inconsiderateness of the railway management, discussing, by the way, the fundamental principle of ownership in quasi-public corporations, and showing that all rights which they claimed were derived from the people. I mentioned no names and veiled my allusions; but I paid a tribute to the kind heart of the Angel of Mercy who succored the children. I spent some hours at my composition and took much pride in it when completed. Then, as I had not been out at all to see the town, I addressed the envelope in which I had placed my story to Mr. Kalender and leaving it for him, walked out.

On my return the paper was gone.

Next morning I picked up one paper after another, but did not at first find my contribution. An account of a grand ball the night before, at which an extraordinary display of wealth must have been made, was given the prominent place in most of them. But as I did not know the persons whose costumes were described with such Byzantine richness of vocabulary, I passed it by. The only thing referring to a railway journey was a column article, in a sensational sheet called *The Clarion*, headed, BRUTALITY OF MILLIONAIRE BANKER. RAILWAY PRESIDENT STARVES POOR PASSENGERS. There under these glaring headlines, I at last discovered my article, so distorted and mutilated as to be scarcely recognizable. The main facts of the delay and its cause were there as I wrote them. My discussion of derivative rights was retained. But the motive was boldly declared to be brutal hatred of the poor. And to make it worse, the names of both Mr. Leigh and Mrs. Argand were given as having been present in person, gloating over the misery they had caused, while a young lady whose name was not given, had thrown scraps out of the window for starving children to scramble for.

To say that I was angry expresses but a small part of the truth. The allusion to the young lady had made my blood boil. What would she think if she should know I had had a hand in that paper? I waited at red heat for my young man, and had he appeared before I cooled down, he would have paid for the liberty he took with me. When he did appear, however, he was so innocent of having offended me that I could scarcely bear to attack him.

"Well, did you see our story?" he asked gayly.

"Yes—your story—I saw——"

"Well, I had to do a little to it to make it go," he said condescendingly, "but you did very well—you'll learn."

"Thank you. I don't want to learn that," I said hotly, "I never saw anything

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so butchered. There was not the slightest foundation for all that rot—it was made up out of whole cloth." I was boiling about Miss Leigh.

"Pooh-pooh! My dear boy, you'll never make an editor. Why, we had two extras—what with that and the grand ball last night. The newsboys are crying it all over town."

"I don't care if they are. I don't want to be an editor if one has to tell such atrocious lies as that. But I don't believe editors have to do that, and I know reputable editors don't. Why, you have named a man who was a hundred miles away."

He simply laughed.

"Well, I'm quite willing to get the credit of that paper. You know you write better than you talk," he added patronizingly.

"I tell you what I'll do—if you'll write me every day on some live topic——"

"I'll never write you a line again on any topic alive or dead, unless you die yourself, when I'll write that you are the biggest liar I ever saw except my Jeams."

I had expected he would resent my words, but he did not. He only laughed, and said, "That's a good line. Write on that."

I learned later that he had had a slight raise of salary on the paper he palmed off as his. I could only console myself with the hope that Miss Leigh would not see the article.

But Miss Leigh did see the appreciation of her father in the writing of which I had had a hand, and it cost me many a dark hour of sad repining.

(To be continued.)

GERALDINE IN SWITZERLAND

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I

GERALDINE'S people lived at North Kensington. They were of no consequence, There were three daughters, all grown up. Edith, the eldest, was engaged to a deaf young man, an accountant or something of that sort; he came every Sunday at half-past one and stayed till a quarter to eleven. Geraldine told her sister quite frankly that he was a freak, and her contempt was obvious to every one but the object of it. She herself was the second daughter. The third, Ada, had a queer little treble voice, a perpetual smile, and yellow hair. She practiced a great deal on the piano and was supposed to be pretty. Geraldine frequently longed to shake her, and regretted that a favorable opportunity did not occur.

The means of the Lawton family were limited. Edith considered that household matters and the entertainment of Mr. Morris (the accountant young man), together with the contemplation of her future position at Brondesbury and the arrangement of a possible villa there, were sufficient to occupy her. Ada occasionally gave a few music lessons, rather as a favor and in a depreciating manner, to young ladies of the Notting Hill district: she heard of them usually at the circulating library.

Geraldine, tall and slim and pale, with a spice of humor in her dark eyes and a streak of red here and there in her dark hair, was a disturbing quantity in the family. She laughed at many of its ways, and was openly impatient of them; to the astute observer it would have been evident that in the near future a crisis would come about. It did—when it occurred to the Lawton family to take as paying guests a couple of thin and elderly spinster cousins, whose mother had lately retired gratefully to Kensal Green. They were surprised at Geraldine, and, being relations, considered that they had a right to explain their views concerning her (in confidence, of course,) to other members of the family. She was told of them (also in confidence) and, since she did not see her way to throwing things at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ladies, was irritated. One night she walked in from the dressing-room, in which she slept alone, to the large one with two beds allotted to her sisters.

"Girls," she said, "I'm tired of this, and mean to get out of it."

Edith was trying on a lace collar before the glass. "Oh!" she said without being much interested.

Ada, who was brushing her hair, looked up. "What do you mean?" she asked.

Ada felt as if she were being reproached, and began—"Well, I've earned seventeen pounds this year——"

"I'm not talking about you, but about myself."

"I shouldn't think of doing anything," Edith exclaimed. "Mother couldn't manage the house without me, and Charlie wants to be married next spring."

"And we're not even discussing you, my dear," Geraldine remarked with sisterly

The crossing was horrible.—Page 227.

"What I say. Lots of girls are bachelors nowadays. I shall take rooms somewhere and trim hats or set up a typewriting office—do something anyway."

"You can't!" One girl said it, the other thought it.

"I can learn. I'm not a fool—I've always done my own hats. If I were pretty enough, I'd go on the stage." Her sisters made no remark. "I can't stand those two old cats any longer, and I'm tired of the life here; there's nothing in it. Besides, I don't think it right for three of us to live on the parents. I shall clear out for one."

candor. "I'm just explaining that I'm not going to stay here any longer. I have some of grandfather's money left, thank goodness"—that amiable gentleman had died a year ago and left the girls a hundred pounds each. "I shall set up with it somehow and get on—you'll see."

She did—and they saw.

Three months later she had learnt how to typewrite, and established herself in a little office two doors from Westbourne Grove. At first she had nothing to do. But she was tall and graceful, there was lurking mischief in her smile, and she had an air of alertness that arrested attention.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gradually the City gentlemen, who passed on the tops of omnibuses, became aware of it—they saw her arrive and open the office door, or depart and close it; and the literary ladies of Westbourne Park had heard of her. The gentlemen dropped in before ten or after five to dictate their letters; she soon grasped their methods and became a valuable typist. The literary ladies thought her sympathetic, and cooed over her. They were a little disappointed when they found that she was inclined to hustle them out of the office and insisted on ready money; but she copied their stories and fashion articles so well that they decided not to withdraw their custom.

In twelve months' time she had two clerks and a pupil. The pupil had dark frizzy hair and looked like an idiot. Geraldine mentally called her one, for she couldn't spell, and she made the keys of the machine sticky owing to her weakness for nougat; but she did to fill up or to send on errands. The office was a going concern, and the head of it triumphant.

But it was not till the following year that the romance of her life came about. She had paid her rent, raised the salaries of her clerks, satisfied her modest but excellent taste in dress, and saved a little money. When August came, the majority of her customers were away. One of the clerks was at Yarmouth, and the idiot with the parents at Shepherd's Bush, where she was

With an air of not seeing her he took the next table.—Page 228.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entertaining a touch of enteric brought about by drinking unfiltered water. It occurred to Geraldine that the remaining clerk could perfectly well look after the business till September, and that she herself would go to Switzerland. She had never been abroad, but here was a chance. It was possible to go very cheaply, and once you were there the mountains would look the same, no matter how you managed to get to them; and whatever you suffered on the way you would forget all about in six months' time and remember only the places you had seen. So she took a third-class return to Lausanne via Dieppe and Paris. The crossing was horrible, but there were excitements new to her on landing and a French train to climb into. Then she beheld the lovely Normandy land. She whirled through it in the hard-seated truck of a railway carriage; but the outlook from it was the same to her as to the occupant of a Pullman car: being a philosopher she told herself this and rejoiced to think of the small sum she had paid for it. Paris, which she observed for the first time, and only drove across on her way from the Gare St. Lazare to the Gare du Nord, she promptly characterized as a fine city, but stuffy, "though the streets are much better kept than ours," she allowed as an extenuating circumstance. She felt quite impatient to get to Lausanne, where she determined to make her first stop, chiefly because she had read her Byron, "and loved him." "Childe Harold" she considered "a grand thing," and no one, she maintained, who had read "The Prisoner of Chillon" could ever forget it; she remembered hearing that it had been written at Lausanne, and that the room Byron had occupied was still to be seen. Unfortunately, she went to a wrong hotel; it was insufferably hot, and there were two black beetles in the corridor—she would have preferred snakes—so she fled onward by the morning steamer. She got off it at Clarens, remembering that Byron had been there, too—so had Rousseau. She was a little vague about Rousseau. He had written "Confessions," she knew—of what she was uncertain—and she had an idea that his life had not been altogether to his credit; but after she had seen Clarens she would find out all about him.

She deposited her luggage, which consisted of a pilgrim basket and a hold-all, at a little restaurant next the landing stage, and went for a walk. For a moment she felt adrift and in doubt as to which way to go. "I suppose one always does," she thought, "but all the same, it's splendid to be alone; no one to worry, and you do as you like." With a touch of superiority she turned away from the dusty road to right and left of her, from the villas and the signs of tourist life and prosperity, and went toward the country at the foot of the great mountains. She adored them already, and walked a little way upward through the vineyards, which she considered distinctly disappointing—"stumpy little bushes, not so picturesque as gooseberries, a hop garden is twice as good"—but the scenery enchanted her. She stopped again and again to look back at the lake and the Dent du Midi, or to sit down on the low stone walls and watch the lizards run about in the sunshine, while she thought how splendid it was, and how wise she had been to come. But raptures are hard to maintain long when you have no definite point to reach and the sun is high in August. "Never felt

He wondered if she had taken offence.—Page 230.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anything like it in my life," she gasped, and at noon when, tired and dusty, she returned to the restaurant, a vague wonder unconsciously began to take hold of her as to how she was going to map out her holiday so as to make it a success.

II

THE restaurant was deserted, the dining-room hot and stuffy, and the waiter half asleep; but there was a wide balcony overhanging the lake; a red and white-sun-blind made it shady, and many little white-covered tables were suggestive. She went to one next the balustrade, so as to look down into the clear cool water, and asked for something to eat.

While she was waiting a tall man entered, he was four and thirty, perhaps, fair and loosely jointed, good looking on the whole, and had a leisurely way that was attractive. With an air of not seeing her he took the next table, as being nearest the lake, perhaps; for there was no one else in the place. The waiter ambled toward him; and in excellent French—for which she envied him, her own was vile—the stranger ordered an omelette, some fish, and a green artichoke. He knew what he was about, she thought, and felt a little resentful at the steak and fried potatoes which had been set before her. It was good enough; she was too young and too hungry not to enjoy it; but there was more imagination in his repast. She might at least have thought of an omelette she told herself when she saw his, looking extremely good and of a delicate buttercup color, not two yards away from her.

One of the curates cast longing glances at her.—Page 231.

He and she progressed with their separate luncheons in silence. Except for the soft plash of the water and the occasional dip of an oar the noonday hush was on the lake; but for the coming and going of the waiter, it seemed to have fallen on the little restaurant, too. It emphasized the fact that she was not absolutely alone; but when her sleeve caught a fork and sent it to the ground with a clatter, the stranger might have been deaf and blind. She wondered why he didn't look at her—just once. A man was a fool to sit in the same room with a woman and not to do that. Of course, no one expected him to speak, but a cat might look at a king. After all, too, she wasn't a fright; she wore a string-colored tussore silk which hung in soft folds and a straw hat with a blue ribbon round it; she knew quite well that she made an agreeable picture.

So did the fair man, for he was not a fool; but he happened to be a gentleman—rather more of one than Edith's accountant young man, for instance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She raised her head to look at the patches of misty cloud that touched the mountains, at the water sparkling in the sunshine, at the blue that gathered in the distance, at all the beauty round her; and it, and the glorious fact that she had for once broken away from the life to which she had been born, were altogether too much for her. Moreover, Geraldine had a soul, kept well in order by her usual jaunty exterior, but a soul, nevertheless. For a moment it looked out of her eyes, something gripped her heart; in an unconscious search for sympathy she turned to the fair man.

He was watching her.

Quite forgetting conventionalities, she spoke. "Oh, it's lovely," she said, with a little sigh. Then pulled herself together, and added in a more commonplace tone, "But it's hot."

The last words jarred on him a little, but her voice was pleasant and refined. He looked back at her. She saw that his eyes were very blue.

"Much too hot to stay down here," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked, eager for knowledge of what people usually did, "Where ought one to go?"

"Anywhere high. I'm going up to Caux."

"Is it much cooler there?"

"I hope so."

"I wonder if it is," she said thoughtfully. "I've never been in Switzerland before and don't know my way about."

He looked at her a little curiously. "Are you all alone?"

"Oh, yes," she answered promptly, and surprised him by adding "it's much nicer."

His gaze wandered, and she saw it, to her left hand; there was no ring of any kind on it. He was becoming interested.

"You like to be free?"

"Rather," she answered, again promptly, but there was nothing forward in her manner, it was perfectly natural and wholly without a suggestion of anything but innocent satisfaction, "it is so good to be unshackled," she had a way of putting postscripts to her remarks.

"Yes, it is—Freedom is the oldest of all the pleasures."

"And the best."

"Perhaps," he answered, in a voice that showed no desire to continue the conversation.

But she was anxious for information. "Caux is only a little way from here?" she asked.

"You go to it from Territet, half a mile along the lake," he nodded in its direction, "it's above Glion."

"Of course," she answered, for she had read her Baedeker with profit.

He looked at her again; she could see that he found it pleasant. "Are you looking for somewhere to settle down?" he asked.

"For a little while."

"You might like it. The hotels are good."

"I must think it over," she said, and turned her chair round so as to face the lake. This man was a stranger, she remembered; she didn't want to strike up an acquaintance; he looked rather nice, but it wasn't the thing to do.

He seemed surprised at her abruptness, ordered some black coffee, paid his bill, and departed. He would have lifted his hat if she had turned her head as he left the balcony, but she appeared to have forgotten him. She hadn't of course, she was saying to herself, "No, I won't go to Caux, he might think I was following him." Still, it was puzzling to know what to do next. Then, for Geraldine had her leanings toward culture of various sorts, she remembered that Professor Tyndall had built a little châlet on Bel Alp, somewhere in the Rhone valley, which began at the end of the lake—on her left. "I'll find out where that châlet is," she thought, "it's sure to be in a beautiful place. I don't suppose they have pulled it down."

She left her luggage at the restaurant and walked through Clarens to Montreux, till she came to the library. There were books and guides and photographs in the shop window. "This is the place to inquire," she thought, "and they'll probably speak English."

She entered, spent a franc, asked some direct questions, and came away with the information that Bel Alp was above Brigue, at the far end of the Rhone valley, and that just below the Tyndall châlet, which was nearly on the summit, there was a good hotel—very high up, of course, and near a splendid glacier.

"I'll go to it," she told herself, "it will be a quite unique thing to do"; for they troubled little about high châlets or glaciers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Geraldine's set, "no one will ever find me there. Perhaps he thinks I shall go to Caux"—she meant the fair man, of course—"but if he does, he'll find himself mistaken."

She walked on to Territet and inspected the castle at Chillon. "It's well worth seeing," she came to the conclusion, "and the view from it is heavenly. If they had given the prisoner a room with a good window looking toward the head of the lake, he wouldn't have had so much to complain about, and Byron might never have written his poem; it's wonderful how things turn out."

A few minutes from the castle is the starting point for Glion. She had never seen a funicular railway before. It gave her quite a thrill to look up at the almost perpendicular rails laid on the wooded mountain side. "I simply must go there," she exclaimed. "The view will be lovely!"

It was all she expected, and once more she was thoroughly satisfied with herself. She had some coffee—she felt sure the tea would not be good—at another little restaurant with a balcony: the restaurants fascinated her, besides she was rather afraid, at first, of walking into hotels. She felt quite sorry when it was time to go down again and begin the business of travel once more. She had to wait a few minutes for her train and stood contemplating the railway up to Caux and the Rochers de Naye beyond. Suddenly the fair man appeared with a porter carrying two Gladstone bags and a neatly rolled-up railway rug.

She was quite vexed. "Perhaps he thinks I am lying in wait for him"—she almost said it aloud.

But he looked pleased, lifted his hat and hesitated, as if waiting for her to speak. "Oh," she said helplessly, then recovering, added, "I wanted to see Glion. Are you on your way to Caux?"

"Yes—are you coming?"

"No, I'm not," she answered with decision, and took a step toward the starting-point of the downward train.

He went through the turnstile and stood watching her—they were both, of course, in the open air. She looked round with a charming expression on her face; the sky above her and the lake low down behind were bluest blue, they made a setting that was beautiful beyond all words.

"I hope you'll enjoy it," she said; and—how strange these things are—he was fascinated. Her face was a delightful shape; there was humor in her eyes, a smile on her lips, and happiness in her voice. This was a woman to love, he told himself; why was she going about the world alone?

She had lingered for a moment. "I wish you were coming," he said.

"I don't want to." She turned away quickly, then looked back again and said, "Good-by."

He wondered if she had taken offence; he had not intended any, though his words were indiscreet. Perhaps it was only that the train had arrived; he watched her slip into it—it went sliding down to Territet. He half regretted having to go to Caux; but he had telegraphed for a room and ordered his letters to be sent there: it was all arranged.

III

GERALDINE gathered up her things, took the train to Brigue, and in the morning started for Bel Alp. The road up to it was atrocious. She hired a porter to carry her luggage; for she told herself that she "couldn't run to a mule." It was farther than she had imagined, it took more than four hours; the stones cut her feet and the zigzags were endless. But she didn't mind; for the fair man came into her thoughts and bore her company; she wished he wouldn't, she tried to imagine that she was bored with him; but he did—and she wasn't: she wished it hadn't been necessary to elude him, and wondered if she would ever see him again.

The hotel was crowded, chiefly with clergymen, which is a peculiarity of the Bel Alp. "I never saw so many in my life," she thought—"and a Bishop, too—well!" There were several elderly ladies, mothers mostly of lean daughters, who went on expeditions with the athletic-looking clericals and stray young men interested in climbing feats.

Geraldine felt a little mild excitement the first evening when she took her place at table. She had put on a white blouse; round her neck she wore a thin gold chain with a singular charm attached to it; she looked dainty and eager, as if she were lying in wait for happiness, but doubtful as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the form it would take. The assembled guests looked at her critically, they were interested, but no one spoke to her. They carefully avoided anything that might lead to it.

In two days she felt like an alien and didn't quite know what to do with herself. There was the sunrise, of course—she made a point of seeing it; and the sunset, which sent her into the raptures that came rather easily to her. "It makes me feel as if I could kneel down and say some prayers, which I don't do often," she told one of the mothers. The good lady sat outside knitting while her daughters were being convoyed about on the Aletsch glacier by a parson in tweeds with a green veil round his hat. "You ought to say them very often," the matron answered with a kindly smile. It provoked a charming one from Geraldine, and resulted in a few minutes' talk about the weather and places, and a morning and evening salutation.

But that was all.

The people had mostly been there some time and made up their sets; they didn't want to know a stray young woman. The girls realized that she was pretty and considered her in the way; the mothers looked at her askance. She went for various walks and learnt (from maps and guides) the names of the mountain peaks; but they were nothing more than names to her. She walked up to the Tyndall châlet and stood looking at it for a few minutes: it was obviously empty, and she couldn't remember how long it was since he had died, or what precisely he had done. One morning she went down, by the corkscrew way, as it was called, to the glacier, but it wasn't much fun. A happy party from the hotel overtook her—young people of both sexes with a couple of active mothers thrown in—going across to the Eggishorn, with sandwich-boxes and picnic-baskets. They stared, almost as if she were trespassing. She gathered courage, and following them at a distance, ventured on to the glacier and went toward the moraine. But she saw the crevasses and was afraid to go far; the other girls had steps cut in the ice for them, or found strong hands to steady them, but there was no one to help Geraldine.

She went back with her nose in the air and a little unconscious resentment in her heart. She heard there was a wonderful precipice to see an hour or two off at Nessel; she walked half way there, then felt that she couldn't be bothered with it. A great tea-party was made up to go to it one afternoon, but she was not included. One of the curates cast longing glances at her as they departed, then looked as if he remembered a text, and turned away. A sandy-haired girl with a freckled complexion walked beside him. "I know he would rather have had me," Geraldine said to herself. "They *are* a set—and I wish I was back in the office. The fact is, everything was meant to be done by two people—not by one alone—that's why Eve was made, and every woman should remember it"—she thought of the fair man and wished that—but no—for, after all, she knew nothing about him. "But I shall go away to-morrow," she exclaimed.

She always came to a quick decision, so she went to the Bureau and announced her intention. Then, with infinite relief in her mind, she walked a quarter of a mile on the downward path, thinking that conventionality was a nuisance. "I daresay we should have amused each other if I had gone to Caux, and there would have been no harm in it at all. But, of course, one has to play up to the proprieties."

Things happen strangely, for almost as she thought it she saw coming toward her a mule carrying two bags and a neatly rolled-up railway rug; a few steps behind was the stranger of the restaurant. It was no good trying to hide it, the relief was so great that she laughed for joy. He saw it and laughed back again. She recovered in a moment and put on a distant air with her pleasant nod of recognition.

"Are you coming to stay?" she asked.

"Just for a night or two," he answered.

"I've been here a week. I'm going away to-morrow—and am counting the hours."

He looked toward the wonderful chain of snowy Alps. "But it is so magnificent," he said.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "but wait till you've seen the people. There are thousands of parsons, and most of the women are cats—I've hardly spoken to a soul since I came——"

"Did you come for the people?"

The color rose to her face. He realized again that she could be charming; his heart reached out to her; he determined

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not to let her go without seeing more of her if he could help it.

"No," she answered, "of course not; but they look at me as if I were a freak." Then suddenly a thought struck her. "I don't believe you'll get in," she said. "The hotel is quite full, you'd better go and see." She turned away abruptly, as she had done at the restaurant and the Caux station—he was used to it by this time—and continued her walk. She had remembered that, though she had thought of him many times, they had only met twice before.

At dinner she found that her place was next his; she reflected with satisfaction that this was the first time he had seen her without a hat, and she knew that the white blouse suited her.

"I'm glad to have someone to speak to," she said, forgetting to disguise her pleasure, "but I don't know what they'll think." She lowered her voice while she said the last words; it almost made for intimacy.

"Couldn't we pretend to be old acquaintances?"

"But we are not."

"Some people are meant to be friends, though they won't recognize the fact if they can help it. Don't you think we were?"

"Perhaps."

"Suppose we have the benefit of the doubt?" He turned his face toward her; she noticed again the blueness of his eyes.

"It will be more amusing than saying nothing," she said. "But we don't know anything about each other."

"We have at least that attraction."

"Is it one?"

"Don't you think that a little mystery always is? Let us have our coffee outside presently and look at the eternal snows while we discuss it." They could see the whiteness through the windows. "Do you despise me for saying eternal snows? It sounds like a sentimental penny-a-liner."

Geraldine's wits were quick. "Do you write books?" she asked.

"Sometimes. But I don't get a penny a line because no one reads them."

"Oh! What are they about?'

"Sometimes they are about philosophy."

She made a little grimace. "Do you do anything else?"

"I have an unimportant position in a Government office——"

A man on his other side asked if he had just come up, and whether there was any news, and entered into an intermittent talk that was reluctant on the stranger's side, but not to be wholly avoided. Geraldine was indignant; no one had spoken to her. Why should he be taken up immediately and she boycotted?

People hurried outside after dinner. "Do come," he said, "there are some sunset clouds about still." He rose and waited for her.

They went to a little table somewhat apart from the others and, when the coffee was brought, Geraldine had a pleasant sense of being really abroad, of feeling continental, as she called it. And she was happy; the whole world had changed. The people who had obviously sniffed at her the last few days realized as she passed that she had her moments of being beautiful. They tried to sniff still, of course. "That girl," as the women called her, had found some one she knew—and the man looked like a gentleman, which rather annoyed them—but who and what was he? One of them tried the visitor's book; but the stranger had not entered his name. The parsons, who thought they remembered him, that he had been senior or junior to them, felt that he was all right and that it might lead to their knowing the girl; she was uncommonly pretty; if she had been plainer they might have spoken to her before, but—well, there was the Bishop: he sat at the head of the table and one had to be careful. And they were glad she had found some one she knew, and the chap was in luck to come upon her.

IV

THEIR talk was quite impersonal at first, he had been to the Bel Alp before and knew all the routes and walks. He pointed out the various mountains and told her of out-of-the-way places; it was wonderful how many he had been to, she thought. She told him about the Eggishorn party, and how she had stopped short at the moraine.

"I don't see why we shouldn't go across it—to the Eggishorn—to-morrow," he said. "Let me take you."

"But I'm going away."

"Is it absolutely necessary?"

"No—" and she hesitated.

"Then why not stay? We haven't been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

introduced; but we live outside a Bab ballad." He leant forward a little. "Does it matter so much—surely we know——?"

"Yes, we know," she echoed. There was more feeling than was necessary in her voice; she wondered how it had come there, and tried to cover the situation by adding quickly, "Or we might go to Nessel?" which only made it worse. "But I should be afraid to look over the precipice."

"I would take care of you."

"It's a long way," she demurred.

"Not more than an hour or two, and you walk like Diana—I watched you this afternoon."

"Do you mean of 'The Crossways'?" for Geraldine had read her Meredith.

"No, some one much farther back than she, and more beautiful." He said the last words in a whisper.

"I don't like compliments." She made the little abrupt movement that he was beginning to dread.

"What time shall we start for the Eggishorn?" he asked hurriedly.

"I don't know. Breakfast is at nine—but I didn't say that I was going. It's getting chilly," she got up.

"Let me get you a shawl—it's a pity to go indoors."

The twilight was coming, the after-dinner group on the little plateau had dispersed in various directions, in twos mostly—why not they?

"I left one in the Bureau this afternoon," she said and felt it to be a concession.

He went to the house; she watched him and counted his long strides—he was made to run after a Diana, she thought. He returned with a little white wrap. It was becoming and Geraldine knew it—a woman who charms always knows. He put it on her. They were no longer strangers.

There was a curving pathway on the left, they went round it in silence, and disappeared away from any sign of the hotel, and beyond all sounds that belonged to it. They felt, he and she alike, as if they were walking back through the centuries. The world had probably looked like this when it began, before any horrid houses were built, or tourists invented, and when there were no conventionalities to worry about. There must have been the same bareness of vegetation—rocks and stones—and white peaks then too—the great chain of mountains that looked eternal and infinite—the cold caressing air—everything, as it was now, in the first twilight of all, when one man and woman walked alone. For a moment she felt as if she knew, as if she remembered, she pretended that she did, then brought herself back to the present with a jerk. "I wonder why we live in cities and towns," she said, "with streets and noises and crowds of hurrying people."

"I don't."

"I wish I didn't. It's wonderful here, I could stay forever." A few hours ago she had been counting the hours to her departure, he thought.

"Suppose we do—shall we?"

She frowned a little, perhaps because of the eagerness in his voice.

"No," she said coldly—"I'm going away to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow," he argued, "you gave in about the Eggishorn."

"Did I?" She laughed, low and sweet, it was like a ripple of happiness. She looked round at him. "It must be splendid to write about philosophy," she said suddenly.

"Well, hardly that; unfortunately most people find it dull to read." They went on in silence again, a stone evidently hurt her, for she started, then stopped and made a little sound of pain. "I have come out in thin shoes," she said. Instinctively he put out an arm, but she drew back before it could reach her. There was one of the usual convenient seats beside the pathway, backed by high rocks, gaunt and desolate-looking with the suggestion of primitive things that fascinated her. She sat down; for a minute or two she seemed to forget him.

"I want to take it all in," she said at last, "I never came abroad before, and everything is wonderful to me."

He stood, looking at her in silence with his back against a wall of rock, for she had evidently not expected him to sit too: she had a curious power of putting a sense of distance between them, across which it was impossible to reach. The twilight deepened, they could almost feel the shadows gathering, an enchantment seemed to be coming with them. She looked as if she knew, as if she waited for something far off to return.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I wonder who you are?" he said. The words escaped him.

"Who I am?" She looked up and answered quickly, "Why, I'm nobody."

"I wish I knew about you, I feel as if you were made for something uncommon."

She was amused, a smile flickered in her eyes. "Well, at present," she said with the frankness which was one of her chief characteristics, "I have a typewriting office near Westbourne Grove."

It gave him almost a shock, though he hardly showed it at all.

"How did that come about?"

"There were three of us at home, I wanted to get away."

The atmosphere had changed in a moment, any sense of enchantment had vanished altogether, they were at the mercy of human facts; but perhaps they were as dangerous.

"You—at the head of an office?"

"Yes, my own office—I invented it."

"Are you there all by yourself?"

"No, I have two clerks and an idiot."

"An idiot!"

"She is the pupil, but I call her that because she can't spell—or do anything else, as a matter of fact—it's rather horrid of me, for she's ill now and at home with her mother."

"And the clerks?" He was too bewildered by this sudden descent to do anything but ask questions.

"One is at Yarmouth for her holiday, and the other is in charge of the office."

"Do you live there?"

"No, I go home before dinner and I come away after breakfast in the morning. It's splendid!" He always liked the expression with which she looked up and said the word. "You feel as if you have a right to live when you do some work." She got up and turned toward the hotel again.

"I knew you were a fine creature," he said—almost fervently.

She disliked being called a creature, even a fine one. "I don't see anything fine in it," she answered. "I told you I was nobody and I am."

"You are much more somebody than I thought." They trudged on in silence.

The night gathered closer, intensifying the whiteness of the snow beyond. There seemed to be something at stake between them, something held in the balance; insensibly they knew it, but neither could tell which way it would go.

The hotel came in sight, there were lights here and there in the windows.

"It's getting late," she said. "I wonder what they think—if they noticed."

"Again—what does it matter?" He stopped and faced her. She looked back at him bravely, but half afraid.

"Everything matters to a woman."

"And to a man," he answered, as if against his will, "when he meets a woman like you."

"Oh! Don't," she said, almost as if she were afraid, and then under her breath she added, "I wonder what you think of me?"

"I think you adorable," he said it with all his heart.

They stopped at the door of the hotel. "I shall stay out a little longer—to-morrow we shall meet," his voice trembled a little.

She gave a little nod of assent and he turned away. She looked after him till he had vanished in the dimness. There was a seat outside the door, she pulled the white wrap closer round her and sat down. A tall woman, a certain Mrs. Streatly—one of the cats, Geraldine had called her—came to the door and looked up at the sky.

"I never understand why you like these cold places," she said to some one who was evidently behind. "The sky looks as if it might be frosty."

"The stars are wonderful," a girl's voice said.

Geraldine, her heart full of a strange happiness, got up to go in. She wanted to be alone, to dream of to-morrow. Mrs. Streatly's tall figure filled the doorway. "Is Mr. Wootten an old friend of yours?" she asked, looking at her as if she were an inferior.

"Mr. Wootten?" Geraldine resented the voice and the manner, and she was taken aback and looked bewildered for a moment. Of course she meant the stranger. "Oh, yes—he is a friend of mine. Do you know him?"

"No, but I've seen him before; his wife serves on a committee with me."

"His wife does—" She felt as if snow from the highest peak were being laid on her heart.

Mrs. Streatly looked at her sharply. "You know her too, I suppose?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, of course." Geraldine was always thankful she had lied. "Please may I pass." She held her head erect as she entered the hotel; but she felt like a hunted woman.

"Perhaps he came here to meet her," Mrs. Streatly thought. "I knew there was something curious about her."

Geraldine sat for an hour in her room in the dark, facing things squarely. But there was only one thing to do, and she meant to do it. She crawled down to the Bureau, luckily no one was there to listen. "I want to go away very early to-morrow morning," she said. "To catch the nine o'clock train from Brigue, how long will it take to get there?"

"You oughtn't to start later than a quarter to six," the clerk said.

"That will do—I shall be ready."

"The mule that brought that gentleman up is going down soon after five."

"It can take my luggage. Is any one else going away early?"

"Not that I know of."

"Thank heaven!" she thought and went slowly upstairs. She stood by the window and had it out with herself, clasping her hands at the back of her neck. "Oh," she said with a little moan, "I could die—and like it."

Then she packed her pilgrim basket.

V

THE way down seemed endless and the stones were dreadful. She had not felt them nearly so much going up; but she had not been so tired then; now she was worn out. And she was so cold, a little icy breeze seemed to follow her, it put pain into head and throat; but she strode on: she wanted to get away from the snow, it was her great chance of forgetting.

She wasn't unhappy, she was only indignant, and desperately angry. Yet after all he hadn't done anything very dreadful, he hadn't said anything to resent—except that she was adorable. In her heart she heard his voice again. It thrilled her, and for a moment she told herself that it was true, it must be, she felt it, knew it. He couldn't have pretended so well, she didn't believe that any man could. But it wasn't fair to the other woman—to his wife—not that she would ever know anything, of course. It was she, Geraldine, who was insulted and —and—no, no, she didn't care, she wouldn't. But he was the sort of man she liked, she couldn't help it, she did—she did —he was so tall and fair and quiet and he didn't talk too much. She loved his leisurely air, the suspicion of shambling in his gait, the look in his eyes, and she could have sworn—but no, all the time he had a wife at home, or somewhere, heaven knew where. She would never see him again. She felt so cheapened and insulted. She wished she hadn't told him about the office; but it wasn't that, it wasn't that at all, he had seemed to like her better for it. It was after knowing about it that he had grown so tender. It was lucky she hadn't told him precisely where the office was or he might have looked for it, and she could never bear to see him again—and yet it would be dreadful never—never to do so. She was a fool—"Oh, Geraldine Lawton, you are a fool," she said to herself. "He's the sort of man I should have liked to be friends with—but it never does. It's no good if a man's married, besides I hate the thought of her so—I wonder what she's like—if she's pretty?" She remembered her own face in the glass last night, she had felt a little proud of herself as she entered the dining-room; she knew that he had been taken a little by surprise, and she was certain that he had liked her; it had looked out of his eyes, it had been in his voice. Perhaps his wife was horrid or didn't care for him, but it was no good, she existed, and there was an end of it.

If only that stupid mule-boy wouldn't stop so often, she thought. He insisted on eating his breakfast at one point—a hunk of dry bread and a bit of hard cheese. He said the mule was tired and must wait—all stories of course—mules didn't get tired going down: besides if it did, what then? She was tired. No one in the world could be as tired as she was. She hadn't slept all night, had got up so early, the coffee had been disgusting and tasted of burnt wood, she had had nothing at all to eat; and yet she could go on, why couldn't the stupid mule-boy? She wondered what time he—there was only one he in the world—would get up. If he would look for her at breakfast and wonder why she was so late? Of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course he would ask at last. Then he would hear that she had gone hours before —so it would be no good trying to catch her up. He wouldn't know that she had heard who he was. He would think she didn't care to go to the Eggishorn, that she had changed her mind; that was what she wanted him to think. That horrid Mrs. Streatly would tell the other people;—and they would think—but what did it matter what they thought? She would never see them again, and she was thankful, thankful that she hadn't known them.

"If you would only hurry," she said, turning suddenly upon the mule-boy. They were nearly down but they seemed to have been hours; and she had forgotten to wind up her watch and didn't know the time. Suddenly there was a noise in the distance beyond, a rumbling that came nearer and nearer—it was the train that she had meant to go by from the Brigue station below. It was too late to catch it. She turned to the boy, but her French was not equal to heap the wrath she desired upon his unkempt head; and the mule, with her pilgrim basket and the hold-all, jogged on considering every step it took.

Brigue at last and the mule-boy dismissed.

She stood beside her luggage at the station and heard to her relief that, though the express had gone, there was a slow train in a couple of hours time. Then Geraldine's youth and healthy appetite asserted themselves. "I hate him," she said with a sigh, "and there's an end of that, and I'll go and have some breakfast."

There were little tables outside the door of the hotel opposite the station; she sat down and consoled herself with coffee and an omelette. She thought of the omelette at Clarens and snorted a little. "I couldn't have believed he was married—he didn't look it," she thought.

She felt much better when she had breakfasted. She wondered what she would do with herself next, there was the month's holiday to be finished. She didn't want to go far afield, she "couldn't run to it," and nothing should make her go tamely home. She must do something. Her tickets took her back to Clarens—she wasn't going to stop there—and via Lausanne to England. She thought of the two black beetles and decided not to stay at Lausanne again, though there were other hotels, of course. "A woman's no good alone," she said to herself, and then indignantly denied it. "Yes, she is. She is much better alone, men are horrid."

She had still an hour to wait before the train started. She determined to go for a walk. Then suddenly there was the excitement of the diligence for the Simplon Pass —for all this occurred three years ago and the tunnel was not finished. She saw it made ready and the passengers take their places and depart. It would have been splendid to go too, she told herself—without the fervor with which she would have said it yesterday—but it was impossible, for funds had to be considered. She remembered a little picturesque hotel near Chillon, right down at the edge of the lake—she had stopped to look at it on her way to the castle. There was a willow tree in the garden—which went down to the water's edge—and a virginia creeper turning red ran up the side of the house. She would go and try to stay there. It would be very quiet and—"No, thank you, no more promiscuous acquaintances for me," but she would take long, lovely walks. If she still hated him enough, she would go up to Glion again and walk back by the Gorge du Chaudron—it had looked so beautiful. Then suddenly she remembered that her letters would go on to Bel Alp, if she didn't intercept them at Brigue. She hurried to the post-office, for she had only a quarter of an hour left now, and after some delay came away with a couple in her hand. She read one as she walked back to the station. It made her heart ache and all thoughts of self vanished: she saw a poor little genteel home at Shepherd's Bush and a woman crying—oh, it was dreadful! What could be done?

"I'm glad I've found you—to say good-by at any rate." This was in the station.

She looked up, the fair man was standing beside her. Geraldine pulled herself together, but words were difficult—she was taken by surprise and the news in her letter had put a sob in her throat.

"Why did you go away so early?"

"I had arranged it yesterday afternoon."

"Yes—but last night you promised to go to the Eggishorn!"

"I didn't want to," she managed to give a brave little smile; "I changed my mind."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Couldn't we pretend to be old acquaintances?"—Page 232.

"I was so surprised when I found you had gone."

"I thought you wouldn't hear it till breakfast time."

"I didn't. I ran nearly all the way down, I was afraid you might have gone by the express."

"I lost it." She scrunched the letter in her hand and tried to keep her thoughts away from him, to make herself answer mechanically.

He looked at her puzzled.

She allowed herself to ask him a question: "Are you going back?"

"Why, yes. I just bolted when I heard you'd gone, but I left an unpaid bill and two open bags behind me."

She made no reply, she was watching the empty train. It would start in a few minutes; she was longing for the doors to be unlocked so that she might get safely into a carriage.

"Tell me why you are going in such a hurry?" he said, looking down at her. She was pale and very sweet, he thought, and her lips were quivering a little.

"I didn't want to stay," she answered, in a low voice.

He noticed the letter scrunched in her hand.

"Have you had bad news?"

"Yes."

"You didn't get the letters up there?"

"No, I went for them to the post-office." She opened her hand a little showing the opened letter. "It has upset me so—the idiot is dead—" and she burst into tears.

"The idiot!" He stared at her.

"I oughtn't to call her that now—and I only did it to myself—and you. She was the only one her mother had—her name was Sophia—and Sophia's dead—she's dead, I must go back——"

"Do you know her mother?"

"I never saw her, but she'll want some one to comfort her. She's dreadfully poor." Geraldine quickly dabbed her eyes and tried to keep a brave face. He felt his heart go out to her—he knew a score of women who wouldn't have cared if an asylumful of idiots had died, he thought. She tried to excuse herself.

"I feel such a brute—but I had no idea she was so ill."

They were unlocking the carriage doors. Geraldine collected her pilgrim basket and her hold-all. He took them from her, but she stood ready for departure.

"That's not why you ran away—if you've only just had the letters?"

"No," she said, as she went toward the carriage. There were hardly any passengers, they had all gone by the express. "I had other reasons," she added with a little air of perversity. "I wanted to go—Well good-bye, Mr. Wootten——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'm glad I've found you—to say good-by at any rate," a voice said.—Page 236.

"Wootten—who's he?"

"It's you, isn't it?"

He looked up. "Not that I'm aware of."

"Mrs. Streatly said it was—that tall woman."

"I don't know the lady, but she lied anyway."

Geraldine put her hand on the handle of the open door and felt a little unsteady. "She said she knew your wife."

"Well, I don't."

"You are not married?"

"Not yet."

She looked at him and laughed a little. "Then what did it mean? She said that she served on a committee with your wife."

"She took me for some one else, I expect."

"How absurd!" The whole expression of her face had changed. "But I must go." She was in the carriage and the train was all but starting. "I was very stupid," she said regretfully.

In a moment he had jumped in and closed the door.

"Oh, but you mustn't come," she said.

"Mayn't I?"

"Think of the unpaid bill and the open bags!"

There was the sound of a horn—the train started.

"They can wait till this evening."

"Are you sure you are not Mr. Woot-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten?" she asked, with a little laugh. She was ashamed at feeling so happy with that letter in her hand.

"I've every reason to think so." He pulled some letters from his pocket and showed her the directions—George Courtfield, Esqre. "I've some reason to believe that that's my name," he said. "And look—it's rather rough to have to prove one's identity, isn't it?" He opened a pocketbook and showed her a card.

"It's a much nicer name than Wootten," she said.

"I wish you'd make it yours."

She was quite startled. "What do you mean?" she asked. The train was plodding on toward Visp; the empty carriage with the mountains on either side looking in on them made the situation a romance.

"What I mean is this," he said looking down at her. "That I think you're the sweetest thing in womankind I ever came across. I don't know anything about you except what you've told me; but yet I know everything, and above all I know this—that I love you. You caught me in the moment you looked back at Glion. Do you remember?"

"Oh——"

"You don't know anything about me, you evidently didn't even know my name, and I don't know yours yet. I may be a ruffian or a scoundrel——"

"I'm certain you're not."

"Or a loafer—or a cheesemonger——"

"You said you were in a Government office and wrote philosophy—" She was making time.

"And I haven't many of this world's goods——"

"I don't care a bit about money."

"—But if you could care about me, I should be the happiest man alive, for I love you—if we have only met two or three times I have thought of you ever since that first day—and of nothing else."

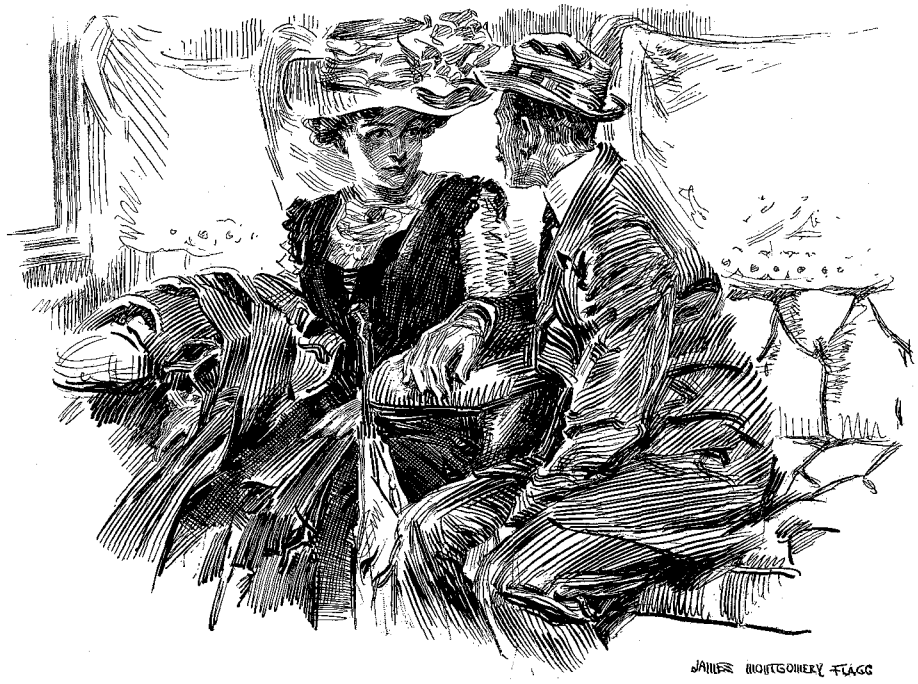
"Oh, but——"

"If I'm an ass and a fool, tell me, and I'll get out at the next station—but if you could care——"

"I believe I do," said Geraldine—in a whisper.

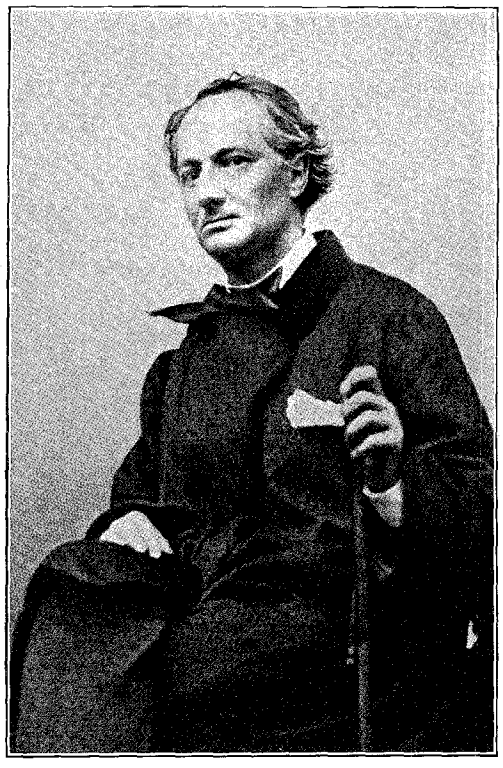
"Then say you'll marry me. It would be splendid." He made a little triumphant sound, for he knew he was safe.

"I will," said Geraldine—and she did.



"If I'm an ass and a fool, tell me."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Charles Baudelaire.

THE BAUDELAIRE LEGEND

By James Huneker

I

FOR the sentimental no greater foe exists than the iconoclast who dissipates literary legends. And he is abroad nowadays. Those golden times when they gossiped of De Quincey's enormous opium consumption, of the gin absorbed by gentle Charles Lamb, of Coleridge's dark ways, Byron's escapades and Shelley's atheism—Alas! into what faded limbo have they vanished. Poe, too; Poe whom we saw in fancy reeling from Richmond to Baltimore, Baltimore to Philadelphia, to New York! These familiar fascinating anecdotes have gone the way of all such jerry-built spooks. We know Poe to have been a man suffering at the time of his death from a cerebral lesion, a man who drank at intervals and but little. Dr. Guerrier of Paris exploded a darling superstition about De Quincey's enormous opium eating. He has demonstrated that no man could have lived so long—De Quincey was nearly seventy-five at his death—could have worked so hard, if he had consumed twelve thousand drops of laudanum as often as he said he did. Furthermore, the English essayist's description of the drug's effects is pronounced inexact. He was seldom sleepy—a sure sign, asserts Dr. Guerrier, that he was not a confirmed victim to the drug habit. In old age he was sprightly, and his powers of labor were prolonged until past threescore and ten. His imagination needed no opium to produce the famous Confessions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even Gautier's revolutionary red waistcoat worn at the *première* of Ernani was, according to Gautier, a pink doublet. And Rousseau has been whitewashed! So they are disappearing, those literary legends, until, disheartened, we cry out: Spare us our dear, old-fashioned, disreputable men of genius!

But the legend of Charles Baudelaire is seemingly indestructible. This French poet—whose name should be unforgotten by Poe's American admirers—himself has suffered more from the friendly malignant biographer and Parisian chroniclers of the small beer of literature than did Poe. Who shall keep the curs out of the cemetery, asked Baudelaire after he had read Griswold on Poe. In a few years his own cemetery was invaded and the world was put in possession of the Baudelaire legend; that legend of the atrabilious, irritable poet, dandy, maniac, his hair dyed green, spouting blasphemies; that grim, despairing image of a Diabolic, libertine, saint, and drunkard. Maxime Du Camp was much to blame for the promulgation of these tales—witness his "Souvenirs Littéraires." But it may be confessed that some of the Baudelaire legend was created by Charles Baudelaire. In the history of literature it is difficult to parallel such a deliberate piece of self-stultification. Not Villon, who preceded him, not Verlaine who imitated him, drew for the astonishment or disedification of the world like unflattering portraits. Mystifier as he was, he must have suffered at times from acute cortical irritation. Notwithstanding his desperate effort to realize Poe's idea of "Mon cœur mis à nu," he only proved Poe correct who had said that no man can bare his heart quite naked; there will be always something held back, something false too ostentatiously thrust forward. The grimace, the attitude, the pomp of rhetoric are so many buffers between the soul of man and the sharp reality of published confessions. Baudelaire was no more exception to this rule than St. Augustine, Bunyan, Rousseau, or Huysmans; though he was franker than any of them, as we may see in the recently printed diary, "Mon cœur mis à nu" (Posthumous Works, Societé Mercure de France); and in the Journal, Fusées, Letters, and other fragments exhumed by devoted Baudelarians.

To smash many legends Eugene Crépet's biographical study, first printed in 1887, has been republished with new notes by his son, Jacques Crépet. This is an exceedingly valuable contribution to Baudelaire lore; a dispassionate life, however, has yet to be written, a noble task for some young poet who will disentangle the conflicting lies originated by Baudelaire—that tragic comedian—from the truth and thus save him from himself. The new Crépet volume is really but a series of notes; there are some letters addressed to the poet by the distinguished men of his day, supplementing the rather disappointing volume of "Lettres, 1841–1866," published in 1908. There are also documents in the legal prosecution of Baudelaire, with memories of him by Charles Asselineau, Léon Cladel, Camille Lemonnier, and others.

In November, 1850, Maxime du Camp and Gustave Flaubert found themselves at the French Ambassador's, Constantinople. The two friends had taken that trip in the Orient which later bore fruit in "Salammbô." General Aupick, representative of the French Government, received the young men cordially; they were presented to his wife, Madame Aupick. She was the mother of Charles Baudelaire, and inquired of Du Camp, rather anxiously: "My son has talent, has he not?" Unhappy because her second marriage, a brilliant one, had set her son against her, the poor woman welcomed from such a source as Du Camp confirmation of her eccentric boy's gifts. Du Camp tells the much-discussed story of a quarrel between the youthful Charles and his stepfather, a quarrel that began at table. There were guests present. After some words Charles bounded at the general's throat and sought to strangle him. He was promptly boxed on the ears and succumbed to a nervous spasm. A delightful anecdote, one that fills with joy psychiatrists in search of a theory of genius and its degeneration. Charles was given some money and put on board of a ship sailing to the East Indies. He became a cattle dealer in the British army, and returned to France years afterward with a *Venus noire*, to whom he addressed extravagant poems! All this according to Du Camp. Here is another tale, a comical one. Baudelaire visited Du Camp in Paris, and his hair was violently green. Du Camp said nothing. Angered by this indifference,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baudelaire asked: "You find nothing abnormal about me?" "No," was the answer. "But my hair—it is green!" "That is nothing singular, *mon cher* Baudelaire; every one has more or less green hair in Paris." Disappointed in not creating a sensation, Baudelaire went to a café, gulped down two large bottles of Burgundy, and asked the waiter to remove the water, as water was a disagreeable sight; then he went away in a rage. It is a pity to doubt this green hair legend; presumably a man of genius will not be able to enjoy an epileptic fit in peace—as does a banker or an outcast. We are told that St. Paul, Mahomet, Handel, Napoleon, Flaubert, Dostiëvsky were epileptoids; yet we do not encounter men of this rare kind among the inmates of asylums. Even Baudelaire had his sane moments.

The joke of the green hair has been disposed of by Crépet. Baudelaire's hair thinned after an illness, he had his head shaved and painted with salve of a green hue, hoping thereby to escape baldness. At the time when he had embarked for Calcutta (May, 1841), he was not seventeen, but twenty years of age. Du Camp said he was seventeen when he attacked General Aupick. The dinner could not have taken place at Lyons, because the Aupick family had left that city six years before the date given by Du Camp. Charles was provided with five thousand francs for his expenses, instead of twenty—Du Camp's version—and he was not a beef-drover in the British army for a reason—he never reached India. Instead, he disembarked at the Isle of Bourbon, and after a short stay was seized by homesickness and returned to France, being absent about ten months, But, like Flaubert, on his return home Baudelaire was seized with the nostalgia of the East; out there he had yearned for Paris. Jules Claretie recalls Baudelaire saying to him with a grimace: "I love Wagner; but the music I prefer is that of a cat hung up by his tail outside of a window, and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws. There is an odd grating on the glass which I find at the same time strange, irritating, and singularly harmonious." Is it necessary to add that Baudelaire, notorious in Paris for his love of cats, and dedicating poems to cats, would never have perpetrated such revolting cruelty?

Another misconception, a critical one, is the case of Poe and Baudelaire. The young Frenchman first became infatuated with Poe's writings in 1846 or 1847—he gives these two dates, though several stories of Poe had been translated into French as early as 1841 or 1842; "L'Orang-Outang" was the first, which we know as "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Madame Meunier also translated several of the Poe stories for the reviews. Baudelaire's labors as a translator lasted over ten years. That he assimilated Poe, that he idolized Poe, is a commonplace of literary gossip. But that Poe had overwhelming influence in the formation of his poetic genius is not the truth. Yet we find such an acute critic as the late Edmund Clarence Stedman writing, "Poe's chief influence upon Baudelaire's own production relates to poetry." It is precisely the reverse. Poe's influence affected Baudelaire's prose, notably in the disjointed confessions, "Mon cœur mis à nu," which recall the American writer's "Marginalia." The bulk of the poetry in "Les Fleurs du Mal" was written before Baudelaire had read Poe, though not published in book form until 1857. But in 1855 some of the poems saw the light in the "Revue des deux Mondes," while many of them had been put forth a decade or fifteen years before as fugitive verse in various magazines. Stedman was not the first to make this mistake. In Bayard Taylor's "The Echo Club" we read on page 24 this criticism: "There was a congenital twist about Poe. . . . Baudelaire and Swinburne after him have been trying to surpass him by increasing the dose; but his muse is the natural Pythia, inheriting her convulsions, while they eat all sorts of insane roots to produce theirs." This must have been written about 1872, and after reading it one would fancy Poe and Baudelaire were rhapsodic wrigglers on the poetic tripod; whereas their poetry is too often reserved and glacial. Baudelaire, like Poe, sometimes "Built his nests with the birds of night," and that was enough to condemn the work of both men by critics of the didactic school.

Once, when Baudelaire heard that an American man-of-letters (?) was in Paris, he secured an introduction and called. Eagerly inquiring after Poe he learned that he was not considered a genteel person in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America. Baudelaire withdrew, muttering maledictions. Enthusiastic poet. Charming literary person. But the American, whoever he was, represented public opinion at the time. To-day criticisms of Poe are vitiated by the desire to make him an angel. It is to be doubted whether without his barren environment and hard fortunes we should have had Poe at all. He had to dig down deeper into the pit of his personality to reach the central core of his music. But every ardent young soul entering "literature" begins by a vindication of Poe's character. Poe was a man, and he is now a classic. He was a half-charlatan as was Baudelaire. In both the sublime and the sickly were never far asunder. The pair loved to mystify, to play pranks on their contemporaries. Both were implacable pessimists. Both were educated in affluence, and had to face unprepared the hardships of life. The hastiest comparison of their poetic work will show that their only common ideal was the worship of an exotic beauty. Baudelaire, like Poe, had a harp-like temperament which vibrated in the presence of strange subjects. Above all he was obsessed by sex. Woman, as angel of destruction, is the keynote of his poems. Poe was almost sexless. His aerial creatures do not foot the dusty highways of the world. His lovely lines, "Helen, thy beauty is to me," could never have been written by Baudelaire; while Poe would never have pardoned the "fulgurant" grandeur, the Beethoven-like harmonies, the Dantesque horrors of that "deep wide music of lost souls" in "Femmes Damnées":

"Descendez, decendez, lamentables victimes."

Or this, which might serve as a text for one of John Martin's vast sinister mezzotints:

"J'ai vu parfois au fond d'un théâtre banal
Un être, qui n'était que lumière, or et gaze,
Terrasser l'énorme Satan;
Mais mon cœur que jamais ne visite l'extase,

"Est un théâtre où l'on attend
Toujours, toujours en vain l'Etre aux ailes de gaze."

Professor Saintsbury thus sums up the matter of Poe and Baudelaire: "Both authors—Poe and De Quincey—fell short of Baudelaire himself as regards depth and fulness of passion, but both have a superficial likeness to him in eccentricity of temperament and affection for a certain peculiar mixture of grotesque and horror." Poe is without passion, except the passion for the *macabre;* what Huysmans calls "The October of the sensations"; whereas, there is a gulf of despair and terror and humanity in Baudelaire which shakes your nerves yet stimulates the imagination. That Baudelaire said, "Evil be thou my good," is doubtless true. He proved all things and found them vanity. He is the poet of original sin, a worshipper of Satan for the sake of paradox; his Litanies to Satan ring childishly to us—in his heart he was a believer. His was "an infinite reverse aspiration," and mixed up with his Byronic pose was a disgust for vice, for life itself. He was the last of the Romanticists; Sainte-Beuve called him the Kamchatka of Romanticism; its remotest hypoborean peak. Romanticism is dead to-day, as dead as Naturalism; but Baudelaire is alive, and is read. His glistening phosphorescent trail is over French poetry and he is the begetter of a school. Verlaine, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Carducci, Arthur Rimbaud, Jules Laforgue, Verhaeren, and many of the youthful crew. He affected Swinburne, and in Huysmans, who was not a poet, his splenetic spirit lives. Baudelaire's motto might be the reverse of Browning's lines: "The Devil is in heaven. All's wrong with the world."

When Goethe said of Hugo and the Romanticists that they all came from Chateaubriand, he should have substituted the name of Rousseau—"Romanticism, it is Rousseau," exclaims Pierre Lasserre. But there is more of Byron and Petrus Borel—a forgotten mad poet—in Baudelaire, though, for a brief period, in 1848, he became a Rousseau reactionary, sported the workingman's blouse, shaved his head, shouldered a musket, went to the barricades, wrote inflammatory editorials calling the proletarian "Brother!" (Oh, Baudelaire!) and, as the Goncourts recorded in their diary, looked like a maniacal Saint-Just. How seriously we may take this swing of the pendulum is to be noted in a speech of the poet's at the time of the Revolution: "Come," he said, "let us go shoot General Aupick!" It was his step-father that he thought of, not the eternal principles of Liberty. This may be a false

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anecdote; many such were foisted upon him. For example, his exclamations at cafés or in public places, such as: "Have you ever eaten a baby? I find it pleasing to the palate!" or, "The night I killed my father!" Naturally people stared and Baudelaire was happy—he had startled the bourgeois. The cannibalistic idea he must have borrowed from Swift's amusing pamphlet, for this French poet knew English literature.

Gautier, in the masterly preface to the definitive edition of "Les Fleurs du Mal" compares the poems to a certain tale of Hawthorne's in which there is a garden of poisoned flowers. But Hawthorne worked in his laboratory of evil wearing mask and gloves; he never descended into the mud and sin of the street. Baudelaire ruined his health, smudged his soul, yet remained withal, as Anatole France says, "A divine poet." How childish, yet how touching is his resolution—he wrote in his diary of prayer's dynamic force—when he was penniless, in debt, threatened with imprisonment, sick, nauseated with sin: "To make every morning my prayer to God, the reservoir of all force, and all justice; to my father, to Mariette and to Poe as intercessors." (Evidently, Maurice Barrès encountered here his idea of "Intercessors.") Baudelaire loved his father as much as Stendhal hated his. To his mother he became reconciled after the death of General Aupick in 1857. He felt, in 1862, that his own intellectual eclipse was approaching, for he wrote: "I have cultivated my hysteria with joy and terror. To-day imbecility's wing fanned me as it passed." The sense of the vertiginous gulf was abiding with him; read his poem entitled "Pascal avait son gouffre."

In preferring the Baudelaire translations of Poe to the original—and they give the impression of being original works—Stedman seemed to agree with Asselineau that the French is more concise than the English. The prose of Poe and Baudelaire is clear, sober, rhythmic; Baudelaire's is more supple, finer in contour, richer colored, though without the "honey and tiger's blood" of Barbey d'Aurevilly's prose. Baudelaire's soul was patiently built up as a fabulous bird might build its nest—bits of straw, the sobbing of women, clay, cascades of black stars, rags, leaves, rotten wood, corroding dreams, a spray of roses, a sparkle of pebble, a gleam of blue sky, despairing hearts, and music and the abomination of desolation for ground-tones. But this soul-nest is also a cemetery of the seven sorrows. He loved the clouds. . . . *les nuages . . . lá bas*. . . . It was *lá bas* with him even in the tortures of his wretched love-life. Corruption and death were ever floating in his consciousness. He was like Flaubert, who saw everywhere the skeleton concealed in us. Félicien Rops has best interpreted Baudelaire: The etcher and poet were closely-knit spirits. Rodin, too, is a Baudelarian. If there could be such an anomaly as a native wood-note evil, it would be the lyric voice of this poet. His sensibility was morbid, though he could be frigid in the face of the most disconcerting misfortunes. He was a man for whom the visible word existed; Gautier was pagan, Baudelaire a strayed spirit from mediæval days. The spirit ruled, and, as Paul Bourget said, "he saw God." A Manichean in his worship of evil, he nevertheless abased his soul. "Oh! Lord God! Give me the force and courage to contemplate my heart and my body without disgust," he prays. But as some one said to Rochefoucauld: "Where you end, Christianity begins."

Baudelaire built his ivory tower on the borders of a poetic Maremma, which every miasma of the spirit pervaded, every marsh light and glowworm inhabited. Like Wagner, he painted in his sultry music the profundities of abysms, the vastness of space. He painted, too, the great nocturnal silences of the soul.

Pacem summum tenent! Yet he never attained the heights. Let us admit that souls of his kind are encased in sick frames; their steel is too shrewd for the scabbard; yet the enigma is none the less unfathomable. To affiliate him with Poe, De Quincey, Hoffmann, James Thomson, Coleridge, and the rest of the sombre choir does not explain him; he is, perhaps, nearer Donne and Villon than any of the others—strains of the metaphysical and sinister and supersubtle are to be discovered in him. The disharmony of brain and body, the spiritual bi-location are only too easy to diagnose; but the remedy? *Hypocrite lecteur—mon semblable—mon frère!* —so Baudelaire salutes his readers in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preface to "Flowers of Evil." When the subtlety, force, grandeur of his poetic productions are considered, together with their disquieting, nervous, vibrating qualities, it is not surprising that Victor Hugo wrote to the poet: "You invest the heaven of art with we know not what deadly rays; you create a new shudder." Hugo could have said that he turned Art into an Inferno. Baudelaire is the evil archangel of poetry. In his heaven of fire, glass, and ebony he is the blazing Lucifer. "A glorious devil, large in heart and brain, that did love beauty only . . . " sang Tennyson.

II

As long ago as 1869 and in our "barbarous gas-lit country," as Baudelaire named the land of Poe, an unsigned review appeared in which this poet was described as "unique and as interesting as Hamlet. He is that rare and unknown being, a genuine poet—a poet in the midst of things that have disordered his spirit—a poet excessively developed in his taste for and by beauty . . . very responsive to the ideal, very greedy of sensation." A better description of Baudelaire does not exist. The Hamlet-motive, particularly, is one that sounded throughout the disordered symphony of the poet's life. He was born at Paris April 9, 1821 (Flaubert's birth year), and not April 21st, as Gautier has it. His father was Joseph Francis Baudelaire, or Beaudelaire, who occupied a government position. A cultivated art lover, his taste was apparent in the home he made for his second wife, Caroline Archimbaut-Dufays, an orphan and the daughter of a military officer. There was a considerable difference in the years of this couple; the mother was twenty-seven, the father sixty-two at the birth of their only child. By his first marriage the elder Baudelaire had one son, Claude, who, like his half-brother Charles, died of paralysis, though a steady man of business. That great neurosis, called Commerce, has also its mental shipwrecks, but no one pays any attention; only when the poet falls by the wayside is the chase on and the neurologists and other soul-hunters are abroad seeking for victims. After the death of Baudelaire's father the widow within a year married the handsome, ambitious Aupick, then *Chef de bataillon*, Lieutenant-Colonel, decorated with the Legion of Honor, and later general and ambassador to Madrid, Constantinople, and London. Charles was a nervous, frail youth, but unlike most children of genius, he was a scholar and won brilliant honors at school. His stepfather was proud of him. From the Royal College of Lyons, Charles went to the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, Paris, but was expelled in 1839. Troubles soon began for him. He was irascible, vain, very precocious, and given to premature irregularities. He did quarrel with General Aupick and he did disdain his mother. But she was to blame, she has confessed; she had quite forgotten the boy in the flush of her second love. This he could not forget, nor forgive what he called her infidelity to the memory of his father. Hamlet-like, he was inconsolable. The good bishop of Montpelier, who knew the family, said that Charles was a little crazy, and he was not altogether to blame—second marriages usually bring woes in their train. "When a mother has such a son, she doesn't remarry," said the young poet proudly. Charles signed himself Baudelaire-Dufays, or sometimes, Dufais. He wrote in his journal: "My ancestors, idiots or maniacs . . . all victims of terrible passions"; which is one of his exaggerations. His grandfather on the paternal side was a Champenois peasant, his mother's family was presumably Norman, but not much is known of her forbears. Charles believed himself lost from the time his half-brother was struck down. He also believed that his instability of temperament—and he studied his "case", as would a surgeon—was the result of his parents' disparity in years.

After his return from the East, where he did not learn English, as has been said—his mother taught him as a boy to speak and write the language—he came into his little inheritance, about fifteen thousand dollars. Two years later he was so heavily in debt that his family asked for a guardian on the ground of incompetency. He had been swindled, being young and green. How had he squandered his money? Not exactly on opera-glasses, like Gerard de Nerval, but on clothes, pictures, furniture, books. The remnant was set aside to pay his debts. Charles would be both poet and dandy. He dressed expensively but soberly,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the English fashion, his linen dazzling, the prevailing hue of his habiliments, black. In height he was medium, his eyes brown, searching, luminous, the eye of a nyctalops, "eyes like ravens'," said some one; nostrils palpitating, cleft chin, mouth expressive, sensual, the jaw strong and square. His hair was black, curly, and glossy, his forehead high, square, white. In the Deroy portrait he wears a beard; he is there, what Camille Mendès called him: His Excellence, Monseignieur Brummel! Later he was the elegiac Satan, the author of L'Imitation de N. S. le Diable; or the Baudelaire of George Moore: "the clean-shaven face of the mock priest, the slow cold eyes and the sharp cunning sneer of the cynical libertine who will be tempted that he may better know the worthlessness of temptation." In the heyday of his blood he was perverse and deliberate. Let us credit him with annihilating the Byronic pose that *ennui* could be best cured by dissipation; in sin he found the saddest of all tasks. Mendès laughs at the legend of Baudelaire's violence, of his being given to explosive phrases. Despite Gautier's stories about the Hotel Pimadon and its Club of Hasheesh eaters, M. Mendès denies that Baudelaire was a victim of the hemp. What the majority of mankind does not know concerning the habits of literary workers is this prime fact: men who work hard, writing verse—and there is no mental toil comparable to it—cannot drink or indulge in opium without the inevitable collapse. The old-fashioned notion of "inspiration," of spontaneity, of easy improvisation, the sudden bolt from heaven, are delusions still hugged by the world. To be told that Chopin filed at his music for years, that Beethoven in his smithy forged his thunder bolts, that Manet toiled like a laborer on the dock, that Baudelaire was a mechanic in his devotion to poetic work, that Gautier was a hard-working journalist, is a disillusion for the sentimental. Minerva springing full-fledged from Jupiter's skull to the desk of the poet is a pretty fancy; but Balzac and Flaubert did not encourage this fancy. Work literally killed Poe as it killed Jules de Goncourt, Flaubert, and Daudet. Maupassant went insane because he would work and he would play the same day. Baudelaire worked and worried and drank. His debts haunted him his life long. His constitution was flawed from the start—Sainte-Beuve told him that he had worn out his nerves—he was *détraqué;* but that his entire life was one huge debauch is the silly nightmare of the moral police in some white cotton night-cap country.

His period of mental production was not brief or barren. He wrote art and literary criticisms; his "Salon of 1845" was much admired; he fought for such men as Delacroix, Daumier, Corot, Manet, Flaubert, Meryon the etcher, and Richard Wagner. This is not the place to dilate upon the excellences of his criticisms. He was a critic both born and made. He was a student. Du Camp's charge that he was an ignorant man is disproved by the variety and quality of his published work. His range of sympathies was large. His mistake, in the eyes of his colleagues, was to write so well of the seven arts. Versatility is never given its real name—which is protracted labor. Baudelaire was one of the elect, an aristocrat, who dealt in the quintessence of art. With his delicate air of a bishop, his exquisite manners, his modulated voice, he aroused unusual interest and admiration. He was a humanist of distinction; he left a hymn to Saint Francis which is in the Latin of the decadence. How sane he was in criticism may be seen in his article on "The Pagan School." There he is able to escape his own passion for the school of art-for-art and view with a critical aloofness both sides of the question: "Literature must go far to rehabilitate its powers in a better atmosphere. The time is not far distant when it will be understood that all literature which refuses to advance fraternally between science and philosophy is a homicidal and a suicidal literature!" The critic speaks! But, luckily for his magnificent poetry he did not attempt to put into practice such a theory, one worthy of the didactic school at its dreariest.

Baudelaire, like Chopin, made more poignant the phrase, raised to a higher intensity the expressiveness of art. Woman played the commanding rôle in his life. She always does with any poet worthy of the name, though few have been so frank in acknowledging this as Baudelaire. Yet he was in love more with the idea of Woman than the individual. The legend of the beautiful creature he brought from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East resolves itself into the dismal affair with Jeanne Duval. He met her in Paris after he had been in the East. She sang at a café-concert in Paris. She was more brown than black. She was not handsome, not intelligent, not good; yet he idealized her, for she was the source of half his inspiration. To her were addressed those marvellous evocations of the Orient, of perfume, tresses, delicious mornings on strange far-away seas and "superb Byzant" domes that devils built. Baudelaire is the poet of perfumes. He is also the patron saint of *ennui*. No one has so chanted the praise of odors. His soul swims on perfume as do other souls on music, he has said. As he grew older he seemed to hunt for more acrid odors; he often presents an elaborately chased vase the carving of which transports us, but from which the head is quickly averted. Jeanne, whom he never loved, no matter what may be said in her favor, was a sorceress. But she was impossible; she robbed, betrayed him; he left her a dozen times only to return. What the charm! He was a capital draughtsman with a strong nervous line and made many pen-and-ink drawings of her. She was not prepossessing. In her rapid decline she was not allowed to want; Madame Baudelaire paid her expenses in the hospital. A sordid history. She was a veritable flower of evil for Baudelaire. Yet poetry, like music, would be colorless, scentless, if it sounded no dissonances. Fancy art reduced to the beatific and banal chord of C major.

He fell in love with the celebrated Madame Sabatier, a reigning beauty, at whose salon artistic Paris assembled. She had been christened by Gautier *Madame la Presidente*, and her sumptuous beauty was portrayed by Ricard in his "La Femme au Chien"; she posed for Clesinger—George Sand's son-in-law—for his "Woman and Serpent." She returned Baudelaire's love. They soon parted. Again a riddle that the published letters hardly solve. One letter, however, does show that Baudelaire tried to love and failed. He could not extort from his exhausted soul the sentiment; but he put its music on paper. His most seductive lyrics were addressed to Madame Sabatier: "À la très-chère, à la très-belle," a hymn saturated with love. Music, spleen, perfumes—"color, sound, perfumes call to each other as deep to deep; perfumes like the flesh of children, soft as hautboys, green like the meadows"—criminals, outcasts, the charm of childhood, the horrors of love, pride, and rebellion, Eastern landscapes, cats, soothing and false; cats, the true companions of lonely poets; haunted clocks, shivering dusks, and gloomier dawns—these and many other themes this strange-souled poet, this "Dante, pacer of the shore," of Paris has celebrated in finely wrought verse and profound phrases. In a single line he contrives atmosphere; the very shape of his sentence, the ring of the syllables, arouse deepest emotion. The master of harmonic undertones is Baudelaire. His successors have excelled him in making their music more fluid, more singing, more vaporous—for all young French poets pass through their Baudelairian green sickness—but he alone knows the secrets of moulding those metallic, free sonnets, which have the resistance of bronze, and of the despairing music that flames from the mouths of lost souls trembling on the wharves of hell. He is the supreme master of irony and troubled voluptuousness.

Baudelaire is a masculine poet. His verse is even muscular. He carved rather than sang; the plastic arts spoke to his soul. A lover and maker of images. Like Poe, his emotions transformed themselves into ideas. Bourget classified him as mystic, libertine, and analyzer. He was born with a wound in his soul. [Curiously enough, he actually contemplated, in 1861, becoming a candidate for Lacordaire's vacant seat in the French Academy. Sainte-Beuve dissuaded him from this folly.] Recall another of the poet's prayers: "Thou, O Lord, my God, grant me the grace to produce some fine lines which will prove to myself that I am not the last of men, that I am not inferior to those I contemn." Individualist, egoist, anarchist, his only thought was of letters. Jules Laforgue thus described Baudelaire: "Cat, Hindoo, Yankee, Episcopal, Alchemist." Yes, he was an alchemist who suffocated in the fumes he created. He was of Gothic imagination, and could have said with "Rolla," *Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux*. He had an unassuaged thirst for the absolute. The human soul was his stage, he its interpreting orchestra.

In 1857 "The Flowers of Evil" was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

published by the devoted Poulet-Malassis, who afterward went into bankruptcy—a warning to publishers with a taste for fine literature! The original titles were "Limbes," or "Lesbiennes." Hippolyte Babou suggested the one we know. These poems were suppressed on account of six, and poet and publisher summoned. As the municipal government had made a particular ass of itself in the prosecution of Gustave Flaubert and his "Madame Bovary," the Baudelaire matter was disposed of in haste. He was condemned to a fine of three hundred francs, which fine was never paid, as the six objectionable poems were removed. They were printed in the Belgian edition, and may be read in the new volume of "Œuvres Posthumes."

Baudelaire was infuriated over the judgment, for he knew that his book was dramatic. He had expected, like Flaubert, to emerge from the trial with flying colors; to be classed as one who wrote objectionable literature was a shock. "Flaubert had the Empress back of him," he complained; which was true; the Empress Eugénie and the Princess Mathilde. But he worked as ever and put forth those polished intaglios called "Poems in Prose," the form of which he had taken the hint from Aloys Bertrand's "Gaspard de la Nuit." He filled this form with a new content; not alone pictures but moods, and moods many-sided are to be found in these miniatures. Pity is their keynote, a tenderness for the abject and lowly, a revelation of sensibility that surprised those critics who had discerned in Baudelaire only a sculptor of evil. In one of his poems he described a landscape of metal, of marble and water; a babel of staircases and arcades, a palace of infinity, surrounded by the silence of eternity. This depressing yet magical dream was utilized by Huysmans in his "A rebours"—the hero of which is a perfect Baudelaire, a Baudelaire raised to the *Nth* degree. But in the tiny landscapes of the Prose Poems there is nothing rigid or artificial. Indeed, the poet's deliberate attitude of artificiality is dropped. The deep fundamental note of humanity is never quite absent in his poems; the eternal diapason is there even when least heard. Baudelaire is more human than Poe, his range of sympathy wider. In this he transcends him as a poet, though his subject-matter often issues from very dregs of life. Brother to pitiable wanderers, there is, nevertheless, no trace of cant, no "Russian pity" *à la* Dostoïevsky, no humanitarian or socialistic rhapsodies in his work. Baudelaire is an egoist. He hated the sentimental sapping of altruism.

His best critical work is the "Richard Wagner and Tannhäuser," a more significant essay than Nietzsche's "Richard Wagner and Bayreuth"; Baudelaire's polemic appeared at a more critical period in Wagner's career. And what a brave man wrote this pamphlet with all Paris, Berlioz included, against the German composer. This Wagner letter is included in the volume of Crépet. Wagner sent a brief hearty letter of thanks to the critic and made his acquaintance. To Wagner Baudelaire introduced a young Wagnerian, Villiers de l'Isle Adam. There are no letters published from Baudelaire to Franz Liszt, though they were friends. In Weimar I saw at the Liszt house several from Baudelaire which should have been included in the "Lettres." The poet understood Liszt and his ideals as he understood Wagner's. The German composer admired the French poet, and his Kundry, of the sultry second act of "Parsifal," has a Baudelairian hue, especially in the perverse temptation scene.

The end was at hand. Baudelaire had been steadily, rather, unsteadily, going down hill; a desperate figure, a dandy in shabby attire. He went out only after dark, he haunted the exterior boulevards, associated with birds of nocturnal plumage. He drank without thirst, ate without hunger. A woeful decadence for an aristocrat of life and letters. Most sorrowful of sinners, this morose delectation scourged his nerves and extorted the darkest music from his lyre. He fled to Brussels, there to rehabilitate his dwindling fortunes. He gave a few conferences, and met Rops, Lemonnier, drank to forget, and forgot to work. He abused Brussels, Belgium, its people. A country where the trees are black, the flowers without odor, and where there is no conversation. He, the brilliant *causeur*, the chief *blaguer* of a circle in which young James McNeill Whistler was reduced to the rôle of a listener—this most *spirituel* among artists found himself a failure in the Belgian capital. It may not be amiss here to remind ourselves that Baudelaire was the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creator of most of the paradoxes attributed, not only to Whistler, but to an entire school —if one may employ such a phrase. The frozen imperturbability of the poet, his cutting enunciation, his power of blasphemy, his affected hatred of nature, his love of the artificial, have been copied by the æsthetic blades of our day. He it was who first taunted nature with being an imitator of art, with being always the same. Oh, the monotonous sunsets! Oh, the quotidian eating and drinking! he cried. And as pessimist, too, he led the mode. Baudelaire, like Flaubert, grasped the murky torch of pessimism once held by Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, and Senancour and his morbid Obermann. Perhaps all this stemmed from Byronism. To-day it is as stale as Byronism.

Baudelaire's health failed rapidly, and he didn't have money enough to pay for doctor's prescriptions. He owed for the room in his hotel. At Namur, where he was visiting the father-in-law of Félicien Rops —March, 1866—he suffered from an attack of paralysis. He was removed to Brussels. His mother, who lived at Honfleur, in mourning for her husband, came to his aid. Taken to France he was placed in a sanatorium. Aphasia set in. He could only ejaculate a mild oath, and when he caught sight of himself in the mirror he would bow pleasantly as if to a stranger. His friends rallied, and they were among the most distinguished people in Paris, the *élite* of souls. Ladies visited him, one or two playing Wagner on the piano—which must have added a fresh *nuance* to death—and they brought him flowers. He expressed his love for flowers and music to the last. He could not bear the sight of his mother; she revived in him some painful memories, but that passed, and he clamored for her when she was absent. If any one mentioned the names of Wagner or Manet he smiled. Madame Sabatier came: so did the Manets. And with a fixed stare, as if peering through some invisible window opening upon eternity, he died, August 31, 1867, aged forty-six.

Barbey d'Aurevilly, himself a Satanist and dandy (ah, those comical old attitudes of literature!) prophesied that the author of "Fleurs du Mal" would either blow out his brains or prostrate himself at the foot of the cross. Baudelaire had the latter course forced upon him by fate after he had attempted spiritual suicide for how many years! (He once tried actual suicide, but the slight cut in his throat looked so ugly that he went no farther.) His soul had been a battle-field for the powers of good and evil. That at the end he brought the wreck of both soul and body to his God is not here a subject for comment. He was an extraordinary poet with a bad conscience, who lived miserably and was buried with honors. Then it was that his work was discovered (funeral orations over a genius are a species of public staircase wit). His reputation waxes with the years. He is an exotic gem in the crown of French poetry. Of him the supreme singer of England has chanted "Ave Atque Vale":

"Shall I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel,
Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

I USED to pride myself upon my power to read faces casually encountered, which is, I suppose, but another way of saying that I used to be young. Whole character sketches could I make out of the curve of the lips, the lines of the forehead, the contour of cheek and of brow, and, as I never again saw most of the people in question, and never really knew them, nobody was ever the wiser or the worse for my minute interpretations. It is only lately that I have begun to suspect that my instinct was more fallible than I had thought, that Dame Nature is a far more subtle lady than I had dreamed, and that, in creating faces, as elsewhere, she follows her usual method of almost wholly concealing her meaning by partially revealing it.

Misfit Faces

Not long since I went to a great meeting—I will not say what, I will not say where—in which certain questions of civic reform were being debated in the presence of potentates, powers, and even trust magnates. Against the complacent faces of the boodlers and grafters, all of whom wore that direct and manly gaze we are taught to associate with honesty of character, one face stood out, narrow-eyed, a twist in the nose giving the whole countenance a sinister expression, a face that nine people out of ten would have picked out as that of the villain of the piece; yet it was the face of the one upright man there, whose salt of civic virtue will, peradventure, for he holds high office, save a whole city. I knew that he was good only because he did not, as the others did, talk loudly of the Virtues. It would make a noble theme for a novel or a play, rivalling in pathos *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the life-long fight of a good man against the contour of his outer shell; his final proof in deeds that he was not the villain that, by some touch of physical irony, he looked.

Is it from actual observation that we have grown to associate certain inner qualities with certain characteristics of cut and of coloring, or are fiction and drama responsible for our conventional beliefs? No amount of enlightenment can keep us from identifying golden hair with innocence; the black locks and heavy brow of the arch villain of melodrama, the square chin of the man of decision, the straightforward gaze of conscious virtue—all these time-worn generalities dominate, though we do not know it, our observation. If we had the use of our eyes we should see, I fancy, that, in real life, the villain wears a look of conscious virtue more convincingly than does any one else, and that, unlike his image in fiction, he almost never realizes that he is a villain. We hide our real vision under the shreds and patches of worn-out fancy, and I think that the angels would laugh if they could hear, as mayhap they do, our interpretation of those whom we see hurrying past us upon the street, or sitting beside us in railway trains, or, dare I add? at our own hearths.

I recall an acquaintance who had a face like those painted by Leonardo da Vinci, and that means with more power of expression than anything else in the world except, perhaps, an unfinished sketch by Leonardo! The brown hair and eyes, the wistful curves of cheek and of chin, the mouth, whose delicate lips seemed always about to quiver, belonged to a simple, practical, American business woman who never in her life had felt one of the rare emotions which she suggested and aroused. She confessed to me once, and, as I looked at her amazing beauty, I marvelled at her words, that her face had been her greatest curse.

"People expect me to be so—so remarkable," she said sadly, the simple, commonplace soul vainly trying to peep through the wonderful brown eyes, "and then, in a few days, they find me out." She had never discovered her true comrades, for they had all been frightened away by her glorified outer shell—and that, when you think of it, would make another good theme for a novel.

Another problem concerning faces has puzzled me much. Which suffer more deeply, the ferocious-looking people who are mild inside, or the mild-looking people who are inwardly fierce? I recall more than one gentle spirit, forever imprisoned behind a New England nose, shut out from due sympathy, from appreciation, from understanding by a mere barricade of bone and cartilage. The hawk-like beak and dove-like eyes are an all too common combination; the formidable jaw too

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

often conceals from the casual observer an over-sensitive mouth, and I have noted that the most awe-inspiring giant stature may be accompanied by the shakiest arm and knee.

It is just as unfair, and far more dangerous, the other way. The two meekest-looking old men I ever laid eyes upon were gory-minded anarchists, who were waiting, with an air of patriarchal calm, for a chance to throw bombs. I recall an elderly little lady, with a face like that of a worshipping mediæval saint, calling out—she was an artist and had some excuse—for the blood of a missionary, an excellent American missionary, who had gone to teach the Japanese wood-carving! Who could have dreamed that, behind that illumined little countenance, the lust to kill lay hidden? In this list of contradictions belongs the imp across the street who acts on Sunday as choir boy, looking the part, and acts on week days in a fashion that I do not care to describe. Alas, I belong there myself! I, who inherited from one side of the family something of the look of the cherub, from the other, a bit of the mind of the wolf, feel that nature has given me an unfair advantage. The pious blue eye handed down from generations of ministerial ancestors veils all too completely a wicked and satiric temper that I got from the other side of the house. When I speak it is often as if the lamb had roared. I could have made myself, had I so chosen, a most complete villain without ever having anybody find me out.

The most interesting case of belying mask that I ever encountered was this: Some years ago, in a country hotel, I chanced to meet a veteran of the Civil War, who had with him a son of seventeen or eighteen. It was whispered to me that the father had gone through untold sufferings as prisoner and afterward as fugitive in the South, and I wondered that his face bore so little trace of it all. It was impassive, non-committal, carefully expressionless; even the eyes, when the lids were reluctantly lifted, betrayed nothing of the closely-guarded secret. But the boy's, for some reason too deep for me to fathom, told all. In the appealing eyes, the wistful lines of mouth and forehead, was an eloquence of expression that belied the fresh young face. The child of his father's suffering, he suggested, merely I think in physical imprint, a depth of experience not his own.

I have come to the conclusion that, in reality, very few people resemble themselves. Hoodwinking us is doubtless one of the ways in which Dame Nature amuses herself in her eternity of task. Think of the infinite variety possible to her infinite resources in that great kneading trough wherein she mixes souls and bodies, joining the slant eye and the saintly mouth, the lifted eyebrow and the praying lips; taking back in the chin what she grants in the forehead, contradicting herself, quizzing us, with that old challenge to find out if we can what it really means. Doubtless there are in all faces subtle indications of the soul behind, but I fancy that they are, for the most part, too fine for us to read, and that the great Mother of us all, because, perhaps, she likes to see us play at wisdom, with humor unexpected, often so pointed that it amounts to wit, constantly makes misfit faces for our misleading.

Regulating Tips.

THERE are many things to be said about the tipping habit. Most of them have perhaps been said. It is not denied that it lends itself to abuse. There are those stern-souled reformers who maintain that, like the tippling habit, the tipping habit is itself an abuse, and that the only way to reform it is to reform it altogether. Many more there be who think that *abusus non tollit usum*, and that the temperance in tips may well stop short of total abstinence. But it is interesting and gratifying to observe that the recent suggestion of a certain politic convocation of publicans at Rome (not N. Y., but the Eternal City) has been universally repelled with rage and laughter. This was no less than a proposal that the publican should himself, like a brazen serpent or a golden calf, stand between the tipper and the tippee, that the plague of tipping might be stayed; should, in fact, erect himself into an almoner of his customers and distribute their gratuities, extending and withholding as he pleaseth.

In sooth, "commercialism" has not issued in a more preposterous proposal. For the proposal sets at naught the whole philosophy and the whole psychology of tipping. The very point of the tip is that it operates to transfer the "condition of servitude," and to convert, for the period covered by the tip, the permanent servant of the landlord into the temporary servant of the "paying guest." The tippee acknowledges, or does not acknowledge, as the case may be, a divided duty. He must be prepared, if the occasion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arises, to go against the interests of his permanent employer in the interest of his temporary employer. He must be prepared to recommend not only what his principal wishes to sell, but also what his principal does not wish to sell, if it be to the interest of his temporary employer to buy it. Nay, he must be prepared to discommend, if need be, what his regular employer may particularly wish to sell. When "Young Bailey," in "Martin Chuzzlewit," whispered through the keyhole to the two Miss Pecksniffs—"Fish to-morrow: just come: don't eat none of him"—"and with this spectral warning he vanished"—he was furnishing the classical instance of the function of a tippee. It does not matter that it does not appear that the Miss Pecksniffs feed him, and that the probability is that, *more foemineo*, they didn't. He was the typical tippee all the same. His honor rooted in dishonor stood, and faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

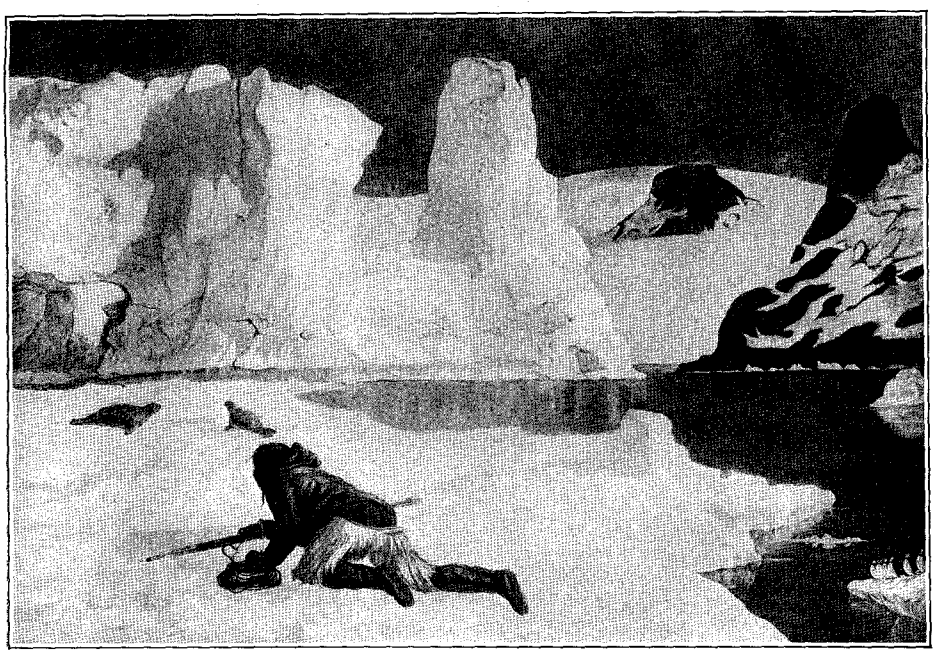
The custom works oddly and sometimes awkwardly when there is nothing avowedly commercial in the relation; when, for example, private guests who are not paying guests have occasion to tip the servants. As when, for example, in an authentic instance, the guests of an English country house were solemnly warned by their host against spoiling "his" servants by excessive tipping, and the proper amount of their fees was indicated to them. This is what you might call a staggerer. Not that there was no need of it, for the British tiptaker is a cormorant, as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on. Authenticated tales there are of English country houses in which the chiefs of the in-door and out-door staffs, the butler and the head gamekeeper, conspired to accept "nothing but paper," which is to say nothing short of five sterling pounds. But then England is the home and nursery of the tip, the country in which of all you can most readily "buy service," as Mr. Kipling hath it.

Doubtless the British tip is maddening to the stranger; especially maddening when, after paying nasally in his inn-bill for "Attendance," he finds the entire staff of the establishment drawn up at the front door, with the connivance of the landlord, to certify that the formal payment he has just made is incompetent, irrelevant and impertinent.

Nevertheless, he is not in the least likely to acquiesce in the ridiculous proposal that he shall hand over to a heartless and possibly corporate and incorporeal landlord the "gratuity" for which he is thus not to receive even gratitude. That would be to deprive tipping of all its charm and poetry of personal relation. The divine Shakespeare's clown, who must have been a waiter, justly observed that "guerdon is better than remuneration." So it is, when it is the recognition that a waiter is not, as Charles Reade's chaplain puts it, a "scientific contrivance to make brute fling food to brute, instead of man handing it with a smile to grateful man." And, moreover, the tip, when personally conducted, may be and should be an instrument of moral and social discipline. The withholding or diminution of it should be a punishment, as the bestowal or enlargement of it a reward. Americans are too easy to make use of this invaluable agency, and their tips are but too apt to fall alike upon the just waiter and the unjust. Manifestly, Emerson was suffering the pangs of remorse for overtipping a bad waiter when he wrote: "Though I confess with shame that I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, yet it is a wicked dollar which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold." However that may be, there is nothing whatever to be said for this proposition of the landlords to commercialize the last relic of feudalism, "the last enchantment of the middle age," by intercepting the dollar and thereby precluding the giver of it from the satisfaction of remarking the shining countenance of the temporary retainer, as, once more in the language of the divine Shakespeare, he doth "impeticos the gratillity."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART



Copyright 1908 by Frank Wilbert Stokes.

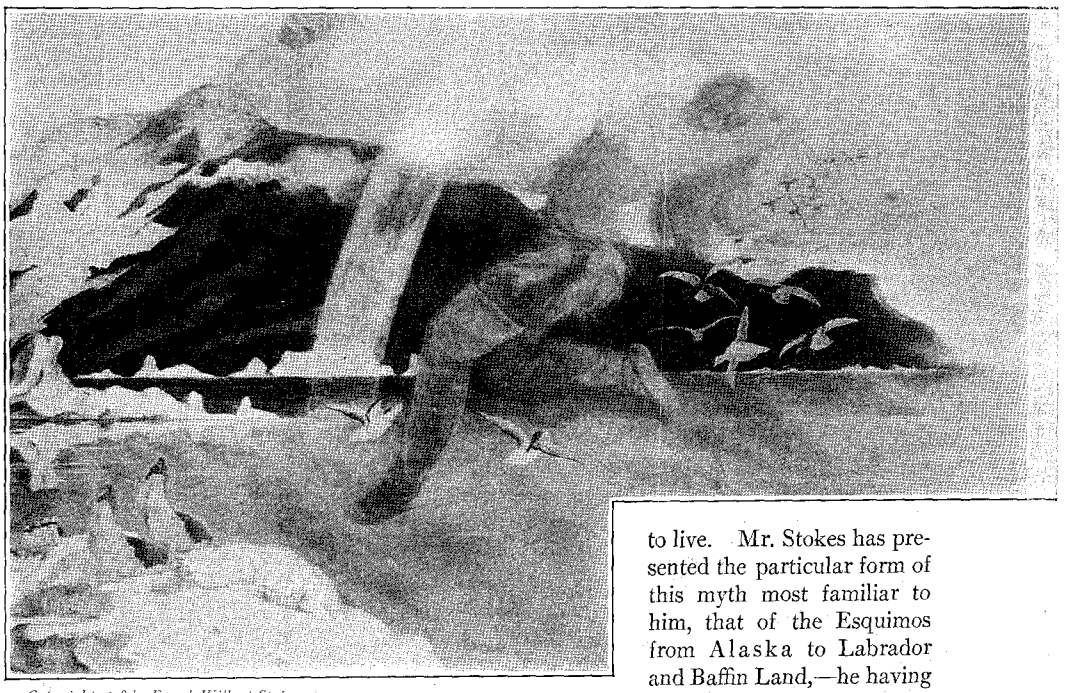
MURAL DECORATION IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

SCIENCE has once more accepted the services of Art as collaborator,—and a new, and very extensive, field is thrown open to the enterprise of the mural painters. How extensive may be inferred from the recent departure of the Natural History Museum in Central Park West in mounting on three of its walls in the great Esquimo Hall on the ground floor a long painted frieze devoted to the Frozen North. The length of the walls in halls and corridors in this Museum building is very great, as hundreds of weary sightseers have discovered,—it is proposed, we believe, to extend this building over the whole area of the little park, from Seventy-seventh to Eighty-first Streets, and from Eighth Avenue to Ninth. Since a beginning has been made, it is perhaps permissible to look forward to the ultimate decoration by skilful painters of *all* the walls of this ultimate building, and consequently of all these great scientific museums! The museums of art are much less adaptable for mural paintings, as conflicting in many cases with the exhibits themselves, but the mission given this Arctic frieze of Mr. Frank Wilbert Stokes is to demonstrate the possibility of supplementing the material objects exhibited by a sort of painted synthesis or comprehensive presentation on the walls.

In this mission it may be said to succeed,—the visitor, entering this large rectangular hall, takes cognizance of the particular aspect of man's relations with Nature here illustrated, and immediately afterward perceives these incidents repeated on the wall but fitted into the cosmos. Consequently, he contemplates the sled, or the harpoon, with a clearer vision. The painter was fortunate in this, for the usual justification of a mural decoration—that it completes the color harmony of the interior—was quite denied him in this Polar omnium gatherum. His difficulties were further increased by the whiteness of the walls left undecorated and of the ceiling, but hopes are entertained that this may be moderated while attending the final covering of the walls with the paintings.

The general harmony of a picture, as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



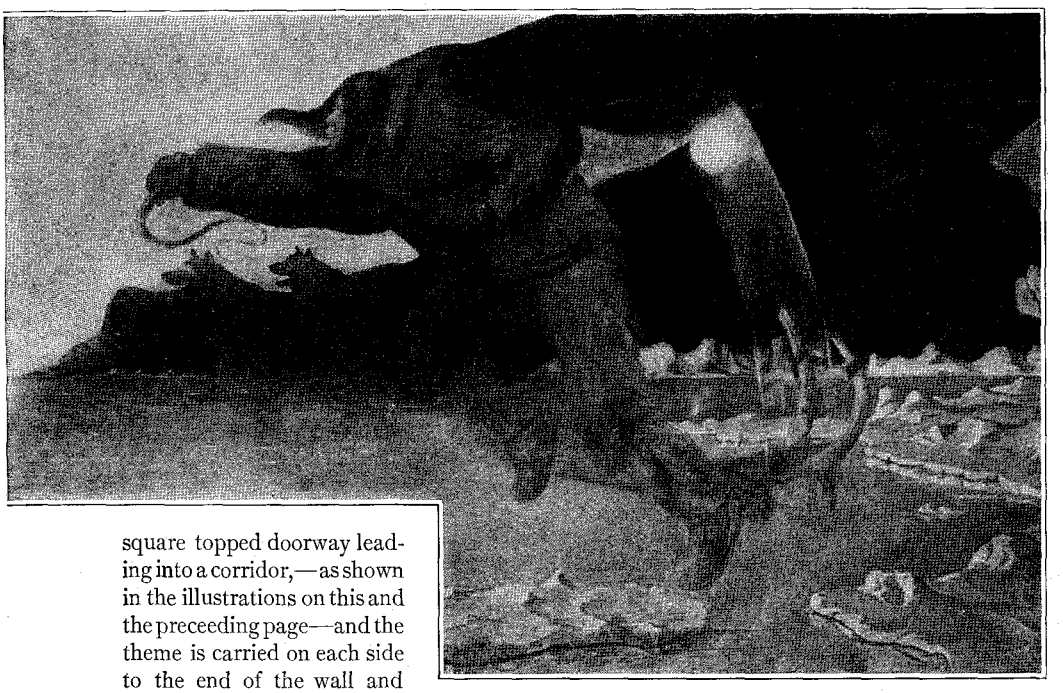
Copyright 1908 by Frank Wilbert Stokes.

whole, may be fairly judged by its first effect on an intelligent eye, or by turning it upside down—as Turner was content to have one of his remain when so placed by a blundering hanging committee. From the central entrance of the hall the visitor perceives immediately in front of him on the opposite wall, beyond the multitudinous exhibits in cases and otherwise, a great burst of luminous color, a sunrise, in the centre of a long Arctic landscape, and then two great visionary figures drifting through this sunrise. This is the painter's Esquimo mythology, to which the scientific mind was at first inclined to demur as *too* much of an innovation, but to which it speedily became reconciled. As the province of a museum is to instruct, the usual objection to a picture which requires an explanation falls to the ground, and the printed circular provided by the authorities is very acceptable. From it we learn a new scheme of heaven and earth, or, at least, new to most of us.

It seems that the benighted hyperboreans accept the personification of the sun as female and of the moon as male, in what is known as the Sedna myth, or cycle, by ethnologists, Sedna being one of the names of a goddess or nymph personifying the sun. She is also, in this myth, a young girl wooed and won by a fulmar gull who takes her to his igloo, or hut, to live. Mr. Stokes has presented the particular form of this myth most familiar to him, that of the Esquimos from Alaska to Labrador and Baffin Land,—he having been a member of the Peary Relief Expedition in 1892, and of the Peary North Greenland Expedition, 1893–94, as well as of Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld's Antarctic Expedition, 1901–02. In this version, the moon is forever in love with his sister, the sun, and chases her through the heavens, each carrying a lamp, she attended by light, summer and plenty, and he, by the long Arctic night. As Mr. Stokes has represented her, she is in the Esquimo summer costume, uncovered to the waist, and followed by a great flight of birds, two fulmar gulls flying before her; below, the little Arctic puffins range themselves in military ranks on the ice-floe, and two harbor seals lift their heads and cry to her, the "Mother of the Seals." She is a part of the cumulus, or summer-cloud which may be seen around her head, while her pursuer is the advance of the great night-cloud sweeping backward from his head. He is in full winter costume of furs and attended by his dogs and sledge; the lamps or torches of both are parhelia or sun dogs, which appear generally at sunrise and sunset, and beyond them are the reds and gold of the midnight sun, just seen on the sea horizon. His name is Ahn-ing-ah-neh, and hers, Suk-eh-nuk; when he finally overtakes her and clasps her in his embrace it is the end of the world.

This great central group appears in the centre of the north wall, over and on each side of a

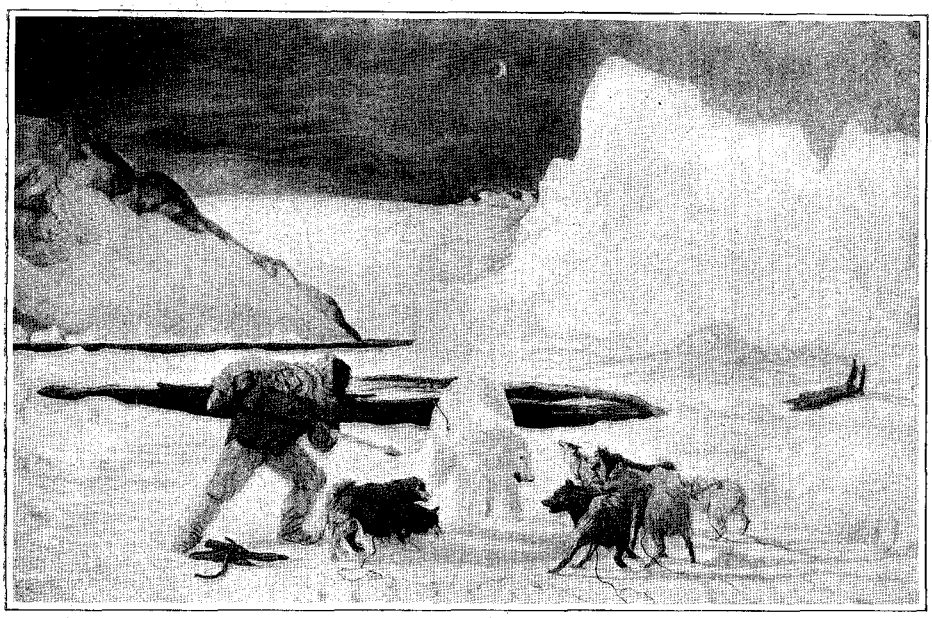
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



square topped doorway leading into a corridor,—as shown in the illustrations on this and the preceeding page—and the theme is carried on each side to the end of the wall and round on the east and west walls for the space of three panels at present. The painter feels that to present it properly, the whole length of these side walls will not be too much. Immediately behind the hunter moon comes the two-months-long glowing twilight of the approach of winter, gradually darkening to the end; and before the fleeing maid, that of the coming summer, of the same length. The two seasons which divide the year are represented by the changing landscape and by the appropriate episodes of human life. The dividing line is the gap between the two central promontories in which appears the glow of the midnight sun, "untruthful," says the artist, "only in its lack of the brilliant intensity of nature." This we may believe, considering that such phenomena are practically unpaintable, and that he was further handicapped by his surroundings and by the glaring white placard which the Museum occasionally hangs in the doorway, immediately below the painting. To the left of Suk-eh-nuk appears the gradual lightening over land and sea which attends her re-appearance after the long night, one of the many color effects of this twilight; near the end of the wall, to the left, we are shown in the distance an iceberg, and beyond it a glacier with a typical bell-shaped rock called *nunatak*, "land rising above the ice." In the foreground, an Innuit is stalking two ring seals which are basking in the sun, crawling slowly toward them, lance in hand, over the ice-floes, stopping when they look around, whistling softly, until he gets within striking distance. (See illustration on page 253.) To aid in preserving the unity of the long composition, the sea line is maintained at the same level on all three walls, rounding at the southern extremities for terminals. On the west wall, continuing the summer, and brilliant in color, the first panel gives in the foreground an Innuit hunter stalking a little group of reindeer, the nearest of which is white, and great bunches of blue and purple Arctic flowers grow in the recesses of the rocks below him. In the central panel, the largest, the Heart of Summer, another hunter, in his canoe, spears a narwhal; and in the third is seen in the rocky foreground a summer village at Cape York, Melville Bay. For all these details the painter can cite chapter and verse, showing his costumes and weapons, his sketches made on the spot, and full of light and color.

In the winter twilight, behind Ahn-ing-ah-neh, we see in the foreground a bear hunt, the great white beast at bay with an arrow in his shoulder, and surrounded by the dogs while the hunter watches for his opportunity to finish him with a lance thrust. (See illustration on page 256. On the east wall, con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright 1908 by Frank Wilbert Stokes.

tinuing, the mountains catch the last rays of the sun; in the foreground of the first panel the hunter's family turn out of their snow igloo, the winter habitation, to welcome his return with his spoils; in the central, the Night, we find him boldly attacking the walrus on the sea-ice; in the third, he brings the welcome supply of walrus meat on his sled to the little white igloo village. This myth of the pursuit of the sister by the brother, we are told, is not only an allegory of the great Arctic Day and Night, but also of man's ceaseless search after the unattainable,—which may tend to enlarge our ideas concerning the Esquimo mind.

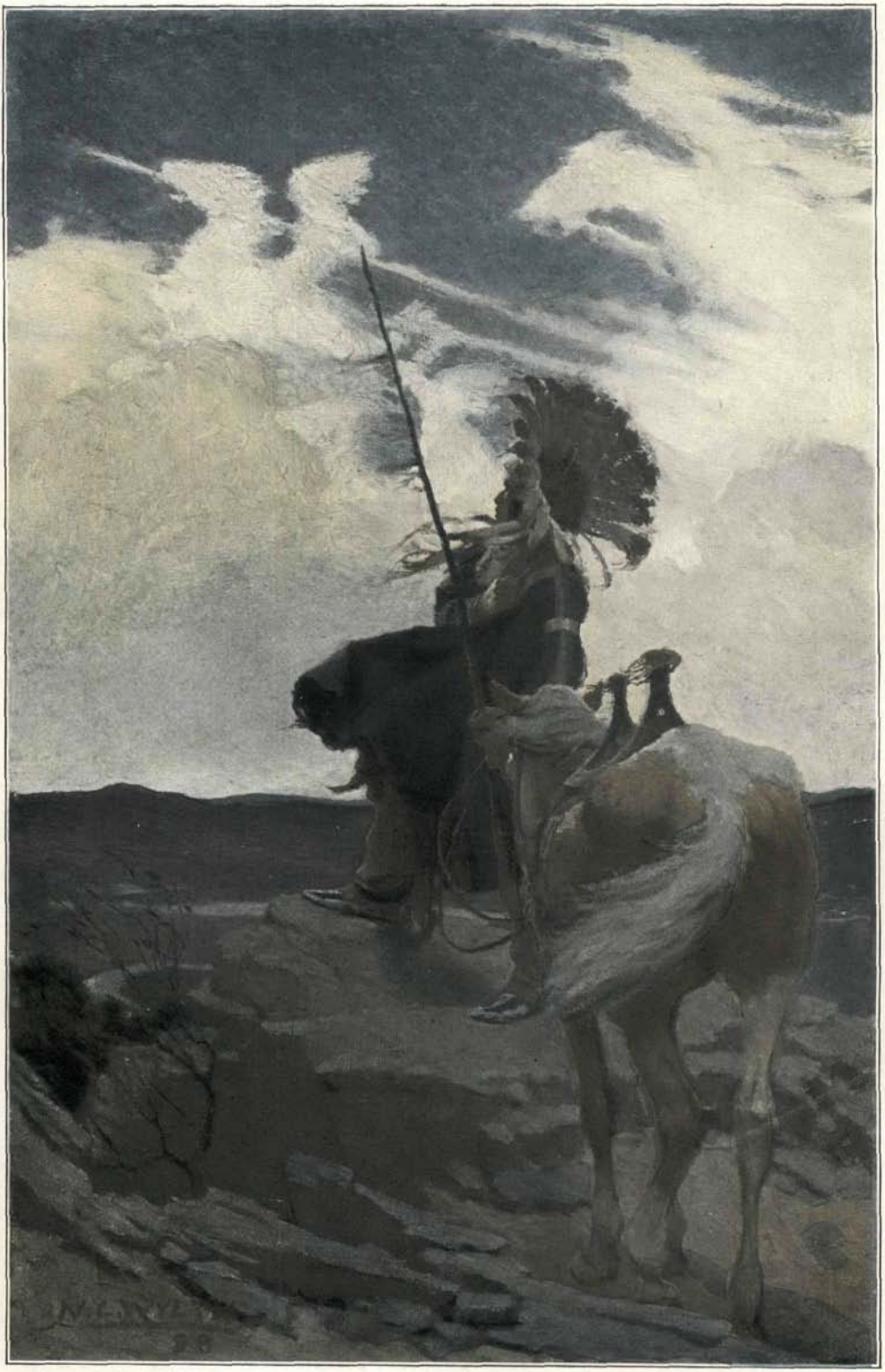
All this material was accumulated by the painter only by constant observation and untiring industry, under the usual unfavorable circumstances of Arctic life, while his palette thumb scorched in the summer sunshine and his palette fingers froze in the shadow underneath. In his studio at Bowdoin Bay, 77° 44′ N., he worked for fourteen months, accommodating himself to the primitive conditions of Esquimo life.

As it is not possible with pigments adequately to represent the utmost splendor of light and color, such as blazes in the Polar skies and glows in the Polar, translucent ice, the most that can be justly required of the painter is that he suggest these unutterable things, and to this credit Mr. Stokes is quite entitled. For his trying task he, fortunately, had had sound training,—under Thomas Eakins in the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts; under Gérôme in the École des Beaux-Arts; at Cola Rossi's under Raphael Collin, and at Julien's under Boulanger and Lefebvre. During his residence at Paris he exhibited at the Salons for several years; he joined the Peary Relief Expedition as artist for the house of Charles Scribner's Sons, and was the official artist of the Peary North Greenland Expedition. That strong craving to return to the North, which seems to take possession of all Arctic explorers in time, having visited him on his return, he sought to obtain means to fit out an expedition of his own, and, failing in this, funds were secured for this mural decoration through the generosity of Mr. Arthur Curtis James, with the hearty coöperation of the late President of the Museum, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, and that of the Director, Mr. H. C. Bumpus, the Museum furnishing the canvas and the stretchers.

In his list of honors is recorded a membership in the Anthropological Society, in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, the Geographical Society of Paris, the Arctic Club, and the silver medal, the prix Alphonse de Montherot.

WILLIAM WALTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

THE WAR CLOUDS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED